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THE

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VOLUME XXXVII.

EDITED BY

Rev. E. H. SEARS and Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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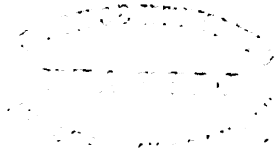

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EDITED BY

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST."—*Martin Luther.*

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVII. JANUARY, 1867. NO. 1.

WHAT MAKES A UNITARIAN.

A BELIEF in the Unity of God makes one a Unitarian in any proper sense of the word. And by the word unity as applied to God is meant the same as applied to man, who is created in God's image. If there is anything in the divine nature of which our human nature does not give us some representation and analogy, it is beyond the reach of finite thought, and something of which we can neither affirm nor deny. We speak of God's justice; but the word has no meaning to us except so far as we apprehend it as a human quality, and then carry it over to the divine nature. We speak of the divine goodness; the words are an empty sound unless we acknowledge that all human goodness is its gift and inspiration, and, therefore, is copied out of the divine nature itself. We speak of the divine wisdom; we only know what it is by our human quality,—that which discerns the best means and adapts them to the best ends. Thus always our contemplation of God is a contemplation of a DIVINE HUMANITY, and that is the only ground of our communion with him. It was the monstrous assumption of Mr. Mansel that these goodly words mean one thing as describing human qualities, and something altogether different as describing divine qualities, thus putting a gulf between God and man over which no tidings can come, and making a revelation to us of God's essential nature and character an utter impossibility. The assumption is

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made in the interest of Calvinistic Orthodoxy that things which would be abomination amongst men may be ascribed to God on the plea that the same standard of the right and the true does not apply to divine and human natures. J. Stuart Mill has refuted this assumption so clearly and vigorously, that the work will not need to be done again.

But it is equally clear that the Unity of God must be represented after the same analogies. There may be a trinity in the divine nature. It is utterly unintelligible and unrevealable unless it can be described by human analogies. For man is created in the divine image, and if there is a trinity in one, so there must be in the other, otherwise to talk about it or dispute about it were as vain as it would be to talk in unknown tongues. And when we speak of the Unity of God, if we talk intelligibly, we mean something after the analogy of unity in man. Oneness is quite compatible with multiplicity of attributes, functions, and operations. But there must be ONE SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS within them all and ONE POWER OF VOLITION, and these being given, the idea of unity is preserved; these being surrendered, the idea exists no longer. Three persons harmonizing in purpose do not give the conception of human unity. Three persons in the Godhead, if each has his own *self-consciousness* and *power of volition*, do not give the conception of divine unity, but destroy it.

Such is the essential nature of Unitarianism as it has been held in all ages of the world. Its importance to religious culture and devotion is found in the fact that the mind is not divided and distracted in worship, but sees all the excellencies and splendors of the Godhead gathered around one being and personality. A great many believers, professedly Trinitarian, preserve the idea of the divine unity by making that central and essential, and the tripersonality modal and formal, giving to "three persons" some special meaning, or suffering the phraseology to float as mere verbiage without any meaning at all. Others, if we may believe their own confession, emphasize the three persons, and make each self-conscious, when the central idea of unity is lost in Tritheism, and worship is divided and therefore false.

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"The Deity of Christ" is held by many orthodox believers, not as asserting that a second being is God distinct from the Father, but an essential indwelling of the Father which was more than prophetic inspiration. It is generally admitted that the author of the Fourth Gospel was of this school by all who have not some dogmatic purpose in interpretation. It was a form of Unitarianism during the first three centuries; it underlies countless forms of orthodoxy and some of liberal theology at the present day. Dr. Channing's last printed words would seem to show that such was his faith, at least in the latter part of his life.

What makes a *Christian* Unitarian is an ulterior question. Jews and Mahometans are all Unitarians, but they lack something which Christianity gives,—a gift of divine grace, which comes through it, melting the flint out of the human heart and making it beat with the tender humanities of the gospel. The divine Unity which they have preserved so carefully is a metaphysical abstraction; "*God is God*" is the formula repeated morning, noon, and night, but he never comes forth full of grace and truth from the abysmal void, where even the wing of imagination disports in vain. That there may be forms of Unitarianism in Christendom just as barren of results as the Jewish or Mahometan, never renewing and cleansing the heart, never kindling its divine aspirations, never making it brim over in love to God and man, must be manifest to all. No matter for a dry, abstract dogma, whether unity or trinity. Unless God is yielded to our inmost love to kindle it into a flame, it is a worthless speculation. We watch to see whether those who are waking with new zeal for the spread of Unitarianism are manifesting equal zeal so to present it that it shall be a living, burning, cleansing conviction in the soul. The grand distinction of *Christian* Unitarianism over any other is that the one God whom it offers to faith is not abstract, but manifest; that without solving the metaphysics of the "hypostatic union," it can point to Him in whom dwells the fulness of the Godhead; in whom the Father is reconciling the world to himself, and in whom the weary and heavy-laden find their eternal rest.

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If, as has been said, to deny the Deity of Christ makes one specially a Unitarian, we would reject both the name and the thing. To be a force which shall renew the heart and reconstruct society, Unitarianism must not be a denial but an affirmation, — an affirmation, too, of some truth more central, vitalizing, and all-harmonizing than any other system can show. It must not only talk of the Fatherhood of God, but it must put the disciple in such relations to him that he may realize it in a Christian experience that gives the golden peace of believing. As we recede from Christ, and he fades off into a shadowy, unknown antiquity, our Unitarianism affiliates more and more with that of the Mahometan and the Jew. "God is God," but without any predicates which are anything more to us than a name, existing beyond an impassable gulf, but never yielding himself to the heart out of the silence of eternity. As we approach Christ, understand him, obey him and live in him, we find God, not as the formula of a creed, but openly revealed to the world, and in the depths of the Christian consciousness. The procession of the Holy Spirit in its sovereign renewing power comes "from the Father through the Son" or the mediating divine truths of Christianity.

Dr. Channing says, in a passage already referred to, which occurs in an address which proved his parting word to the churches, "All the doctrines of Christianity are more and more seen to be bonds of close, spiritual, reverential union between man and man; and this is the most cheering view of our time. Christianity is a revelation of the infinite, universal, parental love of God towards his human family, comprehending the most sinful, descending to the most fallen, and its aim is to breathe the same love into its disciples. It shows us Christ tasting death for every man, and it summons us to take his cross, or to participate of his sufferings in the same cause. Its doctrine of Immortality gives infinite worth to every human being, for every one is destined to this endless life. The doctrine of the 'Word made flesh' shows us God uniting himself most intimately with our nature, manifesting himself in a human form, for the very end of making us partakers of his own perfection." S.

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EXPECTATION.

A NEW YEAR'S SERMON, BY REV. GEORGE PUTNAM, D. D.

ROMANS VIII. 19. — For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.

THE meaning is that the creation, the whole world, — that is, the intelligent, the human world, — is looking for and waiting for a better state of things than the present, a better and happier condition of life, in which the children of God shall be more manifestly his children in the obedience they render to him, and the happiness they enjoy from him; something answering to the splendid promises which characterize the Christian religion. Earnest and lofty expectation is a principal element of the Christian faith, and so it is of human nature in all its directions of activity and desire. It is the vital energy of the soul, it is the condition of progress, the spur of exertion. Without it, this world would not be fit to live in; without it, another world would not be an object of faith, and there would be no reason why it should be.

Let us trace out a little the working of this law, and see what an important place it holds in the economy of our life and how to turn it to the best account, and how to regulate it wisely by setting due bounds to it, and giving it right directions.

This expectant attitude of the mind — perhaps we are hardly aware how universal it is. If we stop to analyze our experience, we find that we are in that attitude to-day, and have been all our days, — changing it, indeed, constantly, as to the object, yet always waiting for something, always hoping for something. What is actually present and real to us and our own never satisfies us, except as an intimation and pledge of something more and better that may follow it. Every stage we reach instantly becomes to our thought a stepping-stone to some stage beyond. Whatever we have been waiting and hoping for hitherto, as soon as we reach and possess it, it almost immediately ceases to

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interest us, except for the something else or more that it points to or leads to. As long as our life retains any wholesome elasticity, we aspire, we reach forward; and the most that we ever make of the actual present is to use it as a standing-place, more or less favorable, from which to demand something better for the future. And this expectancy prevails in us not only with respect to the great and leading ambitions and desires of life, but all little hourly transient ones. It runs through everything that occupies our thoughts, or stirs our sensibilities. If you are reading a book, it is not that page which you have just mastered that interests you, be it ever so fine or striking; you are eager to turn it; you would know the incidents that are to follow; you would know the next thought, the next conclusion, or the summing up of the whole matter. What next? what next? is forever the point of interest. Even in an idle summer day's ramble in the woods or fields, when you come to something striking or pleasing in the landscape, you scarcely have time to take it in, and say how lovely, how pleasant it is, before you find yourself peering through an opening, or over a line, or along the brook into the scene that lies farther on and already imagined or half revealed, another prospect, or a completer one; in a word, the next sensation, a new pleasure, or a modification and enhancement of the old one.

You go to Europe. Perhaps what you most wish to see is London, with its famous old scenes and monuments. See it, and the interest flags; it is Edinboro' that you want to see, its old historic streets, castles; and then the Highlands, the Lakes. You turn your back upon these, and then it is Paris; then the Rhine, lined all along with its ruins and historic associations. Then you pant to see the tops, and climb the sides, of the Alps; and then it is only Italy you care for. And so on. Your interest always presses on in advance of your footsteps. What you are next to see takes stronger hold of your sympathies than what you do see; imagination outruns the eyesight. Before realization has got full possession of one thought, expectation has got hold of ten.

And so in matters of common life at home. The little boy

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is waiting to be a large boy, thinking how many more things he can have and do then. The boy is anticipating the freedom and strength and pleasures of youth, not knowing much about them, but sure that it will bring him some new delights, and never thinking nor caring whether it will take away any old ones. The youth aspires to the manly status, and thinks the present period is good for nothing but as a transition stage, necessary to be gone through, and the quicker the better, in order to get into real life, when he may begin to live. He tires of the sowing time and wants the reaping to come.

And afterwards in manhood itself there is always a looking forward. There is no longer, perhaps, any hurry to have time go faster, but we think of many things which it may bring us to better our condition. Perhaps we look for better employment or better paid, — the means of obtaining a new home, or of enlarging the old one, and making it more convenient and comfortable. One man expects to begin soon to lay up a little property, another to increase a little one into a competency, and another to swell a small fortune into a large one. Another is working for relief from present embarrassments and anxieties; another for better health for himself or some connected with him; another for the time when he shall see his children grown up, successful, self-supporting, an honor and a satisfaction to him; if the world goes ill with him, he anticipates the time when it will go better; if it goes well with him, and he is one of the rare ones that is quite satisfied with his condition, he hopes it will last till he is more able to enjoy it, and that he shall have a long time to enjoy it in.

And even in old age, when there is nothing new to expect from the world, no new ties to be formed, no new pleasures to be found, no new prosperity to be achieved, and one does not expect to make any change in his position, opinions, habits, nor enjoyments, he still has something to ask of the future; namely, that it will let him alone to take his comfort, let him go on in the old ways undisturbed, let him rest, give him a long quiet twilight and evening of life,

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secure against changes, and pleasanter in its serenity than anything he has found amid the bustling activities which he has passed through. Expectant still, as much as ever, though so differently.

Some people have a morose, ungracious way of expressing their expectancies, — a sceptical, untrustful way; that is, by denying that they have any. According to their talk, things are bad, and are growing worse, and are never likely to be any better. Society is in a bad way, and constantly sinking, and will not be fit to live in much longer, — will fall to pieces from very rottenness, — people grow less honest, — religion is breaking up. Or, as to their own affairs, they belong to the unlucky class; they see no good worldly prospects before them; business will never be good again; property is very insecure; they feel bad symptoms about them which will soon undermine their constitution; their children are not rugged, and not likely to grow up, or if they do, ten to one they will not turn out well. Or perhaps their distrust affects a religious tone, and talks sagely and solemnly about the vanity of human wishes, the emptiness of the present world, God's curse resting upon it, and man a poor fallen creature that makes the worst of a bad condition. And there are plenty of pious sayings for them to quote about the hollowness of earthly things, and a vale of tears, and an empty show, and all that, and they have the luxury of expressing in the same breath their distrust of God and man, together with a pious, unworldly spiritual-mindedness.

Miserable croaking all of it, and every form of it; and those who indulge themselves in it are half aware that it is a mere trick and affectation. Very often men talk so, if they did but know it, merely for the sake of being contradicted. They, too, have their hopes, and, by denying them, they have a lurking desire to get them confirmed. Very often it is the mere cant of religion, and means nothing; oftener, the expression of a sour temper, and an unconscious wish to make people about them uncomfortable, and darken and chill their little sphere. They, too, if we could get to the innermost facts of their case, are secretly hoping and expecting, and

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do cherish in some corner of the heart, some little expectations which they think worth living for, though they may be too surly to avow them even to themselves.

And yet doubtless there are some who are unaffectedly despondent, who can see nothing but clouds, and no lifting of them, no breaking; have an incapacity, natural or acquired, for anticipating anything with confidence or pleasure. If that condition of mind becomes absolute, utterly unrelieved by a ray of hopefulness, it is insanity, and of the worst kind, tending to suicide; but if not quite that, it is a most fatal spiritual disease. I say spiritual. It may take its origin in the body, in the liver, or in a disordered state of any of the digestive functions, but it affects the mind; it brings on the symptoms of mental death. Not to hope is not really to live. Relinquish the expectant attitude, and it is hardly a metaphor to say you are already stiff and cold in your coffin, awaiting your burial. Without expectancy, the main-spring of your life's machinery is wanting, the elasticity of your being is gone, the vital force in you is benumbed; you have fallen out of the order of providence, out of the harmony of the creation; the prime attribute of humanity is lost in you; the first law of your nature is blotted from your heart. To expect nothing more or better is to lose all you have got, and cease to be all you have been. You may still carry abroad amongst men your ghastly presence, yet you are but a corpse or a spectre. Men shiver and shudder at your approach. It is real death, and but a name to live, so essential to human life is the expectant attitude, the forward-looking, hope-beaming eye.

But perhaps you will join issue with me here, and will say, Why make so much account of this hopeful mood, since, according to my own view of it, it always cheats us? Half the time we do not get at all what we hope for, and our pleasant anticipations go unrealized, and when we do get it, we are not satisfied with it; it disappoints us; it is not the fine sufficient thing we took it for, and we instantly turn our backs upon it, and begin to expect something else, stretching forward, away from the present possession, to some bubble

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of the future which we think will be enough, but when we get it, will disappoint us just as utterly. Why, then, give in to these illusions, seeing we have found them out times enough to convince us that they are illusions? Is not he, then, the wisest man who hopes the least, and sets his desires on no future and contingent blessings? No, not wise, but as good as dead, I say again. Still I insist an ever-living expectation is our life and highest wisdom; for, in the first place, a considerable proportion of our reasonable anticipations are realized, — enough to encourage and keep alive the strong confidence in the divine beneficence. And then, secondly, it is no objection that the things hoped for fail to satisfy when attained. Of course they ought not to satisfy; it would dislocate the whole order of Providence concerning us if they did satisfy. If the fulfilment of a hope satisfied the mind, all progress would have stopped long ago, and the human family would be but as the city of the dead, — stationary fossils. The first hope gratified being sufficient, there never would have been another. The savage would never have risen to the dignity of a barbarian, the barbarian never got civilized; the child would never have risen to man's mental estate; there would be no increase of knowledge, art, or wealth. We should be content to live on acorns, and wear the undressed skins of beasts, and live in holes in the earth. The first rude religious thought would have been the last; the first block or stone that got carved symmetrically enough to be worshipped would be worshipped still and forever, no new aspiration being admitted, the first glow of devotion being sufficient. It is the very beauty and the glory of the whole providential arrangement that a thing aspired to with all the heart should still leave the desire unsatisfied, and free to stretch on to something else.

But what, you ask, is it to be always so? Shall we be always led along in this eager chase after some next thing, some next stage, which, when we reach it, merely provokes us to desire the next? When shall we cease pursuing, and begin to possess in full repose and satisfaction? When shall we have done getting ready to live, and stop

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and begin to live verily? Foolish question. Why, this *is* living. Movement, progress is life; a hopeful activity is itself the fairest reality of existence. There is that about it which you may call illusiveness, but call it what we will, it is an eternal ordinance of the Creator, and an indispensable condition of all true living. And if we could suppose there would ever arrive a time when present possession were entirely sufficient for us, and no desire stretches into the future, — when no want is felt, and the imagination pictures no happy valley lying beyond the mountains, and awaiting our approach, — and hope loses all its sacred enchantments, — horrible moment, if it should ever arrive, for then I see not but our being must become extinct, and the hope of immortality itself will have proved a dream.

I know of no sentiment more appropriate to the season than this which the text presents, none better with which to inaugurate the new year. Hope well of the new year. Enter upon it with earnest expectation, — earnest, trustful, cheerful. Let no old clouds of former disappointment and griefs linger around its entrance to shut in and darken the vista of its coming days and months. Perhaps the old year has brought adversities upon you, — trials, privations, hardships. The hopes with which you began it have passed off unfulfilled; that is, some of them, — never all. You magnify the evil if you imagine all have gone so, but some of them have. Well, then, you have had your discipline, — you have lost much, or missed of much; but no matter, if you have not lost your courage. Keep up the energy of hope, and you have got the main thing left; the apparent evils shall not prove real evils. If the old hopes have been crippled, renew them. There may be occasion to modify their direction, but part with no whit of their brightness and confidence. If you can but hope still, and strive, with good heart, as God would have you do, and as it is the manliest prerogative of your nature to do, all is well with you yet, — God has not forsaken you, and the world itself offers its prosperities to you.

Perhaps the old year has brought you deeper griefs. To

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some it has indeed. I know some houses that have been made very dark and desolate, some eyes almost dissolved with weeping; I know some hearts deeply stricken and bleeding, some lives that must henceforth be more lonely than they have been. But past sorrows must not darken future days too much nor too long. God's consolations, and the recuperative forces which he has planted in the soul itself, should bring peace and comfort, and restore the health, ful tone of the soul, and reawaken hope, and heal the aching wounds, and soften bitter recollections. Fall back upon remaining ties, be grateful for past joys, and be ready to welcome such new ones as the heavenly Father will not fail to send.

It may be that the old year has witnessed in us shortcomings in our duty, faults uncorrected, passions unsubdued, time wasted, evil done, and we cannot think of these things but with regret and humiliation and sadness. And I know that these are healthful emotions, and that there is much room and need for repentance even with sighing and tears. But I know, too, — and who does not? — that all penitence is a morbid and a useless grief, unless it is mingled largely with hope, — the hope of better things to come, the earnest expectation of future retrieval. It is only hope, — hope in God and Christ, and in the Spirit that worketh within the soul, — only this that makes fruitful the sad memories of sin, and girds up the loins of the mind for a better walk and a better year to come. Lose your hope, and you are paralyzed. Confidently expect to do your duty, and master your sins, and redeem the time, and maintain your integrity, or recover it, — confidently, though humbly, expect, and then you may know that the force of good desire and moral purpose is not broken in you. That hope is the true sign of a moral life, a spiritual vitality, and the guarantee of progress and success. Do not part with that hope. Stand in your lot, and go forward to your work, earnestly, devoutly, strongly expectant.

There is another expectation in which all these that we have considered do culminate. It is that which filled the apostle's mind when writing our text. We must never lose

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it, or let it grow dim or weak. These other hopes that lead us along through life, passing us on under the guidance of one and another of them, they would all be objectless and illusory indeed, if they did not prepare the way for the one great crowning hope of all, — the hope of the immortal life. All hopes would indeed be illusions unless sanctified by this, and flowering into this. We might well wonder why God has made the sentiment so strong within us if he had not provided this object for it. In vain were this heavenly guest sent down into the soul, to be to it wings and light and strength, if bereft of this its last and sublimest earthly office, to raise the desires and direct the thoughts to higher spheres.

Begin the year hopefully. So only can you be brave to do its work, and bear its burdens, and meet its vicissitudes, and enjoy its blessings. Expect good things, trust the Divine Providence, be ready to plant in hope and reap with thankfulness. Be hopeful in worldly things and in spiritual things, for time and for eternity. God who has planted that noble sentiment in the heart, and Christ who came to expand and brighten it, will not let it be finally or fatally baffled. Hope in you is so much life in you, — the absence of it is so much loss of life, so much death. You do not know what is before you in the opening year, but you do know, and must not forget, that the good God is there, and will lead you on from point to point with a hand that never wearies, and from hope to hope with a promise that never fails, till you come to the brink of life and the dark gulf, and even that is bridged over by God's word and the soul's sure expectation. Therefore, with brave good cheer, take and keep the expectant attitude, — hope on, hope ever. God means it for you, the needs of your own heart require it of you, the world rises up in its beauty and wealth to nourish it in you, the heavens bow down in kindly promise to inspire it in you. It is your life, and the life of your life.

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MEMORIES OF ROME.

"And so we went toward Rome."

ROME is not one city, nor two cities, nor three cities, but many cities, more or less shadowy, looking over, under, and through each other. A French Papist has written a book called "The Three Romes," by which he means Classic Rome, Christian Rome, and the buried Rome of the Catacombs. But a moment's thought must show any one how singularly incomplete is this classification. In the first place, ancient Rome divides itself into three; namely, the Kingly, the Republican, and the Imperial; and sometimes an excavation will reveal the architecture of the three periods in a transverse section, following each other upward, and sometimes they will be detected *cropping out* above each other, like the geological strata, on the earth's surface. Then there is the Rome of the Middle Ages, which constitutes, in fact, the great body of the existing city, whose high, sombre churches and palaces, frowning over the narrow streets, fill what was once the great Campus Martius, whereas ancient Rome itself was mainly seated on those seven hills, now so nearly heaps of ruins. Again for each of these past Romes, there is a ghostly city which rises up, and lives again in the imagination of the scholar, the poet, and the antiquarian. The mind re-creates and repeoples and lives over again the successive periods, when tombs and temples and theatres and palaces, now in ruins, stood in their fresh splendor, and when, in later time, they were stripped to strengthen and adorn modern mansions and churches, and the sarcophagi of Emperors were emptied to make room for the bones of Popes, and the very mausoleums were converted into castles and fortresses of fighting priests and hostile noble families. And then we come to the dead-alive Rome of to-day, with its priest-ridden and soldier-ridden population driving their trades in the arches of old temples, creeping in and out through doorways once the entrances of sepulchres, in the days of the Kings or the Emperors; and to this we may

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still add one more Rome, — that of the foreign throng on which its modern life so much depends, — and then, when we sum up: Pagan Rome and Papal Rome; Rome Kingly, Republican, and Imperial; Mediæval Rome and Modern Rome; Classic and Christian Rome; Rome under ground and Rome above ground; and finally (encircling, overhanging, and fusing all these Romes), the one great Rome of Art and Nature, taking all the ages into her mighty lap, and transfiguring all their historic deeds of greatness, and even of ugliness and horror, in the glow of her sunny countenance — we have at last a complex whole under that short name which may well make any one shrink from the attempt to convey to those who have never trodden the soil, breathed the air, and looked through the sky of Rome any idea of what the word means, and perhaps it will be less an idea than an impression, a sentiment, this fragment will communicate to the reader.

"And so" (says the "beloved physician" — and painter — according to the church legend — who accompanied Paul in his travels), — "and so we went toward Rome." It is curious that when the journey of Paul to Rome is matter of history, as well as the story of the successive appearings he there made before the government, of his first acquittal and final condemnation, while the traditions of *Peter's* being, doing, and suffering there are purely legendary, the Roman Church should have set up Peter's relation to the city as the fact of supreme interest and importance, and made that of *Paul* altogether secondary; for, after all, Rome stands, in the eye of the world, as the city of *St. Peter*, whereas it should rather be the city of St. Paul, and Peter stand identified with the oldest Church, of Jerusalem, where he baptized strangers of the Gentiles (and Romans among them) into the kingdom of Christ. But the Roman Church persists in linking the two apostles together as fellow-sufferers in that Mamertine Prison by the Capitol and the Forum, where their faces in stone look at you through a stone grating by the doorway under the Church of St. Joseph, and invite you to enter and see the traces of the miracles alleged to have been wrought there.

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I drank of the fountain, and accepted it as none the less from the hand of God, whether it sprang up in the usual course of nature, or in an unusual manner; the water was none the less refreshing, and I could as readily remember Peter's fellowship in Christ's and Paul's sufferings there as anywhere. But Paul is by eminence *the* apostle whose image is clearly associated with Rome in the light of history, and I could well imagine him, to-day, if he should pass through modern Rome, stopping on the Capitoline Hill or the Vatican, as he did on the Hill of Mars, in Athens, to pour out his rebuke at *finding the city wholly given to idolatry.*

"And so we went forward to Rome," the record reads. And what throngs of pilgrims during the eighteen hundred years since that record was written have had the same story to tell, — "and so *we* went forward to Rome," — and yet to what different Romes, and under what different circumstances from Paul's, as he went forward a prisoner to the Rome of Nero!

We, for instance (to come down to my own personal experience), crossed the Mediterranean when it was as smooth and tranquil as the stillest summer lake; "*bound* in the spirit" only, *we* approached the Eternal City; instead of coming into it over the memorable Appian Way, as Paul did from the southward, and quietly on foot, *we*, whirled along in the darkness of a rainy night by the speed of steam over an iron road, that ran round the city and under the very arches of one of the ancient aqueducts, "*so* went forward to Rome," and in the city where *he* described himself as having penetrated into "the jaws of the Lion," *we*, less worthy and less willing to suffer, found that we had taken up our abode in the street called (not, perhaps, with any Christian reference) *Bocca di Leone* (the Lion's Mouth).

One of the school-day readings which made the deepest impression on my memory was a lesson entitled "Heroic Self-Denial," and describing how a student of divinity, having set out to see Rome, and reached at sunset a hill whence he beheld the dome of St. Peter's gleaming in the evening splendor, and heard those wondrous vesper chimes floating over the

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distant city, found, on examining his little stock of money, that he had already spent just half of it, and instantly formed the resolution to turn his steps homeward. I have often thought that that student had already caught a spark of true Roman stoicism, and carried away more of the best of Rome than many who have sojourned and studied years there, but I should much sooner have thought then of being myself one day a divinity student than of ever being permitted to stand where so noble a soul was barred out.

"See Naples and die" the old phrase runs. "See Rome," we might say, "*and live*," — live a hundred lives, — of souls, and nations that have there lived and wrought and suffered, and passed into an immortality of blessed or accursed fame. Rome has, for every peculiar mind, its peculiar interest, of religion, of art, of history, or of nature. My own feeling accords with that of the poet who says that, *the finest thing in Rome* is *Rome* itself. And I am free to confess that the Rome which I went to see, and in which I found most pleasure and, I think, edification, was the Rome of the past, or rather that Rome which the mighty Mother Nature, spreading her magic mantle over the dust of the ages, gathers up and glorifies and makes over into the Eternal City of the imagination and the heart.

The Appian Way and the Colosseum were two objects — I may say *the* two — I never could be weary of visiting. Let me take you with me, first, in imagination, out over that *Queen of roads*, as they used to call it, along which, as we have already said, Paul entered the city of his martyrdom; but how different was the scene which met his eyes from that which the Campagna now presents to the wanderer's gaze! Stretching for more than ten miles, to the Alban mountains, was one continuous street of splendid tombs, a city of the dead, and yet (striking proof of the influence of familiarity) from all that array of conspicuous memorials of mortality no effectual voice reached the heart of a headstrong people to check the career of ambition, and whisper with reproving and reforming power, "Philip, remember that thou art a man!" And now they, too, are gone, and, for the most part, the names and

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the very places of their graves have perished. And I used to think, as I walked over that rank harvest field, how well might apply there the words of our own poet: —

> "The golden sun,
> The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
> Are shining in the sad abodes of death
> Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
> The globe are but a handful to the tribes
> That slumber in its bosom."

And still more forcibly did his words come to me, as a fitting description of the scene, when, in a bright summer day, looking round on the profusion of flowers that blazed along the wayside, and at the blue Alban hills, dotted white with little cities, and at the great *daisy* that bloomed over the whole landscape, I said to myself, these, too, —

> "Are but the solemn decorations, all,
> Of the great tomb of man."

And yet, as I mused more deeply and gazed more attentively, I felt that the scene was full of life, — a life in which death was swallowed up. Not only was the blue air a *living thing*, not only was the bending sky the look of the ever-living God, but the spirits of past generations seemed to be still astir, and the telegraph wire itself, stretching far away across the waste, ready to thrill with the messages of the latest thought (strange tenant of this old fable-haunted region!), — even that modern thing suggested a less "lively life" than did those long lines of crumbling, ivy-grown, and flower-crowned arches of the old aqueducts, stretching (I should rather say *stalking*) away as far as the eye could reach, toward the Sabine mountains. A ghostly, giant procession they seemed, forever moving onward across the mighty and monumental plain, and though at first they might have seemed most naturally to suggest — as they would, perhaps, at twilight — an image of the poet already quoted; that of, —

> "The innumerable caravan that moves
> To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,"—

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they gave one a feeling analogous to that which a certain writer says he had on looking on the gray ocean, — "the vast company of curled and crested billows seemed hurrying on to the accomplishment of some mysterious and melancholy destiny."

And here, too, *beneath* this great burial-place of earth's conquerors, stretch the subterranean chambers, where, for three centuries, worshipped, and at last were buried, to the number (it has been estimated) of *seven millions*, the conquerors of the great conqueror Death himself.

> "Three hundred years
> The faithful people lived among the tombs;
> The Catacombs were their metropolis."
>
> . . . . .
>
> "Here is thy strength, O Rome! Sun-clad, above,
> The Emperor triumphed and the people triumphed!
> The Nubian lion and the Lybian pard
> Roared for their prey! Above thy tawny wave,
> Tiber, the world's increase went up each day.
> Daily from Rome the legions passed whose arms
> Flashed back in turn the sunrise of all lands.
> Through every gate the embassies of kings
> Advanced with gifts. But in the Catacombs
> The faithful people, circled by their dead,
> Worshipped their God in peace.
> Three hundred years
> Passed like three days; and lo! that Power went forth
> Which conquered death."

But now, from the Campagna, where the memorials that cover the ground and those it contains require, respectively, not many pages, but volumes, we will pass up the street of tombs, by which the conquering legions came in to go up to the Capitol, and look upon that wonder of ages, the Colosseum. "They passed over the Forum by the Via Sacra to the Colosseum, whose lofty cloven forehead looked down pale under the moonlight." . . . "Temples and three palaces had the giant fed and lined with his limbs, and still, with all his wounds, he looked out livingly into the world." But the first time *I* saw the Colosseum, I came round to it from the Form of Trajan, through the arches of the Basilica of Constantine, and it jarred not a little upon the feelings of the

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hour and the spirit of the place, to hear, that morning, the heavy tramp of French soldiers, and the sharp staccato of the word of command, ringing through the aged vaults. What a scene did the Foro Romano (the now-called *Cowfield*) present! Cowled friars and those harlequins called soldiers, beggars imploring coppers for the love of the Mother of God, and ragged boys pitching them in the air for the love of sport and of gain, filling the welkin with their confused cries, beneath the old triumphal arches and temple colonnades and under the very shadow of the Colosseum itself!

As I entered that enormous pile and looked upward and imagined the eighty thousand spectators, Rome's *élite*, her wealth and beauty and religion, feasting their eyes on a scene compared with which the bull-fights at which our Christianity and civilization shudder seem like child's play; when I thought of the fountains which flung up clouds of perfume to regale the senses of these hard-hearted Sybarites; when I remembered how, if, perchance, a gladiator seemed likely to end too suddenly his rival's agonies, the very vestal virgins would rise from their seats in indignation at this abridgment of their pleasure; when I read how the people would stay night after night here, in their eagerness not to lose the renewal of the spectacles; when I remembered how Christian martyrs here fought with wild beasts "to make a Roman holiday," — only the thought that all this was *past*, that it had become a part of the mysterious domain of Providence called History, prevented me from being sick at heart. But my eyes and thoughts went upward and outward beyond this monument of might and bloodthirstiness to the pure and holy heavens and the lovely nature, emblems of the mercy and magnanimity of God, who had suffered all this to be for his own wise purpose. Still my old youthful enthusiasm for the Roman heroism suffered a considerable abatement; and afterward, as I recalled the familiar saying: —

"While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand"

(true enough, because the Colosseum *is* Rome, in its strength, in its grace, and in its barbarity), and when, remembering

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the venerable prophecy, I looked upon the Dying Gladiator, I was tempted to go on with the old legend and say, —

> While *dies* the gladiator, *Rome shall die*,
> A monument to tell all coming time
> That power and splendor built upon a cold
> And stony heart of sensual selfishness
> Shall fade and crumble into dust and gloom,
> While love and pity and humanity
> Alone abide, alone forever bloom!

But not the Colosseum alone, not only the monuments of classic fame and Pagan tyranny, enforce this moral. There are other monuments from which so-called *Christian* Rome might hear her conscience teaching her the same lesson. Such a one, for instance, is the Ghetto, — the Jews' Quarter, — to me the most affecting scene in all Rome. Enter it under the old arch of Octavia, through which Titus and Vespasian passed in celebrating their triumph over Jerusalem. What a medley of times and religions there meets the eye! Looking through the arch, you read over the door of a church in the background, "Archangel Michael, pray for us." It is the church of *Saint Angelo in Pescaria*, that is in the fish market, — for this is the fish market of the children of Abraham, — and you pass in through a sombre street lined with old cracked and clamped marbled slabs, the tables of the fishmongers. You pass on by the Palace of the *Cenci* (the very name means *rags*). You come to the Place of Wailing, and there is the little church dedicated to the Blessed Mary of Lamentation (*strange* association of Mary's sorrows with those of this modern Rachel weeping for her children!), and there is the fountain plashing and murmuring, as if it repeated the words of the prophet: "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people!" You pass on through the streets where, in the words, of an eloquent writer, "The daughter of Zion sits upon her pile of rags. . . . Misery stares in and out of the tangled hair, and wails out of the sallow face, and no beauty of features reminds one of Rachel or Leah or Miriam; and sometimes the sight meets a deep-

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sunken, black, brilliant eye which looks up from the needle and the rags as if it would say, "The daughter of Zion is stripped of all her ornaments. She who was a princess among the heathen and a queen of the nations must now be a servant. She weeps by night till the tears run down her cheeks; there is no one among all her friends who can comfort her; all her nearest neighbors despise her, and have become her enemies. Judah is imprisoned in misery and hard service; she dwells among the heathen and finds no rest; all her persecutors deal hardly with her. How has the Lord poured upon the daughter of Zion the vials of his wrath!"

But I must pass rapidly over those scenes and thoughts where the mind would still fain long linger, and I must, in closing this view of Rome, take one final glance at a scene, the opposite of that we have just contemplated; for would it be the story of *Rome* that should omit all allusion to *St. Peter's?* I confess that that famous Church, that great Exchange, that great Theatre, that great Parade-ground of the Papal forces, military and ecclesiastical, regarded as a Temple of present use and service, is exceedingly despoiled of its interest in my eyes by the poor, puerile, and unchristian pageantry that desecrates its majestic spaces. I must think of it as a thing of the past to be properly impressed and stirred by the spectacle. One needs to enter it at dusk and lose all distinct sight of individual forms, and let one's vision and imagination soar away among the lofty arches where the evening light gleams in through the windows, or listen to the footfalls of the multitude, —

> "Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng
> Like the resounding sea,
> Or like the rainy tempest."

It is the voice of God out of the past, the voice of God rising out of the great hum and roar of the crowd, that pre-eminently consecrates the place. As a memorial temple of art and of song, it appeals to all human hearts. Translated by the imagination into the dimness of a past age, it is venerable and beautiful, but, protruding its service into the light of to-

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day's civilization and Christianity, it is a monstrous anachronism.

But St. Peter's, also, it may be, will one day become one of the monuments of *old Rome*, part of her monumental history, one of the monuments of a corrupt and outgrown religion, or rather of a religion which misunderstood and perverted the instinctive aspirations of human nature; and none the less beautiful, but perhaps the more, will it be, when the true *Catholic* religion, the *human* Catholic, rises on the ruins of the *Roman*.

But I have covered several pages, and seem to myself to have said *nothing* of Rome, — nothing of its art, nothing of its history, nothing of its nature, nothing of its religion. And so it would be, if one should write a volume. Rome is the world, —at least, *a* world.

I close with the thought what an impressive, instructive, and monitory picture Rome presents of those three religions, — the Pagan, the Papal, and the Jewish, in their errors, their truth, and their heroism, all dying together, all living together, on that sublime stage of world-history! Out of their mingled dust shall one day bloom the tree of a manly, a generous, a humane religion, — the worship of God in the Spirit.

C. T. B.

Love that "prepares" many mansions for us prepares us for what we shall find in them. We are so ignorant of the divine economy which regulates our everlasting habitations that the mere attempt to guess at what will be there our probable habits, pursuits, and occupations involves us in a thousand difficulties and contradictions; and yet, while we know not how we shall then *live*, we know in kind, if not in degree, how we shall then *feel*. Here, while the form and outline are strange to us, the imperishable essence is familiar; we cannot define either the shape or color of this, God's glorious rose; we only know it through its fragrance unfolding in the regenerate soul of man. We cannot paint this flower, yet love and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost convey within our hearts a subtle sense of its odor, and instruct us in the highest secrets of heaven.

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THE FIRST COMMUNION OF THE YEAR.

If we were called on to devise a new "Christian Year," on a plan different from that of the Romish and English churches, we should give to the first Sunday in January some such name as Consecration Day. Those serious thoughts which should accompany the change of years are called forth by the leisure, the associations, and the religious services of holy time. New Year's Day has too much in it of merely secular rejoicing for the deeper thoughts of self-examination and renewal of our vows; but in the stillness of the Sabbath that follows, we find it easy to turn our minds to the retrospection of what has been, to meditation on what may be, to resolution, and to prayer.

Especially are these thoughts natural and appropriate in connection with that sacred ordinance which is generally administered among us on the first Sunday in January. If we regard the communion as the emblem of a Christian profession, we must feel that most appropriately, at this time, our profession is renewed. The world takes knowledge of us again, with the opening year, that we have given ourselves to Christ. Commencing a new term of service, we once more name reverently the Master to whom it is to be rendered. As the Church musters its host for the new year's struggle against the evil that is in the world, we place our names upon the list. Our fellow-soldiers in the Christian warfare are witnesses of this our re-engagement. The whole community is its witness, for the act is public, little as may be the attention paid to it by others. The pledge, then, thus openly given, must not be dishonored; the service thus entered on anew must not be forsaken nor betrayed.

There is much to strengthen worthy resolution in these thoughts; there is truth and value in the recognition of the communion as a sign of Christian profession. And yet it is not in this character that we are inclined chiefly to regard it. Nay, we are sometimes tempted to wish that it was not thus considered at all, because it seems that this aspect of it

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hides from general observation other aspects, more interesting, affecting, and in every way important. We think that the numbers who now, on every communion Sunday, turn away from the table of the Lord are prevented from recognizing the privilege they resign, the pleasure and improvement they forego, and even the duty they leave unperformed, because they think only of the occasion as of a form, expressing, by emblems merely conventional, their Christian faith; and expressing it, not to God, who knows it already, but to their fellow-men, who do not need to know it.

Leaving, then, the thought of profession before our fellow-mortals, let us look at the communion, and especially the first communion of the year, with a view to its more natural and yet more spiritual meanings; as an ordinance of affectionate commemoration, of self-inspection, and of renewed self-consecration in the sight of God.

It is something, both to grateful feeling and to self-improvement, for us, by this act, to *commemorate* the Saviour as we enter on a new year. By the united prompting of tender feeling and of heavenly wisdom, he linked the ordinance to the most touching memories connected with his course. We commemorate in this, not his birth, not his teaching, not his resurrection, important and glorious as these are, — no, it is his death, whose emblems are before us; it was in the banquet which preceded his death that the rite was instituted; amidst that conversation in which his great soul overflowed with love and pity for the friends who were to lose him, and in which, regardless of his own approaching agony, he strove to lead their thoughts upward from sorrow to duty, and to make their love to him prompt love to one another, to all mankind, and to God. To unite in the communion, is to recall that scene; it is to recall, also, the scenes which followed, — the trial before the High Priest and before Pilate, with the meekness and dignity displayed in each; the crucifixion, with its horrors brightened by the patience and holiness it called forth, from the first word of pardon — "Father, forgive them" — to the final commending of his soul to God. The matchless Example, the holy Delegate of Heaven, the loving Brother of

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our human nature, is brought before us in his divinest lineaments; and what time more suitable for us thus to contemplate him than when we take up again the burden of duty, as a new year invites us to behold the course before us, and to summon our strength, that we may bear that burden steadfastly. Then may we well contemplate how Jesus bore that to which he was called. Then may we feel our hearts glow with love to him, as we behold that love which was faithful unto death.

Not less appropriate to the first Sunday in the year is the communion as an occasion of *self-inspection*. All who partake it aright obey the word of the apostle, — "Let every man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup." And for this purpose, what time so fitting as the new year? There is then, as we look back, a period of definite extent, not too long for memory to retrace, and not too short to furnish experiences, the survey of which may show us whether we have gained or lost in the spiritual life. We can ask ourselves, not only whether we did right or wrong in particular instances that occur to us, but whether we think more or less of God and Christ and duty than a year before; whether, if we are young, the year's additional strength to our bodies is matched by a year's increase in strength of religious purpose and fulness of religious grace; whether, if we are old, the year that has brought us nearer to life's close has given us brighter views of heaven, and has been filled with those good works for which our time is becoming more and more limited. Well for us if, amidst the remembrance of failure and deficiency, we can yet perceive that there has been ever with us a faithful purpose to do right; that this purpose has not yielded to discouragement, nor been lulled into false security by apparent success; that, with all of which we have to repent, we have yet tried to serve God and our race, and that our efforts have not been useless to those around us, nor unapproved by our merciful Judge and Father.

Thus our minds are led, on the one hand, to the contemplation of heavenly purity in the character of Christ, and on

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the other, to that of our own deficiencies and sins; yet, amid the penitence which this view excites, we find cause of thankfulness to our divine Preserver, rejoice that he has kept us from still greater evil, and that he still grants us time for further effort. Most appropriate, then, is the first communion of the year for renewed *self-consecration*. As when we first chose a religious life, we sealed that choice by the prayers which accompanied our first communion, so now we choose that life again, and again ratify the choice by prayer, while the emblems of our Lord's sufferings are before us. The present occasion reminds us of the former; and if anything of pure and holy feeling has in the interval been lost, it now returns to sanctify the renewed offering. The thought of Jesus is with us, — of the Friend, the Saviour, whom we aspire to follow. "In him" it is that we give ourselves to God; that is, to God made known to us by the words, and still more by the character, of his Messiah; and at that feast of love which Jesus instituted, we feel that our vow of consecration rises not unheard nor unaccepted by the God to whom Jesus has brought us near.

In that renewal of our resolutions, the thought is with us alike of our duties here and of our home hereafter. We consecrate ourselves to God's service through the year on which we enter, whether that year be spent on earth, or whether it is to witness our entrance into the eternal world. Nay, not for that year alone, but for eternity, the vow is recorded. In view of a self-surrender so sublime, what is to us the question, how soon or how late our place of service shall be changed? Whether in the eternal world or here, let us rather think of it as service than as reward, — service which shall be its own best reward, — the willing, rejoicing service of purified and grateful spirits.

Thus may the first communion of the year consecrate us anew, as we are entering on those scenes whose end we can not discern. May it consecrate us to steadfast industry in our vocations, for our spheres of duty are assigned by God; to gentleness, humility, and every social and private virtue, for in these we imitate the perfections of our holy Master; to

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meek endurance of the trials which the year may bring, and grateful enjoyment of its blessings; and to the reception, without murmuring and without fear, of the message which the year may bring to any of us to leave this lowly scene of service for one nearer to the light of our Father's countenance. S. G. B.

CHRIST HIDDEN FROM THE WORLD.

A CHRISTMAS MEDITATION.

In the prayer which went up from the heart of our blessed Saviour before he crossed the brook Cedron, on the way to Gethsemane, — it is written in the gospel according to the beloved St. John, — he prayed not for the world, but only for a certain portion of it. His language, as the reader will see, if he will examine it, is very clear and positive, and what he said then he had said or implied repeatedly before. Of course we are utterly shut off from any understanding of these words, which would impute a respect of persons to God or to the Son of God; doubtless God is the Father and Christ is the Saviour of all men. Such an interpretation of the language would be as shallow as it would be injurious. It may seem, then, that the saying is hard to be understood; but we often find that the hard places in the Word, the Scriptures, which at first sorely try our faith, yield to a more persistent scrutiny a peculiarly rich meaning. If our Lord would not have us understand that his love is more engaged for some than for others, what would he have us understand? We have written what seems to us to have been his meaning at the head of this brief paper. From the very necessity of the case, Christ must be hidden from the world. The manifestation of our Saviour can only be in accordance with what we may call a law of congruity. Like asks for like. In this case there must be moral and spiritual capacity, and this capacity must have been to some extent unfolded and cultivated. It is nature's law. Every seed demands its own soil.

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It will not take root and grow and come to a harvest on any other. Without your nitrates and iodides of silver and of ammonium, the rays of the sun will paint you no pictures. And as it is nature's law, so it is a law which pervades the whole constitution of things natural and moral. The elect have attained it! All things are double; — a divine on earth, therefore, must answer to the Divine out of the heavens.

Our Saviour in his dealings with those to whom he came quietly recognized and even thankfully acknowledged this law. "Even so, Father," he said, "for so it seemed good in thy sight." In his discourse to the recalcitrant people at Nazareth, "where he had been brought up," he calmly reminds them that it had never been possible to convey God's mercies to all. Elijah was sent to only one of many widows, and though there were many lepers in Israel in the days of Elisha, only Naaman the Syrian was cleansed. In his advice to his disciples, he cautions them in very strong language against throwing away the precious truths which were to be committed to them, and would not have them persist in getting a hearing from obstinately unwilling ears, — as if he had said, There are enough who are prepared and waiting; devote yourselves to those. It is with good influences as with evil influences. As the pestilence travels over the earth and gathers only its own, sometimes keeping and sometimes leaving the great thoroughfares, so it is with the Spirit of Life and Health in the moral world. In one sense all are its own, and yet of only a portion is it written "unto as many as received him."

In accordance with this law of congruity, the coming of Christ was delayed for ages. There must be years — oh, how many and how long they were! — of preparation before the herald angels might sing their song of gladness. Not a moment sooner could the divine Lord have appeared to any good purpose, save to here and there a prophetic soul, as to Abraham. The Word might come, as it were, in gleams of light; but there could be no Incarnation, no Light of the world and Life of men, and glory of the Only Begotten. The time was not yet. And when the time had come, those who

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were really prepared were so few that the Lord spoke of them as a "little flock," and whilst his eyes rested upon many who seemed to be followers, and to promise well, he said, "Many are called, but few are chosen." "He committed himself not unto them, for he knew what was in man." It might have been said by earnest men forecasting the future, "All that the world needs is that one should come who shall live a divine life, and shall speak divine words; he will prepare his own way, and in the day of his power his people will be willing." But the facts have shown and are always showing the vanity of such expectations. Some bitterly oppose, more are indifferent to the great Prophet; even the better sort for the most part only wait with Gamaliel in the Jewish Sanhedrim to see what will come of it. There were only enough real disciples to constitute a working company, to supply a body for the new spirit.

The world and the gospel have nothing in common. "The Prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me." We simply declare a fact. Christ demands of those who are to welcome it at all certain spiritual and moral attainments; we do not mean mere dead and buried capacities, but a measure, however slender, of attainment. The seed which is the Word must have good soil, and that soil the Saviour calls an honest and good heart. You cannot plant it in a mere animal. No one ever makes the attempt. You cannot plant it in a mere intellect, though this is often and vainly undertaken. The world must cease to be the world before it can entertain Christ. Only as there springs into life, through the grace of God and the faithfulness of man, that which is not of the world is there any beginning or any growth of the gospel. It may be thought that this does not accord with the commonly-received opinion that our race was in a lower moral condition just before our Saviour's coming than ever before, and was, therefore, never so poorly prepared for the unspeakable gift. The world had indeed reached its lowest point of degradation; and yet the spiritual and moral life which is not of the world, but of God, had been steadily growing, stimulated, as it were, by antagonisms and powerful protests,

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and quickened to a hunger and thirst after divine things, which the Christ rejoiced to satisfy. On the one hand, we have the Emperor Tiberius; on the other, the Holy Mother of our Lord. The predicted time had come, not because man was wiser than he had ever been before,— Plato was born four hundred years before Christ, — the predicted time had come because man could rest no longer for his troubled conscience, for his unsatisfied aspirations and desires, for the life of God in him reaching up to the heavens.

Moreover, the law of the coming of the Christ is the law of his manifestation as years go on. In this thing there is nothing to be looked for from the world, whether in its most refined or in its coarsest forms, whether from its animalism or from its intellectualism, whether from its scarcely-organized and scarcely-illumined clay or from its advanced thinkers and most cultivated scholars. Christ grows only as man is willing or is persuaded to become holier and better. He must obey and love before he can find the Divine in the gospel. It is well and useful to show that the Christian evidences are sound, and that the Christian doctrine is not unreasonable, and that the world has nothing to say against the truth which ought to detain any from discipleship; but here our advocacy exhausts itself. The world is still untouched. You lose your time to pray for it, save that it may be born from above.

In the light of this law, we understand why men are so slow to confess Christianity and why the progress of real Christianity must be so gradual. It is because it can only begin with the beginning, and keep pace with the progress of character; because we can see Christ only in proportion as we are like Christ. And let it not be said that our appreciation of Christ will do us no good if we have already entered into the life of Christ. Christ brings into our world light from another sphere, and it is unspeakably good for us to walk in it. If we can heartily enter into his thoughts, his affections, his hopes; if we can believe in his wonderful works; if we can accept Paul's gospel, that he died for our sins and rose for our justification; if our faith in him reaches not only, as in

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the case of so many, to what we can ourselves admit as soon as it is told us, but also to matters high above us which belong to his transcendent life, then we have a religion indeed. And this we can have if we love and desire and long for it earnestly enough to prefer it to our worldliness. No prayers, even of the divine Intercessor, can help the soul that persists in being a worldly soul. Nothing can make Christianity a faith before it is a life, or any farther than it is a life. "Therefore they could not believe." The words are continually fulfilled. Christ is hidden from many, just as the Sun is hidden from those who have no eyesight. When they feel the need of God, and that God a Redeemer and Comforter; when they must know whether in this life only we have hope, whether there is indeed another life to match our being and our affections; when they are no longer wasting the soul's substance and deadening the soul's perceptions in worldly living, then Christ will come forth the Light of their days and the Finisher of their faith. We look for a restoration of belief, — by which we mean something more than a restoration of a belief in moral truisms. The deep persuasions of the Christian still wait for those who are willing to enter into the kingdom by the only way of life, — the way of the commandments. Every man who by a mere persistent and consistent continuance in well-doing makes a clearer and fuller revelation of the Divine in Christ possible prepares the way for another fear of the New Age of which Christ is the Father. E.

"Ah," said the imprisoned bird, "how unhappy were I in my eternal night, but for those melodious tones which sometimes make their way to me like beams of light from afar, and cheer my gloomy day! I would myself repeat those heavenly melodies like an echo, until I have stamped them on my heart, and then I shall be able to bring comfort to myself in my darkness." Thus spoke the little warbler, and soon had learned the sweet airs which were sung to it with voice and instrument.

That done, the curtain was raised, for the darkness had been purposely contrived for its instruction. — Richter.

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EMILY COBBE.

Mrs. Cobbe was once the gay Emily Rogers. She was an only child; her father was an upright and successful merchant, a sensible and kind-hearted man; but his time and thoughts were given to business, and like many other business men, he felt that his strict integrity, his readiness to meet all philanthropic demands on his purse, his punctuality at church, and his indulgence towards every wish of wife or daughter were all that could be required of him as a worthy member of the religious society to which he belonged. He was satisfied with the condition of his own soul, because he asked himself no questions about it, and of course he was equally satisfied with the religious character of his family for the same reason. His wife had been a beauty, and had married at seventeen; she was thoroughly worldly. I know not what greater misfortune can befall a girl than to be the child of a mother given to the world and its vanities, especially as the victim is usually unconscious that it is a misfortune, and in that ignorance lies peril, — the peril of utter unconsciousness of certain distinctions between right and wrong.

So Emily Rogers grew up "for society." She was sent to the best schools, as a matter of course; but there was no inquiry at home about her acquisition of knowledge, nothing said or done to increase her interest in her studies, but a great deal about her dress and success at dancing-school; and when her headache, after a juvenile party and a late supper, kept her at home the next day, her mother only thought it was a pity she should have such hard lessons; "perhaps it would be better to take her from school altogether. It was evident she was too delicate to bear study."

Emily at last reached the happy day of leaving school, and of bidding farewell to study in good earnest. It never entered her mind that her education had only begun, that she had just reached the age when a judicious course of reading would be of infinite service to her. She felt herself ready for life; and so she was for the only life she contemplated,

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and she rushed into it with all the spirit of a young and energetic nature. Passionately fond of dancing, she gave to it an amount of physical strength of which she was unconscious, and of which she would have thought herself incapable in any other cause. The graceful and gliding movements of other days had gone by, and so had the custom of keeping wholesome early hours; and night after night she lived in perpetual excitement, and though Nature cried out, "This is wrong, because you find you cannot endure it without the stimulus of strong coffee or champagne," still she would not understand, nor would her mother. Violent bodily exercise in rooms artificially heated and blazing with light, rich, indigestible diet, carelessness of all rules of health in regard to dress, the pernicious excitement of novel-reading, — her only resource when compelled to rest her aching back, — all these had their effect on a naturally good constitution. In vain a wise physician expostulated; she would take his preparations of iron, but not his sage counsels. And so she and her mother went to a great hotel at the seashore in summer, for her *health*. There, with a folly that seemed a complete infatuation, the same life went on. There was no rest, no quiet strolls by the rocks to admire the wonderful ocean, and catch its pure influence on mind and body, no perception of the difference between God's work there and man's work in the city. The same use of time in summer as in winter, — dress, the idlest of conversation, the most frivolous of reading if any, and dancing, dancing! Life must be a dance, even if it prove the "Dance of Death."

The family went to church with some regularity. Emily's father was always there, and she, too, if she had not a cold or a headache. And she listened with much satisfaction to the fine organ, so skilfully played, and the admirable quartette singing; she listened, also, to their own eloquent young preacher at times, when her thoughts were not wandering to subjects very uncongenial, and as she came out of church would say gayly to a friend, "Didn't we have a splendid sermon?" There ended the comments and the impressions.

Sometimes the pastor was invited to a stately dinner, and

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sometimes he called on the family; but Emily was quite conscious of the different atmosphere in which she lived, though she could not have defined her feeling; so she shrank from any intercourse beyond that of courtesy, and said to her father, "Oh, I never can talk with ministers; I am afraid of them." And the young man always sighed as he left their door, saying to himself, "What can I do for the worldly-minded in their prosperity? There is fine material there. God will work it in his own time."

In her twentieth year Emily was engaged, to the entire satisfaction of her parents. She was to be married soon and go to Europe, and there was hasty but brilliant preparation. In all the excitement and bustle, the ordering of dresses, the reception of magnificent gifts, she came to her wedding-day at last without any distinct idea of the solemn business before her, without one religious association connected with the marriage service. Not one word reached her on the subject from either parent, and her past life had not prepared her to think seriously even at such a crisis. She was a little fluttered as she entered the church and met the gaze of her many friends, but paused a moment to adjust her veil and drapery; and she *did* feel something new and strange — a sudden dawning sense of responsibility — as the minister went through the service with an impressiveness even beyond his wont. He knew the sad needs of the young couple before him, and spoke with a holy fervor which scattered frivolity for the moment.

It was for the moment. With a new name, but not with a new character, Emily lived on as she had done, abroad and at home. She was not unfortunate in her marriage as the world judges. Mr. Cobbe was a good business man, correct in his habits, rather ordinary in intellect, but very indulgent to his wife, and she really loved him. And they spent a great deal of money in Europe, especially in Paris, which they both pronounced the most enchanting place in the world. Then they came home and began to enjoy their elegant house and furniture.

Another epoch arrived. Mrs. Cobbe was immersed in

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costly preparations for another event of the deepest spiritual importance; but the preparations were not spiritual. All mothers take a natural and innocent delight in the tiny wardrobe prepared by loving hands for the stranger who is soon to be welcomed into a world of waiting love. With Emily the exquisite embroidery and delicate woollens which her drawers exhibited were a matter of admiration and pride, so that she almost forgot that a *soul* was coming to her from God.

It came in a frail little body. Slowly the mother recovered, for much vital energy had been wasted in a youth of incessant *gayeties*, so called. And evidence of the same sad fact there was in the feeble constitution of the little creature, so innocent, yet doomed to suffering by a thoughtless, unconscientious mother. It was one of those cases in which thoughtlessness deserves the hard name of unconscientiousness. The soul came on purpose to be trained for heaven; but the mother and the mother's mother saw only the delicate little body to be adorned, and the latest fashions of infants' dresses were to be studied, and nothing was too costly for bedecking the mere casket which contained the precious jewel, whose true character none knew.

By and by Mrs. Cobbe again "went into society," and danced and kept late hours and trusted her child much to its nurse, only seeing that it was always beautifully dressed. It was a pet, a plaything, which she loved dearly, nothing more.

The father, too, as the little one began to show intelligence, — to "know papa," which is always charming, to stretch its arms towards him, and cry when he went away, — the father found some new element at work in his rather sluggish nature. He loved his child, but thought of no higher way of showing his affection than by pouring all manner of costly toys into the nursery; and its floor was often strewed with headless dolls in rich attire, and broken carriages and battered horses, which had never given half the pleasure that a poor man's child finds in playing with a handful of shavings, or building a cob-house in the country.

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So Emily's child came to be four years old, and all things went prosperously with her, as the world said, though she thought little about it. She did not know that she was "living without God in the world;" her blessings, — whence came they? — she did not ask. Her petty disappointments, of course, came, too, and of those she was fretfully conscious but never asked whence they came or why. Yet she would have been utterly amazed if an angel had stood radiant and stern before her to say, "Thou art a sinner!"

An angel, a messenger from the Lord, did come at last, but with no brightness on his brow.

The little girl was what people called "delicate," in fact, puny, and inclined to take cold easily; still, in spite of remonstrances from the family physician and one or two old-fashioned friends, she must be taken out to walk with her nurse in pleasant weather, fashionably dressed. Her short clothes were kept well out from her small body by a hoop, her drawers did not come down to her knees, her stockings did not come up to them, and if she had been a beggar's child, benevolent people would have pitied those little bare knees when they were mottled and purple, as they often were. The nurse did not observe changes in the weather if she had a fancy for a walk; so she took her young charge out one afternoon, when the mother had gone to a dinner-party. The wind suddenly came round from the east, raw and penetrating. The nurse loitered homeward, dragging the tired child by one arm, stopping for a leisurely chat now and then with an old acquaintance, and taking no notice of the increasing hoarseness of her little charge.

That night the little Julia coughed with a sound which would have warned even an inexperienced ear; but the nursery was not near Mrs. Cobbe's chamber, and the nurse slept heavily. By day the child showed no symptoms which were understood, and at night her cough was severe enough to wake her nurse several times; but she only thought, drowsily, "What a cold she has got!"

The third night came. Mr. and Mrs. Cobbe were roused about two o'clock in the morning by a vehement knocking

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at their chamber-door, and the voice of the terrified nurse, crying, "Come quick; Julia is dying!" They came quickly indeed, to find their darling struggling for life, as it were, and both instinctively knew what those fearful sounds meant.

"Croup, croup! God help us!" ejaculated the father, hastily rushing back to dress with trembling hands, and hurry off for the doctor. Helpless and wild, the poor mother carried her little one about in her arms, or laid it down only to sob over it, and cry, "When will the doctor come? Oh, how long he is! She will die, she will die!"

He came with all the alacrity of the true and tender physician; but when he saw his little patient, and extorted from the reluctant nurse the acknowledgment that the child had coughed so badly the night previous, and had been out in the damp weather the day before that, his saddened expression gave little hope to the parents watching his countenance in an agony of suspense.

All was done that human skill could devise, but it was a case of most malignant character; and in a very few days there lay in the splendid but darkened drawing-room a small casket lined with satin and covered with flowers. Within it, the innocent little face of a *victim;* for such was the child of a giddy, self-indulgent, worldly mother.

Her life's first trial had come to Emily Cobbe, and found her totally unprepared. She thought of nothing but her lost darling, to her utterly lost. The little smiling face, the small graceful form, had vanished from her home, and those were all she had seen and loved. The nursery was a desolation, a room to be shunned, except when the mood was upon her to pamper her grief by gazing upon the little garments so richly ornamented and the costly toys laid away with wild sobbings. She dwelt only upon what had been taken from her, without one grateful thought of all that was left to her. Of life beyond the grave, of an unseen realm where a good God had received her innocent child into peace, growth, and joy, she could form no idea. Her imagination could not accept and take comfort from a belief so wholly new and strange. And so she mourned without hope. Her worldly

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mother, her afflicted but silent husband, could say nothing that could influence her weak despair; and her pastor found it one of those cases which most severely try the judgment of an earnest and believing mind. At last, absorbed as she was in her own emotions, she was roused by her husband's acknowledging one day at dinner that he had had a bad headache and had no appetite for several days. In fact, he was too ill to leave the house, and next morning could not rise, and the physician was again called. Day after day passed. It was a case of typhoid, a lingering, tedious case. Alternations of hope and fear, more wearing than the most sudden shock of bereavement, tried the strength of the wife to its utmost; but, naturally energetic, she gave herself to the task of nursing the husband she loved with unwearied fidelity. And as the cloud settled down, and the strength of the patient ebbed away visibly, and she saw what was coming upon her, she even tried to *pray*. It was real prayer, for the first time, ejaculatory, heartfelt; but it was only for her husband's life, not for strength to accept God's will.

H.

(To be continued.)

THE Christian life is judged of (and this with the strictest propriety) by that part of it which is seen, but it depends upon the part of it which is unseen for the hold which it takes and keeps upon God; and to look for works, or the blossoming and expansion of God within the life, without faith, by means of which the soul is rooted and grounded in him, is as little rational — that is, as little in accordance with things in their true relation to each other — as it would be to look in any simple natural operation for an effect detached from its producing cause. Faith is the law upon whose actuating energy God has made the life which we have in him to depend; and we can no more detach what we do in our lives from what we are in our souls than we can separate heat or light from their essential principles, or expect to enjoy either in the absence of the conditions in which their existence is involved.

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PREACHING FOR, OR PREACHING TO?

THE common phrases of society, however carelessly used, undoubtedly have a spiritual import, often more suggestive of the true character of those who use them than their more deliberate forms of speech. Of this class I must reckon that expression so familiar to ministerial ears, — preaching *for*. "Will you preach for us next Sunday?" is a question which many a parish committee very innocently puts to some unemployed minister of the gospel, never dreaming that they thus betray their low views of the function of the sacred office. I am sometimes tempted to reply to this question, Are you, then, preachers also? For the only good and legitimate sense I can find for this phrase is preaching *in place* of another. "I am ill to-day; will you preach for me?" is a proper question for a minister to address to his brother in office; but it has no propriety in any other use of it. In the ordinary way that we hear it, it is a poor euphemism, intended to hide the truth, that the words of the preacher are, or should be, a direct message to every soul present to receive them. It is the minister's duty and privilege to preach *to* men, never *for* them. The sooner this is understood, the better for all concerned. If the congregation will not bear being preached to, let them stay away from the church. If the minister is not willing to preach to men, let him cease to be a professed messenger of divine truth, whose office it is, "in Christ's stead," to pray and to labor, that men may "be reconciled to God." Both for those who speak and for those who hear — for the one quite as much as for the other — I offer these suggestions, in no spirit of hypercriticism, but with an earnest desire to restore the pulpit to its proper and original function.

Without pretending that the objectionable expression here referred to is never employed in a good sense, without imputing to everybody the falsities which I find in it, yet I feel bound to say that it seems to me to contain two very serious errors. For, in the first place, it implies that the

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office of the pulpit is to minister to intellectual entertainment. What else can really be meant, when one is asked to preach *for* a congregation, but that he is expected to provide for their intellectual wants or fancies? Or if not quite that, does it not imply that the preacher is to keep his hearers in a state of spiritual excitement, and thus to encourage the pleasant delusion that they are on the way to heaven without having undergone the trials and conflicts of the regenerate life? The phrase is but a symptom of the spiritual malady which is so prevalent. It is hardly to be denied that most persons go to church now rather to have their minds pleasantly entertained, or their emotional nature awakened, than to learn what they must do and be in order to become faithful disciples of the Lord Jesus. The demands of the critical understanding are satisfied with nothing from the pulpit which is not brilliant, or startling, or "original." And on the other hand the religious sentiments, in their undisciplined state, crave a perpetual stimulus, and leave no relish in the soul for simple instruction in divine truth, or faithful appeals to the conscience in behalf of every-day duties. Between these two demands, the office of the Christian preacher is in danger of falling either into total disuse, or base degeneracy. The distinction between preacher and lecturer grows more and more faint. In very few of our congregations does a pastor seem to be desired beyond the period when he can furnish something new every Sunday for their intellectual or religious excitement. The special bond between pastor and people is hardly more than a tradition now; for why should a man be retained in the same position for half or quarter of a century, when the whole interest of the relation depends on frequent change? The capacity of even the largest intellect that fills the pulpit is unfortunately limited, while the demands of the congregation, alas! are not.

I trust this will not be taken for mere croaking over the degeneracy of the age. It is not intended here to deny that new forms of religious administration become necessary in different periods of society; and it would be very foolish to propose a revival of the old attachment which bound a minis-

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ter to his people. But I protest against that optimism which concedes everything to the spirit of the age, and never admits that this spirit itself needs guidance and conversion. It *is* desirable to recover something of the old feeling, which brought people to church as to a place where, through fallible human lips, a somewhat divine was to be distilled; where a true communion of saints might be looked for; where God's word should be interpreted and applied to the exigencies of the present hour. What is this, indeed, but saying that it is desirable to restore among us that idea of worship and of the Christian ministry which we derive from the records of our holy faith, — the New Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ? And to hasten this desirable consummation, let it be repeated and emphasized, not only in words but in action, — that the ministry of the gospel is never a ministry to men's passions, or prejudices, or tastes, but simply an application to their spiritual wants of those living truths which are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

The other error referred to as contained in the phrase "preaching for" is the error of those who object to any claim of authority for the pulpit. "What right has this man to preach *to* me? Who gave him authority to tell me what I must do, and what I have failed to do?" It is the same spirit which has always said, "We will not have this man to rule over us." The only reply to such questions is, The very nature of the Christian ministry requires and implies this. There may often be a doubt of any particular incumbent of the ministry, whether he is qualified for so high a place; but there should be no doubt in a Christian's mind that the office of the true preacher is one of authority, — the authority, namely, in Christ's name to declare the truth. He who is really called to this high calling, who recognizes in himself an inward longing and impulsion to this work, and finds himself providentially guided to this and no other, — he is thenceforward bound to declare "the whole counsel of God," as it shall be revealed to him, in all suitable times and places. He is to preach *to* men; not as raised above them by any superiority of character or attainments, but on the

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contrary as a fellow-sinner, pleading with them to accept the terms of forgiveness offered to all alike. . The position of authority which he stands in is not to be deemed any personal assumption. It is not he that speaks, but the spirit of truth that speaks through him. He would be unworthy of his high office, if he should accept it under any conditions of keeping back what he believes to be profitable and necessary for his hearers. And above all it should never be forgotten that the existence of a written revelation, the fact of a divine word legible to human eyes, authorizes and requires the interpreters of this word to take a different stand from those who preach "themselves," — their own thoughts or fancies, and *not* "Christ Jesus the Lord." Were the Bible no more than many other books, the preacher's occupation should be no more than that of the moralist, or satirist, or philosopher who may come to the lecturer's desk. Then, not only should pulpits disappear, but churches themselves could hardly claim the right to live. But how different with those who can in good conscience declare, "Thus saith the Lord" in his word! There can be no lack of authority to him who knows that he has a message to deliver from Heaven to men, and shows them that message as contained in the familiar volume which they have been taught to regard as holy. The sacredness of the book, and that alone, gives force and authority to those who profess to expound the book. Let them beware how they abate one jot of such authority. Let them speak to men with the confidence derived from a full assurance that the Scriptures are of God's writing. And this confidence itself will do much to bring their hearers into that state of mind in which they shall no longer look to the pulpit for intellectual entertainment, but for a power to heal, to lift up, to regenerate, and to save the soul.

W. S.

THERE is a wider division of men than into Christian and Pagan; before we ask what a man worships, we have to ask whether he worships at all. — RUSKIN.

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SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

THE utility of Sunday-schools is a much vexed question. We mean Unitarian Sunday-schools, for the genius of Orthodoxy and Episcopacy prescribes a certain line of routine and outward growth for the instruction of its younger followers, which is not compatible with the spirit of our faith. How should a Sunday-school be conducted, and what are the present defects of our system?

The first requisite for a Sunday-school would be, the substitution of it for the afternoon service, and until that point is gained, very little else can be gained. The hour and half before or after the morning service is too short, and, in addition to attendance at church, productive of too much fatigue to both teacher and scholar. Suppose, then, that our school opens at three in the afternoon with the usual exercises of reading, prayer, and singing; and mark, the singing should be of the brightest kind. Methodist tunes should be frequently sung. All children love to sing, and the eye of a careful observer can quickly detect the greater zest with which a child turns to the lessons after the utterance of the voice in tunes of cheerful praise, than after the singing of some more difficult or solemn strain, which has no effect upon the religious sensibilities, though to the ear of an older person it possesses scientific charm. The book entitled "Youthful Voices," which was prepared with so much care, is greatly marred by the want of those Methodist tunes, and by the high key in which many of the compositions are written, so that at least one half of every school is unable to join in them. After these opening exercises, the superintendent or minister should always make a short address, colloquial in form, and containing as much of question on his part and answer on the children's as is compatible with his subject. Then should follow the distribution of the library books and the class lessons, on which last the whole success of the school depends. While the school is thus engaged, the superintendent should talk with each class, inquiring about

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their studies and finding out who are absent or sick, and speaking encouragingly to those who answered his questions in his address. He should know each child by name, though he may not have the time to understand the character of each. He should propose objects of interest every year, not in the way of picnics or anniversaries alone, if at all, but in engaging the children to use their time and money in preparation for a Christmas tree, connected with the Freedmen's Branch Society of their church, if they have one, or in actively interesting them in the Children's Mission, which now merits scarcely more than the last half of its name, as by far the larger proportion of money comes from adults. After a session of an hour and a half, the school should close with prayer and singing. The children should be allowed to remain in the room for some ten or fifteen minutes, mingling together, and talking with the different teachers, which would diminish that class feeling which now makes a child declare that he will not return to the school, if he is to be assigned to a new teacher. This social intercourse, which is now impracticable, owing to the pressure of the hour for church, would be found of great service.

But should the minister bear a secondary relation to the school? He must, in most cases. When he is able to talk to the children from the desk, and to each one afterwards in his or her seat, he gains an influence that becomes a powerful lever in his other parish relations. And this he can do, when there is no afternoon service. He should also examine the younger classes in their lessons, and to the older ones he should give words of advice and present doctrinal truths in the form of daily experiences, thus preparing them for the more abstract statement of the same from the pulpit. In no case should he talk to each class every Sunday, not oftener than once a month, though, in order to do that, his presence may be required for half an hour every Sabbath. It should be regarded as the children's privilege to see him there. To young children, the school is a church, and he who is the ordained servant of God should be regarded by them with reverence, loving yet familiar.

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In one of the truest passages of "Levana," Jean Paul speaks of the solemnizing effect produced upon the mind of a child, whose first idea of public worship is conceived at twilight in some dim, old cathedral, where devout hearts are offering unobserved homage. Here, where we have no vaulted aisles or choirs made solemn by their depth and echo, no hidden music to waft the believer into an all-embracing heaven, or, worst of all, no quiet church, open at all hours of all days, where weary souls and tired bodies can find solitude and peace, or joyous hearts can throw off and take again the weighty burden of gratitude, we are obliged to lead our child into a full and brightly-dressed sitting assembly, and tell him it is a church, knowing that curiosity and obedience will vie with each other in his little limbs and brain. Or else we take him to the Sunday-school, where, while he enjoys the social element of the hour, he can understand its simple service, his teacher becoming for him a minister; it is his better introduction and training for church, as earth is for heaven.

Yet all this is said with limitation, for how can a parent trust the religious education of her child to any one else but herself. Might she not even refuse the teaching of an angel, if such heavenly beings were vouchsafed to us? Not the best teacher that could be found should ever surpass — nay, equal — the mother or the father. If God makes them parents, he lays upon them the duty of making their children his. How can a mother who is alive to the poetry and beauty of the Bible give up even the æsthetic pleasure of imbuing her child with it, for, as she teaches him, celestial radiance falls on her! Can a father relinquish the delight of portraying the manliness and filial love, heroism and divinity, of Christ's character? If parents do forego all this, they forego what would become the deepest thankfulness of the child grown to mature age, the highest trust of their own being, and the greatest benefit to themselves.

Shall we return, then, to the old New England Sabbath catechetical service? Shall we have no Sunday-school? or shall it be for the poor only, for those who know no God?

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Yes and no. For ourselves, we never could commit our child to another's religious guidance. There are others, devout parents too, who can; and so numerous are they, that, for years to come, Sunday-schools will continue valuable, and perhaps, nay, we hope, they will always exist in some form. But can nothing be done to improve them, even if held at nine o'clock? Yes, much, for the inefficiency of the institution is owing chiefly to the teachers, and their want of success partially to their ministers. The school opens and teachers are wanted. Who are they? Young girls, of eager, willing hearts, who have had "experience at home;" and older ones who have thought, but cannot talk. And a few who were born to be Sunday-school teachers. It is said that there is a double purpose in the school, to benefit both teachers and scholars. Certainly one gains greatly by instructing, but that is not to be thought of when the scholar's interest is concerned. And it is what the ministers do often think of. "No, I am afraid she may not make a very good teacher at first, but it will do her good, interest her in the church," they say. She should make an almost very good teacher at the outset.

What is the minister to do? Again we despond, for he can do so little, while the churches are in silent competition with each other, in so many and various works, the member of one saying to the member of another, "How much life have you?" not using the great New Testament word in its grand, broad meaning,—the fullest consummation of Christian experience,—but in the narrow signification of how much work do you do? how many Bible classes and sewing-circles and special occasions have you? how high do your pews sell? and have you any seats to let? and how many presents do you make your minister? And if your Sunday-school is not full, it is said, "Ah, your minister cannot interest the young," it never being considered that it is, perhaps, the fault of the teachers and the superintendent's neglect. As if a Sunday-school should be the measure of a minister's popularity; and yet there are many preachers who feel self-condemned, and are loudly upbraided, because of the paucity of school at-

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tendance, when that very school has been the monotonous heavy undercurrent against which they have worked by day, and of which they have dreamt at night, and have risen on Sunday morning, dreading it far more than the church services, and looking upon the teachers' meeting as a circle of birds of prey, ready to pounce upon him because of the delivery of simple spiritual truths, instead of inserting into their chaotic minds scraps of German theology, bird's-eye views of Schopenhauer's philosophy, and phrases of French radicalism. This is what teachers like now-a-days; they have tried Spinoza and Kant, and are examining Christianity by the light of their previous studies and their intuitions, which last, in the hands of a woman, often become a weapon of dangerous power.

What shall be done? If the minister insists upon having good teachers, he may incur the loss of influential families from his society. For suppose a young lady comes to him and tells him she is "interested," and wishes to teach. He has been acquainted with her from a child, and knows her to be very bright and pleasant in manner, full of good purpose, with average mental abilities. Is she fit for a teacher? Does the aroma of invisible sanctity breathe around her? Does one feel that she has lived in the "atmosphere of Christ?" She would be an excellent teacher, if patience would not fail, for young classes of poor children; but the children in most of our schools have learned at home to detect the spiritual from the merely excellent, taught either by the want or possession of it in their parents. If their teacher comes to them from an interest in them and a vague interest in religion, they may be quick to feel the charm of her ways, will like her very much that winter and perhaps the next; after that her powers will have lost the charm of novelty, neither her mind nor her experience being a substitute for it; the pupils of her class are older; she is unconsciously tired, and so are they; their attendance is infrequent; by and by they leave, and if you ask them whether they enjoyed the Sunday-school, they reply, "Yes, they liked their teacher," yet they have been made no more religious by her

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than by any other daily influence, when it should have been incalculably more, nor have they learned to connect themselves with the church in interest and action. The teacher has done her best. The youthful classes which she might have taught with more success were supplied. The minister has been embarrassed and fearful, foreseeing the result, he thinks it could not have been avoided, nor could it, unless he had had the courage to tell her, that notwithstanding her many excellences, she was not yet qualified for a teacher, which would have hurt her, no matter how delicately told; for a young soul full of aspiration thinks that it is almost achievement, and has not discovered that time and patience alone can bring on accomplishment. She may, in course of months, even leave his church for attendance in other places, where she finds the element which she misses in his preaching. Her pastor will feel this action keenly, know its cause, and query as to what he has gained thereby, — a more perfect school! Good teachers are rare.

Again, there will be a teacher of strong mental faculties well versed in biblical lore, in love and faith, in earnest purpose and executive ability, and yet she will surely fail from lack of a nameless indescribable charm, which every one feels and no one can picture in words. How much harder, then, for superintendent or minister to gently insinuate that, while her intellect is more than equal to its task, there is a something that might be improved, — that, in fact, one or two children have left the school because of that want of — and he is puzzled and takes refuge in praise of her other powers. If the teacher is a woman, the wound is vital. The something in her manner was born with her, or time has rendered it incurable. It has made those far less gifted or worthy than herself more acceptable; it has been an oft-recurring cross, and here again in the loved field of work she has done more harm than good, though she knows, and others know, that the subject of her lesson could not have been better treated. She leaves the school, but is too wise and humble to seek another church; nevertheless, between herself and her minister there is an impassable gulf.

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These are the two extremes of teachers and their defects. There is a middle class who fail, and this includes by far the largest number. We mean those who neglect the needful preparation for their class. They may have either personal charm or mental wealth, or both, and yet will not succeed from want of faithful care. Most teachers study or go over their lessons for the first and perhaps for many following Sundays, but the increasing pressure of winter engagements shortens the time given to the examination of their class lesson, and they trust to the inspiration of the moment, or to the chance suggestion of a scholar. Certainly it often succeeds, especially when the novelty of such reliance puts every nerve of the teacher to the utmost tension; but as certainly such a forcing system cannot be continued. The teacher's interest slackens in her subject and in her scholars. Neglect becomes a habit, and with every needful requisite, the teacher that might excel loses her own force and wearies her class. Here the minister need not hesitate to speak; none would be so foolish as to take offence, while few would be so wise as to permanently reform.

For her who can claim but a small part of what is given in large measure to others, this diligent care will prove effective, and, in addition to true religious purpose, render her useful and admirable.

We have not spoken especially of the piety that should pervade each heart; for all, even those who have it not, acknowledge its universal necessity, and our purpose is only to touch upon two or three points, to which we think insufficient attention has been paid.

We confess that such winnowing of teachers as we have spoken of would certainly be destructive of numbers in the present condition of schools. Parents, however, cannot be blamed if they decline sending their child to school, knowing the character of its teacher better than the superintendent does, nor are they to be censured because a request is preferred that the pupil may be intrusted to the care of some particular person, while such a message invariably annoys the superintendent, who regards the school as a totality, and

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seldom discovers the real cause of the departure of a child. When he does, perhaps he animadverts, in the presence of other children, on the folly of such a course, — that scholars should be contented, all teachers are excellent, the best possible is done; which to the child, with its untrained likes and dislikes, is of no service. At home, care is taken to guide a child by calling out the good and leaving untouched myriad matters productive of ill-temper. Why should it not be so at school? the child is no older there than at home, and has his "affinities" more strongly than his senior.

A teacher must first be acceptable in the broadest sense of the word. Though she may not be gifted with native beauty, her face should betray the education of mind and heart, her manners should be free from consciousness, modest, lively, interested, bright, and earnest. Every woman can be charming, if she chooses; if she will throw herself into others' interests, watching the process of their thoughts, and seeking for their sake to find a correspondence to it in her own, thus she can obtain their affections, though they may not recognize her power by name.

Secondly, her mind should be well trained to think, that she may show the children how to think. Nothing pleases a boy or girl so much as to find that he has wrought out a conclusion from his own brain.

Thirdly, she should have the power of picturesque description, and be able to translate the Bible into the present tense.

Fourthly, she should thoroughly understand childhood's games and foibles, so that, when the scholar least imagines, a practical application can be drawn from his lesson, she should surprise him with a home thrust. She might be full of poetry, recalling to her class this and that line, adapted to her thought. To explain ourselves more fully. Not long ago a child came home from school, saying its teacher had said, "that Adam was a real gentleman because after he had once reproved Eve, he did not continue to upbraid her, and that he (this boy) must try to be as gentlemanly to his sister." Many would pronounce this hardly scriptural;

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yet the teacher knew that this particular child had been surfeited with lessons on morality and Christian duties with no great result; that though he would tease or disobey, he had a horror of not being a little gentleman. Her purpose was accomplished. He was shocked at finding that Adam, whom he had always thought very wicked, was more polite than himself; and he ceased to torment his sister, not from a lofty purpose, we grant; later years would impart that. To an older child, how useful would be the description of Mrs. Browning's "Drama of Exile," with its noble pathetic teaching, and its universal mourning of creation for sin.

These few suggestions are made rather with a view to awaken further thought in the minds of others concerning this important subject than in expectation that they will be productive of much good. If, however, without disheartening, our words may lead some to consider the varied power requisite for a teacher, and lessen the confidence of those who forget that the wish to perform is not always equal to the ability, we shall feel that there may be a brighter future for the Sunday-school. G.

"THERE is a spirit in man," a principle of life within us, wrapped like the fire within the flint, in sleep and darkness, until the powerful attraction of God's blessed Spirit — "that inspiration of the Almighty which giveth understanding" — comes to quicken it. For we must remember that in spiritual things every increase of knowledge, every expansion of love, partakes of the nature of a manifestation. *It is a discovery of God unto the soul to which it could never have attained through its own efforts.* Spiritual illumination is the unsealing of the soul's eye, enabling it to behold that which actually exists.

"The lightning's flash did not create
The lovely prospect it revealed;
It only showed the real state
Of what the darkness had concealed.

WHEN we catch our duties at their source, as a ray of light from the sun, we understand them better; but they often meet our eyes only when separated and broken into a maze of colors. — KEEPS.

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OUR RELIGION, IS IT A PROBLEM?

Did Christ come asking questions? Did he only utter words of uncertain meaning? And is the gospel only an enigma or a new myth, to be read like all the old mythologies? In other words, did Christ speak to the understandings or the hearts of men? It would seem to be a sufficient answer to these questions simply to direct men to Christ himself. Open the gospel and read his words, and follow the course of his life, and mark his strong, spiritual confidence. In the Sermon on the Mount he makes no preface, he has no apology for his speech, but he enters at once on the highest themes of his ministry. He does not try to justify his great beatitudes, but leaves them to justify themselves. So he always speaks like one who knows the power of truth, and is plagued by no misgivings. He knows his own word and the human heart to which he gives it. It is the sure word of life, and wherever it goes forth, it will be recognized and received just as the eye opens and takes in the light of the morning. In the highest speech of Christ you will find no material for logic. It does not require to be proved, because it is not left doubtful, and because man's heart is fitted and always ready to receive it. Always Jesus speaks to our needs; he wings our hope; his sympathy answers to our love; his confidence assures and perfects our faith; he tells us what blessings *are;* he tells us what *is* eternal life, not what it *may* be in some far-off and vague hereafter; he "brings life and immortality to light," — that is, he reveals them just as the sunshine reveals the beauty of the world; he throws all the grand scenery of our spiritual being forward into the sphere of our human consciousness, when it all becomes to us distinct and clear as the day. When thus brought within the range of our own vision, the highest, heavenly things immediately become facts and parts of ourselves.

Our religion is not a problem; it is beyond all question. It is as truly a part of the consciousness as it is of history,

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a subjective as well as an objective reality. The revelation of Christ reveals man to himself. What man has tried to decipher and read in the mysterious soul, he finds clearly written out and made actual in the life of Jesus of Nazareth. One complements the other; experience interprets history; history vindicates and informs experience. The troubled heart comes to an understanding of itself in the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel. The scene at Bethany renews and confirms the hope that every mourner feels waking up within him,— a hope that grows "sure and steadfast," an "anchor to his soul," when the Crucified becomes the risen Lord.

Our religion, plain as it is to the hearts of men, to all Christ's little ones is still a problem to the understanding. There are deep things in it which no philosophy can explain. Modern criticism prunes away the mysteries from the life and gospel of Christ. The natural man cannot fathom the spiritual depths, because here the spirit is the only true discerner. The critics deny John's Gospel, and put it historically beyond the apostolic age; but the simple, childlike souls who walk by faith, put it back into its old place, and the worn Bibles of our sainted fathers and mothers will tell us where they found, and where we shall find, the "true bread which cometh down from heaven," — in this same criticised and suspected writing of "the disciple whom Jesus loved." We only "know in part," says an apostle. True knowledge should be very modest and sit in humility at the feet of religion. There are, indeed, great mysteries in Revelation and "things hard to be understood." And yet we want these mysterious things to answer the deeps within ourselves. Is there not already much in every soul that we cannot account for on any natural principles? Are there not strong presentiments and instincts of the supernatural and eternal order of things ever and ever crossing our path, stirring us with strange and terrible power, and preparing us for great revealings of God? And do we not expect to find in our Bible something that is as profound as these workings and intimations of our seeking and anxious hearts? It would be a meagre book of life that had in it no

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truth for our higher consciousness, and nothing so good or great as we find in our own broken and imperfect lives.

Therefore, not so much by the help of criticism, not by science or knowledge, as by a simple, genuine, religious experience, do we read and fathom and take in the meaning of the gospel of Christ. Its pages of prophecy and miracle become clear as we advance in the divine life; as fast as we grow "pure in heart," the problems are solved and the mysteries fade away. Not at once is the veil withdrawn, but the saintly ones still know something of the glory and beauty behind it; even this world looks to them transfigured and prophetic, and they behold in outward and visible things the type and evidence of those within the veil. So it is that the true, advanced Christian soul becomes the interpreter of both revelation and the natural world. Our religion is no problem when we see it through the vision of the pure heart. Science cannot take the spiritual altitude of Christ, and cannot measure the divineness of his life; the pure heart can see all things, even God. Our Father in heaven has not made us for disappointments and perplexity and uncertainty; he cannot so deal with his children, creating a world of light and giving them eyes to see, and then leave them in the drear outer darkness. Oh, no; we are not foreigners or strangers in Christianity; we are at home in it. Following Christ, we walk erect and firm and confident, for at every step we plant our feet on solid ground, and feel that we are passing over the same sure and luminous way that he trod before us. There are familiar footprints known to every disciple, wayside guides and lights more seen than the stars, to lead him all his journey through; by the only right knowledge, that of the regenerate and pure heart, he *knows* the way of eternal life, how to find God. Paul, in one of the grandest hours of his life, was trying to put the proud Athenians in the right way to find their unknown God. "If so be," he says, "they would *feel* after him, then haply they would find him."

To the cold, critical understanding, our religion may be a problem; but to the open and trusting heart, it is assurance and peace and joy in believing. D. C.

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SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

It is a serious drawback to the value of most religious periodicals that they are devoted to the interests of a sect. The movements of thought, feeling, and Christian life outside are as foreign as events in Japan. Indeed, we are oftentimes as ignorant of the inward life of our neighbors as if they and we lived on opposite sides of the globe.

Who can think that this is well? How much better it would be to have every believer look beyond "the idols of his cave," and know something of the thoughts of reflecting men of other names!

We propose to examine the best periodicals of the different sects, and to tell our readers what we find most remarkable in them. Of course it will be understood that we express no approval or disapproval of the opinions we may quote, our only object being to show what the writers, in the works named, are thinking about. Sometimes we may give a summary of a review, or the purport of a book, or an anecdote, or a scrap of intelligence, — anything, in fact, we meet with which we think will be read with pleasure, and may serve as a glimpse of what interests the religious world around us. We have no intention to select items pertaining to sectarian controversy; and while we hope to give some account of the ablest and most earnest articles we find, we hope to do this in a respectful and fraternal temper towards Christian believers of all names.

The "Bibliotheca Sacra" (Trinitarian Congregational), for October, 1866, has leading articles on the "Origin of the Gospels," "Scripture Citations by the Fathers," "Topography of Jerusalem," "Nature of the Will," "Human Responsibility as related to Divine Agency in Conversion." This last is a sermon preached by Rev. Austin Phelps, Professor in the Andover Theological School, in the Chapel of that institution. Somewhat wordily it reproves those who make one-sided statements on this subject. "Proclaim to an inquiring sinner that he is a sinner because he cannot be anything else; that he hates God because it is his nature to hate God; that he is a depraved being and a child of wrath because he was born such; that he does not repent because he is impotent to repent; that he does not obey God because the power is not in him to obey God; that, therefore, if he is not saved, it

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is because God has not elected him to salvation; and will he feel the damning guilt of his condition, the equity of his doom, the awful righteousness of the coming judgment? If he does so, it will be because conscience and the Holy Ghost are mightier than your theology. Never, never does reason draw such conclusions from such premises. The common sense of the world never reasons so."

He believes that the natural consequences of such preaching are intimated by an unpublished anecdote, which he gives, of a divinity student, who has since become a preacher, and who said of himself, describing what many have bitterly experienced, "I recall seven months in which my mind beat about that thought of dependence upon the grace of God, without a ray of light or of hope. I searched the Scriptures, I read books of devotion, I conversed with theologians, I ransacked their libraries for some explanation of the mystery which appeared to me then to be a contradiction to my natural ideas of justice. The gloom it created reached at last every part of God's word. I could read no hope there. It covered all nature. I could see no justice there. Sleep became more desirable to me than waking. The morning only woke me to a consciousness of misery; and the feeling excited in me by the sight of the busy world around me was a kind of bitter compassion that so many of them must soon end their little dream of life, and then awake to a wretchedness as complete as mine."

Prof. Phelps thinks that practically the whole philosophy of his subject may be found in a small compass. He says, "A child's book exists in our Sabbath-school literature with the simple yet profoundly philosophic title, "I can, because I ought." The fresh mind of childhood never denied the truth expressed in these words. The conscience of a child must be awed down by authority into unnatural contortions before it will create the feeling or the belief of guilt in that child's heart for that which he did not originate, and cannot control. "I can, because I ought." Ability the necessary inference from obligation; obligation the measure of ability. The central truth which gives value to the tomes of theological lore on this subject is compressed in these words. It is impossible that reasoning should go below it or around it with the purpose of evasion. It is ultimate; thought can go no further. We reason around and around the immensity of the theme, and an invisible thread conducts us through the labyrinth back to the point at which we started, and at

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which every child can see as far as the keenest of us,—"I can, because I ought;" we struggle to get beyond this truth, we traverse the universe in our philosophic reason; but at the circumference of our journey we have not outrun it, any more than we can outrun the evening star in search for the horizon. We plunge into the depths of our own being in quest of something which consciousness may have treasured up beneath it, but at the bottom of all things we find this awaiting us,—"I can, because I ought." It is one of those truths which we carry with us, because it is a part of us."

Perhaps the most prominent article in the last "Princeton Review" (Presbyterian) is on the "Preaching for the Times." It has an extended parallel between Beecher and Spurgeon, the two men, as it says, "who stand out before us as the popular men of the day in the pulpit, with reputations world-wide. It was long the custom to call in question the power of these men; but the day is gone when one can exclaim 'Clap-trap!' with sneer, and pass them by. 'Clap-trap' may attract the crowd for a twelvemonth, but it has no power to hold it through years."

Our readers will form their own opinion of the discrimination of this writer when we add that he thinks that Spurgeon's success is due chiefly to his *matter*, as he has a clearly-defined system of theology; while Beecher's comes mostly from his *manner*, as his theology is peculiar to himself, or at least can come only under the third head enumerated by one who said that all theologians might be divided into the Orthodox, the Heterodox, and the Beecher family. Beecher, he says, is the man of greater genius and artistic excellence, while Spurgeon is the model gospel preacher. "We are constrained to think that if Mr. Beecher preached the central doctrines of the cross with the fulness and "blood-earnestness" of Spurgeon, he would be every way the mightiest man of the modern pulpit."

The same Review has an article on "Ecce Homo," the extraordinary success of which, as the writer thinks, is owing to some distemper in the public mind. He says that Dr. Bellamy once preached a sermon during a thunder-storm, which produced so great an impression that the hearers asked for a copy for the press. The doctor said he would give it "if they would print the thunder and the lightning with it." The success of "Ecce Homo" must be attributable, he thinks, to the atmosphere of the times. "We detect in the author some culture, some freshness, sparkle, and

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polish of style, little depth or breadth as a thinker, an exegete, a scholar, a philospher, or theologian." The leading defect of the book, the reviewer thinks, is its tendency to a lax theology which sees in the Holy Spirit only an "enthusiasm of humanity," and in Christ himself only an exalted manhood. But what has such a theology ever accomplished? Let history give the answer. "Where has Christianity been a power on earth after the divinity, vicarious sacrifice, resurrection of Christ, and the renewing work of the Holy Ghost have died out from the faith of men? Indeed, when these have gone, what of Christianity is left? The philanthropic virtues still surviving among Socinians are but the inheritance handed down from the ancestral faith they have repudiated, the last reflection and radiation from that Sun of righteousness which is now left beyond the horizon of their faith."

The "Methodist Quarterly Review," for October, 1866, has articles on the "Greek Church," the "Worship of Relics," the "Life and Letters of Rev. Frederic W. Robertson." The writer of this last article, while according to Robertson some traits of a rare genius, still thinks that he is to be studied chiefly as marking the tendency of the age to forsake the old landmarks of theology, to embrace more latitudinarian speculations, and to fraternize with "Evangelical Unitarians." Recognizing this tendency as one of the most marked features of the present day, the writer says, "There must be something in the present condition of theological science which has prepared the way for it. And as almost every heresy is an exaggerated truth that has not been duly recognized in the orthodox confessions of faith, there must be some element of truth in this movement to which it owes its strength. Is there nothing in dogmas based upon misconceptions of the figurative and poetic language of Scripture, in stereotyped platitudes and half-truths being taken for the whole truth, thus teaching for doctrines of revelation the commandments and opinions of men, and in the want of a just recognition of the dignity of the individual conscience, from which this movement may be largely a reaction? One thing is certain; it cannot be put down merely by greater stringency in enforcing confessions of faith, or by dogmatic and intolerant denunciation. This would only strengthen it. Its errors must be calmly and fairly met by the force of truth. It will be well for the Church if she prove herself sufficiently liberal and discriminating to recognize whatever truth the movement may contain."

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Prof. Tayler Lewis, of Union College, publishes, in a recent number of the "Independent," a strong article against the proposal to place the ballot in the hands of woman; though to us it seems that strength laid out on this subject is like attacking windmills. The Professor somewhat ungallantly thinks that "instead of Tammany becoming elevated by the female presence, woman will become Tammanized. . . . When we think how much worse a thing a bad woman is than a bad man, there is nothing hazardous in saying that, should such a reverse effect take place, the present Tammany, vile as it is, would be regarded as purity itself in comparison with the future congregation of male and female roughs that might fill the old wigwam. At all events, so great is the preciousness of the thing imperilled, that the possibility of the experiment terminating fatally would demand the clearest reasons, and the presentation of the strongest necessities, on the part of those who are in favor of making the trial." He adds a far better reason for opposing this suffrage, by affirming that really and effectively women *do* vote now. The husband and father is the God-appointed representative and elector of the family. The suffrage we have now, he says, is family suffrage; and to individualize the influence of the family would not make that divine elemental structure more peaceful, or its influence more healthful and potent.

A recent number of the "New York Observer" (Old School Presbyterian) earnestly calls the attention of its readers to the subject of African Colonization, being moved to this, as the editor says, "by the recent sailing from a Southern port of several hundred emigrants to Liberia, under the auspices of the American Colonization Society, and by the intelligence that in different parts of the South, especially in Georgia, thousands of the colored people are beginning to talk of Africa as their future home. Several reasons are suggested why this should now make an urgent appeal to every American Christian and philanthropist. By the emancipation of the slaves, the old quarrel between colonizationists and abolitionists may be regarded as terminated. The Government established at Liberia has secured the recognition of the leading powers of the world, and is a Christian nation, having all the institutions of the Gospel, large and flourishing churches with able and influential pastors, schools and colleges of a high order, with thoroughly educated teachers, who would not discredit any institution of learning in the world. . . It has shown that the

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Anglo-African can make a home on the continent from which his fathers were torn away, that there he can be assured of his rights and provide for his own comfortable support, that even on the borders of barbarism he does not relapse into the habits of savage life, but makes steady progress in civilization, that he can frame and sustain the institutions of well-ordered government, which afford security for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and that by means of these institutions he can exert a healthful influence upon adjacent native tribes." The colony of Liberia needs to be recruited by new immigrants, and holds out great inducements in its vast undeveloped resources. The writer of the article referred to does not question the right of the freedman to a home in America, and thinks he should here have a fair chance to better his condition as much as possible, but feels persuaded that to thousands Liberia will be a better home than America. It is not unlikely that the time will come when the colored race will wholly die out from our continent, and a prosperous, Christianized Africa, receiving its planting and growth from us, will be the only proof that so many thousands of that race ever lived on this side of the Atlantic.

The choice of two colored representatives to the General Court of Massachusetts has given the impression that this is the first time that men of African descent have been honored by a seat in a deliberative assembly of white citizens. This is far from being true. It is a gratifying fact that the Church recognized their manhood and equality with the whites long before the State did this. As in many other things, so here also, the Christian Church was first to set the good example, — that Church which has been so often and so fiercely reviled by humanitarian reformers. A Presbyterian paper says that colored men have "from time immemorial been admitted to sit as members of Church courts without any qualification of their rights and privileges." It cites the two following cases: "In the Presbytery of New York (Old School) a clergyman, Rev. Henry M. Wilson, who is as black as a native African, for a long term of years has occupied his place as a highly-respected member of that body, having an equal voice and equal vote with any other member. The Presbytery of Newark, one of the largest presbyteries in the New School connection, and having, perhaps, as many men of acknowledged ability and learning as any other, sometime since chose for its Moderator a colored man, Rev. Charles H. Thompson, whose personal

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qualifications led to his being chosen for the usual term the presiding officer of that body. This colored member of the Presbytery of Newark was sent by that body to represent them in the General Assembly, which met at Brooklyn in 1865, and ably and honorably were they represented. No member of the Assembly was listened to with more respect in its debates, or acquitted himself with more credit. Nor was he the only colored member of that Assembly. On turning to our report of its proceedings, we find the following record of a debate on an important subject which occupied its attention: "But the speech that most interested the whole Assembly was by Rev. John B. Reeve, of Philadelphia, one of the colored members, a gentleman of education, refinement, and sterling piety." These are some of many similar cases that we might cite as showing that whatever has been the practice of the State, the Church has not excluded colored men from her offices and her councils.

It is said that from Constantinople copies of the Bible are distributed in large numbers, in no less than twenty different languages. It is proposed to erect in that city a Bible House, with suitable offices, halls, and missionary rooms, in aid of this vast work of Christian instruction.

The impossibility of supplying religious societies in California with preachers from the Atlantic States, so great is the call for them on the Pacific shore, has suggested the establishment and endowment of a theological school in San Francisco. A society to effect this object has already been formed, of which Rev. A. L. Stone, formerly of Park Street Church, in Boston, is President, and it is proposed to raise at once the sum of $50,000 to set the school on foot.

Perhaps our readers have seen a notice in the newspapers of the colony of Yankees that have established themselves in Palestine. The American bark "Nellie Chapin" arrived late in the summer at Jaffa, bringing one hundred and fifty emigrants from Jonesport, in the State of Maine. They are described as a set of religious enthusiasts, though this is the way that once one hundred and twenty Pilgrims were designated. The missionaries at Jaffa had received some intimation of the intentions of these colonists, and it is said they made some representations to Mr. Seward with a view to dissuade them from the undertaking. Whether the Secretary of State undertook this office or not, we cannot state. Their arrival in Palestine occasioned great regret among all Eu-

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ropeans and Americans there resident. The new-comers were obliged to construct huts, their tents on the sea-shore having been riven to pieces by the winds. The thieving and murderous Arabs are prowling round their rude dwellings, and what through ignorance of the climate, poor water, and scanty provisions, they are likely to see much suffering.

"The Times and Life and Work of Christ" is the translation of the title of an elaborate reply to Renan's book on the same subject, by Edmond De Presseuse, a Protestant French Trinitarian. As it has lately appeared from the press, and has not been, we believe, translated into English, we have perused a Paris copy, to see how the French heretic would be treated by his orthodox countryman. He recognizes in his opponent "one of the most brilliant writers of the time," who has awakened "a passion for studies to which twenty years ago the public were indifferent," and believes that the result of the discussion will be "to purify the churches of errors which veil the Man-God to the eyes of our contemporaries." He begins by a chapter on the supernatural, maintaining that the denial of the *possibility* of a Providence above the plane of the natural and superintending it, the cool scorn with which this idea is scouted, is unphilosophical and unreasonable, and vitiates the treatise under review from beginning to end. On the subject of inspiration, he rejects the plenary theory, and holds only to the inspiration of the leading doctrines of the sacred writers. The two points which he regards as the capital doctrines of Christianity are the Divinity of Christ and his Incarnation; but upon the precise relation between the Father and the Son, he does not dogmatize, as he says there "hovers over it a sacred mystery which no human theory has pierced." We have looked to see how he interprets the chief miracles. The temptation of Christ he regards as a vision, and seems inclined to think that the scene of the transfiguration must be understood in the same manner. The view of the resurrection of Lazarus given by Renan he regards as too ridiculous to merit serious refutation; and as to the opinion that the body of Christ was stolen by his disciples, he thinks it is much easier to believe that the Christian Church was built on a miracle than that it was built on a lie. On the text John x. 30, — "I and my Father are one,"— he says we must not forget that the context proves that the question was not on the nature or moral accord of the Father and the Son, but only of their power to keep the sheep. Sometimes he seems to press a literal

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interpretation very far, as where he says that it must have been a real dove that descended on Christ at his baptism; then again he shows signs of some rationalizing tendencies, as where he maintains that it is impossible that the spirits of the possessed could enter into the swine, because the inferior organization could not be the organ of the superior intelligence. On the whole, two impressions have been left on our minds by reading this reply: that Renan's book has stirred up a great amount of thought and discussion in the most conservative ranks, raising questions which the best orthodox scholars have not yet settled to their own satisfaction, and inspiring a spirit of inquiry and reflection from which nothing but good can ultimately result; and in the second place, that eminent French Orthodox Trinitarians enter upon discussions like this with a candor, independence, and courtesy that are worthy of imitation. At the same time we cannot help feeling that in point of sprightliness, wit, fancy, learning, incision, and power, this book is far behind the work it reviews, and probably will not have one reader to every thousand of that.

Every one must have seen references to the ritualistic tendency in the Church of England, large numbers of whose ministers are introducing into public worship the crossings, genuflexions, and candle-burning, of the Roman Catholic service. The editor of the New York "Independent," in an article on this subject, seems to us to pass a very mild judgment on all this when he says that it is chiefly an artistic question. "The love of art is at the bottom of it. The cold, sepulchral look of English churches is repulsive to the *renaissance* of taste in Great Britain. The new birth of art calls for adornments and warmth in the sanctuaries of religion;" and he afterwards compares the excitement to that raised in New England, fifty or sixty years ago, by the introduction of the bass-viol into the church choirs. Probably most persons believe there is something far more than this at the bottom of English ritualism, which we think must be regarded as one of the most melancholy evidences of the decline of a robust religious faith.

As a countenance is made beautiful by the soul's shining through it, so the world is beautiful by the shining through it of a God. — JACOBI.

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EVENING CHIMES OF ROME.

HEARD FROM MONTE PINCIO.

The evening sun is sinking low
Behind Mount Mario's graceful line,
And darkly cuts the western glow
That solitary pine.

And here and there, along the hill,
I see some lonely cypress stand,
Sombre and spectral, like a still
Sentinel of the land, —

The Holy Land, where — the profane,
Discordant present laid to sleep —
The spirit of the past again
Its vigils soon shall keep.

See where, against the fading glow,
Stands black and stark St. Peter's dome,
While in the valley, far below,
Twinkle the lights of Rome, —

Twinkle as when, on summer nights,
Here, on the Campus Martius wide,
The fireflies flashed their fitful lights
Along the Tiber's tide; —

While, on the slopes and steeps around,
The moon on marble mansions beamed;
Or many a height, with temples crowned,
In silvery starlight gleamed.

What changes time and man have made!
A noisy town this valley fills;
In ruins long ago were laid
The stately palace-hills.

But lo! again the magic hour
Draws nigh, that shall to life restore,
With night's and fancy's mingled power,
The buried Past once more, —

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Shall make the bright To-day grow pale
Beneath the falling shades of night,
While Memory, from beneath Time's veil,
Brings faded days to light.

Hark! even now, what murmur swells
Upon my rapt, entranced ear!
A music as of ghostly bells
Seems hovering far and near.

The resurrection bells are these,
Sounding abroad the signal-hour,
That breaks the sleep of centuries,
And wakes old Rome to power?

The funeral bells perchance are they,
That knell the ages to their rest, —
As vesper tollings chant how day
Dies in the fading west?

Ah, no! far higher sense these notes
Speak to the musing spirit's ear,
As their soft, quivering music floats
All round the list'ning sphere.

No earthly ages speak in these
Celestial tones of mystic power;
But from the deep eternities
God's voice steals on the hour.

List to that weird, unearthly sound, —
That sweet, mysterious, floating hum!
Through tremulous spaces murmuring round,
From heaven it sure doth come, —

Ay, from the spirit's heaven within
Methinks its waves of music rise;
And at its winning call the din
Of earthly discord dies.

In its sweet tones I seem to hear
Of heavenly bells the lofty chime,
That lifts my heart above the sphere
Of earth and change and time, —

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That true Eternal City's bells
In whose broad streets the living light
Of God's reflected beauty dwells,
And it is never night.

I bless them, whencesoe'er they come,
Those sounds of heavenly, healing power,
Whether from Peter's lofty dome,
Or from Maria's tower.

One eve, in centuries past, they say,
A weary pilgrim, late and lone,
O'er the Campagna sought his way
Through woods and wilds unknown.

In his despair, to Heaven he prayed
For strength and light in that sad strait,
For some kind angel's hand to aid
And guide him to the gate.

And, as he prayed, he heard full well
A voice that made his pathway clear, —
Santa Maria's evening bell
Pealed softly on his ear.

His grateful heart, so runs the tale,
Willed that each eve, at that same hour,
The bell should, through the twilight pale,
Toll from Maggiore's tower;

If, haply, some poor man like him
Should, lost in those wild places, roam,
That he, too, might, through shadows dim,
Be guided safely home.

Oh! were it ours, amidst the din,
As o'er *life's* wildering waste we roam,
To hear the heavenly strain within,
That calls the wanderer home —

To that true "city of the soul,"
Whose gates are open night and day,
Where man's long yearnings find their goal,
His sorrows flee away! C. T. B.

ROME, March 13, 1866.

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PUNISHMENT OF GIRLS IN SCHOOL — AND BOYS.

We are not acquainted, except by the vaguest popular rumor, with the merits of the case which has excited the sympathies of the good people of Cambridge. But the public have some interest in the whole subject of the treatment and punishment of girls in school, and we venture to add of *boys*, also, for we have some gleams of recollection of having been a boy once, and we see no reason why this gender should be ruled out of court.

The medical faculty have taken up the subject. The "Boston Medical and Surgical Journal" quotes as follows from a speech of Dr. Wyman, of Cambridge: —

"Why should not girls be treated as boys? Because girls are not boys. Every parent, having children of both sexes, knows that they have moral characteristics which at once distinguish them before they arrive at the school age. They are weaker in body, and more sensitive in feeling, and are more occupied with the impression they make upon others, long before they know its value. That delicate sense of propriety which distinguishes the woman has already its germs in the girl. They seem to know, instinctively, that they cannot rely upon physical strength, and as instinctively cling to others for support and protection. They are gentle, docile, confiding, and affectionate. They exhibit those gentler qualities at home and in school in a thousand ways; they hasten to meet their teacher as she approaches in the morning; they run by her side, they seize her hand and evince their affection by kisses upon her cheeks and roses upon her desk. The skilful and faithful teacher takes advantage of these qualities, especially of their docility, and so moulds them that corporal punishment is not only unnecessary, but it is cruelty."

All of which is very beautiful and very sentimental. It is also delightfully true. But it is only a half-truth. There is nothing in this world more sweet and pure than innocent girlhood. It makes teaching a heavenly task, spreads a charm over the schoolroom and the playground, and prevents it from becoming a bear-garden. Girls are made of finer and diviner stuff than boys, and they grow into an angelhood higher and more celestial than *men* ever do or ever can. All this is true. But suppose these fine elements of character are *inverted*, what then? Why, they induce

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to a refinement of wiles and subtleties and depravities which leave the boys and men a good way in the distance. If we have not learned this during the last six years, we must be more hopeless dullards than any schoolmaster ever had. The lesson cost this nation three hundred thousand precious lives, taken out of the flower of its manhood.

We have had thirty years' experience in the common schools of Massachusetts, and our conclusion is, that the duties, trials, and difficulties of no class of persons are so little appreciated as those of teachers and school-committees. It is mighty well for people in their studies, and amid the refinements of society, where only the sunny side of human nature is turned towards them, to theorize about how schools are to be governed. We would like to put these people in certain positions, and have them try their hand at it. We will take a case. We know of a school which does not happen to lie under the refining influences of Cambridge. You may suppose it a hundred miles off. The parents are ignorant, and some of them not more than half civilized, which is so far an urgent reason why their children should be cared for. Well, the committee sent there one of the most accomplished of the graduates of one of our Normal schools. Her methods of teaching were admirable, and she had all the kindly, womanly virtues. She had lofty ideals about government. *She* would govern by moral influence only. The boys and girls understood it. The school-room soon became a perfect Babel, and the seven spirits of mischief entered rather more hopelessly into some of the girls than the boys, and the teacher was obliged, sometimes, to send to the prudential committee to come and protect her rights, and enable her to stay in the school-room. The school was a failure. Another teacher succeeded who brought order out of confusion. The order was perfect, the progress rapid, and life ran in electric currents through the school. But the scholars, without distinction of sex, had to come into order or be punished, and they generally preferred the former alternative. But there *is* something revolting in the idea of inflicting violence on the human form, and when inflicted on girls, it seems downright barbarity. The committee felt all this. They did not interfere with the new teacher, for they knew all her difficulties and obstacles, but they ascended the heavenly heights of sentimentalism beyond even where Dr. Wyman has gone; and when a vacancy occurred, they sent a new

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teacher, of milder make, full of brave resolves, and effusive of goodness as Mayflowers are of perfume. The school relapsed into disorder, in which the girls attained the superlative degree; the only degree of comparison, we think, which they achieved that summer. The teacher threatened to punish them. The girls dared her to the exploit. One of them informed her that in such an emergency she would fling the inkstand at her head, — precisely the thing which Luther tells us he did to the devil. We never heard of any roses on her desk, or any kisses on her cheeks; and she left, disheartened, and is now gone among the freedmen, — God bless her! — where we hope and believe she will accomplish the good which her noble, womanly heart yearns to do.

But then schools *can* be governed without physical violence on the persons of the pupils; that is to say, *some persons* can do this. It requires a very high order of qualification, — a combination of intellectual and moral qualities, which have commanding and subduing power, by their very presence, over the spirits of evil. Do the towns *pay* for these qualifications? Do the people who find the most fault put the means into the hands of their agents, or do they ask them to create model schools out of nothing? We are not speaking of Cambridge; but we ask Dr. Wyman, who generalizes so loftily, to look into the last School Returns, and he will find that the county of Middlesex, to which he belongs, pays on an average just *six dollars and twenty-five cents a week* to the teachers of the common schools, which would leave them after paying their board less, probably, than he pays to the girls in his kitchen. We are not admirers of corporal punishment for boys or girls. We utterly abhor it. We cannot conceive that personally we would ever resort to it. But we know perfectly well that *while things remain as they are*, the choice often lies between this and no school at all; so that when teachers have been put in positions where they must do this, or give up their work, we have been more inclined to pity them than denounce them; have sighed over the present barbarous stage of society through which we are passing, rather than fling down from our ideal and millennial height charges of barbarity and cruelty against those who have not been drawn up into its transcendent illuminations, but who have the most difficult tasks laid upon them with poor appreciation and poorer reward from those who reap the precious fruits of their toil.

We wish Dr. Wyman would give his principle a little wider

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application. "Strike not a woman," he says, "even with a feather, is the motto of civilization; and it is in accordance with the spirit of Christianity also." Amen! Now we ask whether *hanging women* is not worse than striking them with feathers? This government we live under has hung a woman, while the *men* of whom at most she was only the dupe and the accomplice go free. It matters not whether the giant crime of the age was plotted at Richmond or not; it was the fruit of its counsels and iniquities, and no worse than the wholesale murders of Andersonville, which we know *were* plotted and authorized there. It is hardly worth while to expend all our sentiment on the punishment of refractory girls at school, while the hideous figure of A WOMAN ON THE GALLOWS looms black on our political sky to expiate the crimes of *men* who are treated with tender sympathy, or restored to rewards and honors. As men, as Americans, we ought to blush with shame. S.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

No. LIX.

EIGENE MELODIE. IN DICH HAB ICH GEHOFFET, HERR.

Adam Reussner, b. 1471. Among the many hymns composed by him this paraphrase of the 31st Psalm is the best known.

On Thee, O Lord, my hopes I lean!
From foul reproaches quit me clean,
Nor let deep shame around me gather.
I crave of Thee Enrolled to be
Among the true, O Father.

Thy gracious ear, O Lord, bow down
My prayer to hear, my vow to crown;
Make haste to my relieving.
In pain or woe I lie or go,
Be pitying and receiving.

God, my defender, stand Thou by;
My fortress be; and strong supply
And knightly heart be found me;
Then let them close A host of foes
On every side, around me.

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Thou art my rock, my mountain, Lord,
My shield, my strength, — so sounds Thy Word,
My life, my helping, saving:
My God indeed In every need.
What hurts me by its raving?

The world oft cheats my ears and eyes
With counterfeits and wiles and lies;
It weaves its nets, ensnaring.
Extend Thy power In danger's hour,
The mesh of malice tearing.

To Thee I yield my soul and lot;
My God, my God, forsake me not;
In Thy hand's hollow hold me.
O heavenly Arm, Preserve from harm
When earth's last shades enfold me.

N. L. F.

No. LX.

GEDULD! WIE SEHR DER STURM AUCH WEHT.

From the "Berliner Gesangbuch." Mel. Preis. Lob. Ehr. etc.

For patience, when the rough winds blow!
For patience, when our hopes are fading,
When visible things all backward go,
And nowhere seems the power of aiding!
God still enfolds thee with his viewless hand,
And leads thee surely to the Fatherland.

For patience! after bitter ways
Thy forward path will bloom with blessing.
Faith boldly sets its foot and gaze,
O'er heights and depths its errands pressing.
Through vales of humblest thought it journeys down,
Thence trusts in God to mount and reach its crown.

For patience, heart, till He shall call,
His "Enter ye," benignly saying:
And though the world shall break and fall,
Hold on, confiding, watching, praying;
For soon it ends; all need of patience o'er;
Each step still nearer to the Father's door.

N. L. F.

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RANDOM READINGS.

CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

EARLY one Sunday morning, as a clergyman was passing by a mean-looking cottage, he saw the poor man who lived there sawing wood. He stopped and asked him why he had not sawed his wood during the week, so that he might have Sunday for a day of rest.

"I saw my wood to-day," replied the poor man, "because I am never at home on week-days; I have so large a family that it takes all my earnings to support them. The place where I work is at a considerable distance, and when I come home, I am too tired to saw wood or do anything. I have nothing but what I can earn from day to day, and the winter is very severe, and I cannot get enough to make all comfortable; besides, I could not go to church in these clothes, and I have none better."

The clergyman then observed how miserably the poor fellow was clothed. "Come with me," he said, and he carried him home, gave him from his own scanty wardrobe a decent suit of clothes, invited him to go to church with him, and promised him that he would see his wood sawed for him the next day.

The poor man went to church, and his faith was strengthened and his heart was cheered by the words that he heard from this true servant of God.

The next day he went as usual to his labor, wondering whether he should find his wood sawed for his family when he returned home. Did the Christian minister forget his promise, or did he send some one to saw the poor man's wood? No, he was too poor to do the last, and too rich in good works to do the first. He went himself, and sawed wood enough to last the poor man's family for more than a week. Was he not a true Christian minister? And may we not all follow his example?

I once visited a poor, miserable dwelling, where I heard a very bad man using wicked and cruel language to his wife, who was confined to her bed by illness. It was fearful to see and hear him, and I am sorry to say, I had not the courage to speak to him; I actually trembled with horror and dread. But a little

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girl about eleven years of age, and who was dying of a consumption, went up to the angry man, and laid her small, emaciated, thin hand upon his arm, and looked right up in his face, and said, "Father, don't speak so; God hears all we say. Pray don't speak so, father." She uttered these words with such tender earnestness, and such loving gentleness, that her feeble, trembling voice touched the heart of the angry man, and he was silent for a moment, and then he said, "I will do anything that child tells me to do, for she is an angel." His fierce nature was subdued; goodness and love had made this little sick girl one of God's ministering angels to her wicked father.

Go with me now to that small, gloomy room, and see, sitting in one corner of it, a poor, sick-looking boy; there is a pair of crutches on the floor by his side; his face is too thoughtful for one so young; tears are running slowly down his cheeks as he is looking into the fire, so sadly, so unconsciously. His mother is so busy at her work she does not see his tears. Presently, a bright, healthy-looking boy comes singing and laughing into the room; his cheeks are rosy, and his step is full of joy. "Why, James," said the lame boy, "I thought you had gone with all the other boys skating this moonlight evening."

"No," said James, "I have come to play with you. Come, where's the backgammon-board? I shall beat you well to-night, to make up for the drubbing you gave me the last time we played."

"Oh, how glad I am!" said the poor prisoner. Now look at his pleasant face; his tears are dried up; he is as merry as his friend. The room no longer seems small and gloomy, for the laughter of innocent and happy hearts can make any place seem joyful, —

> "The mind that feels no smart
> Enlivens all it sees;"

and before the light of love, narrow walls seem to melt away, and a boundless heaven to open upon us. These are true stories I have told. Let us thank God for all the faithful ministers of his truth and love that we have ever known, and who have been the dispensers of his goodness to us; but let us remember to go and do likewise, and that each one of us may be and ought to be in his or her humble sphere, a minister of his love to whoever needs any help that we can give.

And who is there so weak that he cannot help some one?

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Who is so very poor that he can do no good to any one? Like the poor minister, he can, perhaps, give his time and his labor to the poor; like the heavenly-minded little girl, he can give such an example of patient, gentle goodness, that his small hand and feeble voice may, perhaps, have the power to control the fierce passions of the wicked, with whom he may be forced to associate. Like the loving, happy boy, he may cheerfully resign some of his merry play hours to the poor lonely sufferer who seems to be forgotten by all, and left to weep alone in this wide, happy world; and by carrying to him the fresh, overflowing joy of his own heart, may chase away his gloom, —

> "And make a wintry sky
> Seem bright as early May.

Thus may we all be imitators of Him who came into this world not to be ministered to, but to minister. E. L. F.

LITTLE CHARLEY AND HIS FATHER.

The birds are flown away;
The flowers are dead and gone;
The clouds look cold and gray
Around the setting sun;
The trees, with solemn sighs,
Their naked branches swing;
The winter winds arise,
And mournfully they sing.
Upon his father's knee
Was Charley's happy place,
And very thoughtfully
He looked up in his face;
And these his simple words:
"Father, how cold it blows!
What comes of all the birds
Amidst the storms and snows?"
"They fly far, far away,
From storms and snows and rain;

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But, Charley dear, next May
They'll all come back again."
"And will my flowers come too,"
The little fellow said,
"And all be bright and new
That now looks cold and dead?"
"Oh! yes, dear, in the spring
The flowers will all revive,
The birds return and sing,
And all be made alive."
"Who shows the birds the way,
Father, that they must go,
And brings them back in May,
When there is no more snow?
And, when no flower is seen
Upon the hill and plain,
Who'll make it all so green,
And bring the flowers again?"
"My son, there is a Power,
That none of us can see,
Takes care of every flower,
Gives life to every tree.
He through the pathless air
Shows little birds their way;
And we, too, are his care;
He guards us day by day."
"Father, when people die
Will they come back in May?"
Tears were in Charley's eye,—
"Will they, dear father? say!"
"No, they will never come:
We go to them, my boy,
There, in our heavenly home,
To meet in endless joy."
Upon his father's knee
Still Charley kept his place,
And very thoughtfully
He looked up in his face.

FOLLEN.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

The Acts of the Apostles. An exegetical and doctrinal Commentary. By GOTTHARD VICTOR LECHLER, D. D., Ordinary Professor of Theology, and Superintendent at Leipsic. With homiletical additions by the Rev. Charles Gerok, Superintendent at Stuttgard. Translated from the second German edition, with additions by Charles F. Schaeffer, D. D., Professor of Theology in the Theological Seminary of the Evangelical Lutheran Church at Philadelphia. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

This is the fourth of a series of commentaries, intended specially for ministers and students, got out under the superintendence of Drs. Lause and Schaff. Commentaries on the Four Gospels severally have already been published. Each is a large octavo volume of about 500 pages, closely printed in double columns. Their spirit and tone are orthodox and evangelical. They display immense learning, the results of vast labor and research, and it is gratifying to know that German scholarship, with its endless resources, is engaged in disclosing the solid foundations of Christian faith, and not altogether in knocking them away. Our chief objection to these commentaries would be that they try to help the reader too much, and sometimes bewilder him by burying the text in so many layers of notes. But he can select what he needs, and he always feels that he is in the hands of competent men, who give him not crudities, but the results of long years of patient investigation and devout study. S.

The Character of Jesus Portrayed. A Biblical Essay, with an Appendix. By Dr. DANIEL SCHENKEL. Translated from the third German edition, with Introduction and Notes, by W. H. Furness, D. D. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

Dr. Schenkel was once an Orthodox Professor of Theology in the Seminary of Heidelberg; was regarded as one of its ablest champions, when his *Characterbild* startled the German religious world with a sudden wonder. He had turned Rationalist. The Orthodox mourned, the Rationalists exulted. The book which made so much stir at home, Dr. Furness here introduces to the

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American public. It loses nothing, but gains much, from his translation. Indeed, Dr. Furness' notes we think the most valuable portion of the English edition. It is too important a work for only a passing notice, and we propose at another time to give an estimate of it at length. Dr. Schenkel regards Mark as the only one of the Four Gospels, which can be regarded as veritable history. Matthew was the compilation of a later hand, and has accretions of fable and legend. Luke is later still, and has additions of like character. John is unhistoric, and was produced in the first two decades of the second century. The miracles are ruled out, except so far as they are resolvable into natural events. Christ was not seen by his disciples after his death, except in their own imaginations. Dr. Schenkel often supplies facts out of his own fancy to make out his "Picture." For example: that the mother and brothers of Jesus conspired with his enemies against him; in which, however, his translator and annotator generally puts him right. The volumes are elegantly printed and bound, and Dr. Furness has given the contents an English dress, sometimes transcending that of the original in grace and beauty. S.

American Neutrality, its honorable past, its expedient future. A protest against the proposed repeal of the neutrality laws and a plea for their improvement and consolidation. By GEORGE BEMIS. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

A thick pamphlet of 211 pages, by a writer who has shown himself master of questions of international law as they affect our relations with Great Britain, and a minute and thorough acquaintance with the diplomatic history that bears upon his subject. S.

Memorial of Abbie Cogswell Waite. By her husband, pastor of Christ Church, Groton Junction. Boston: Nichols & Noyes.

A tender tribute to the memory of one "who needed not the changing of her sphere" to add an angel to the Christian heaven. She walked within its sphere by works of faith and love born of a vital union with the living Christ. The Memorial is brief, and made with delicate reserve. The short extracts from letters, communications, and journal make us wish for more of them, redolent as they are with Christian sympathy and a spirit en-

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tirely consecrated. Her life and death were a book of evidence, the last scene being not so much death as a translation; so that her physician said, "I have never had my faith in Christianity more confirmed than by now witnessing its beauty and power." S.

Observations on the Authenticity of the Gospels. By A LAYMAN. Chicago: E. B. Myers & Chandler. Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 1867.

The only complaint that we are moved to make about this timely and excellent book is, that there is not enough of it, especially of the latter part, in which the bearing of the New Church views of the Word upon the argument from the Internal Evidences is touched upon rather than fully developed. Christianity, as held by too many nominal Christians, is hardly worth proving, and when we are well possessed of even a portion of its rich contents, we are already more than half persuaded of the truth of our faith. E.

The Book of Praise. From the best English hymn writers. Selected and arranged by ROUNDELL PALMER. Cambridge: Sever & Francis. 1866.

This collection has stood the test of use better than any of the volumes of hymns which so happily distinguish our times, and with the corrections and the Supplement, containing thirty-five additional pieces, the favor that has been shown to it already will be greatly increased. One and another expert will easily point out what seem to him blemishes, and will suggest changes to be desired; but his book, should he be allowed to make one, would be open to as many objections from other quarters. We may miss a favorite hymn, but how many are not missing! Next to the Bible, we place these books of devotional poetry. They supply the most delicious food to our faith, whether in seasons of weakness or in stronger and brighter days; and we are satisfied that they are destined to play a most important part in the restoration of belief. We would scatter them broadcast, as we scatter the Word of God. Indeed, a Christian hymn is one of the sweetest and most precious fruits of the Christian spirit. The form, the binding, the print, and the paper of this volume are worthy of the rich contents. E.

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Hymns. By HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co., 135 Washington Street. 1866.

They are very simple and very sweet hymns of genuine Christian experience, written out of a full heart. We wish that we felt at liberty to transfer some of them bodily from their fair enclosure to our unillumined pages.

Font Hill Recreations. The Mediterranean Islands. The Two Sicilies. By M. G. SLEEPER. With elegant illustrations. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1867.

These books are full of valuable information imparted in a very pleasant style.

Messrs. E. P. DUTTON & Co. publish and have for sale the following books: *Miss Matty; or, Our Youngest Passenger, A Tale of the Sea; Fanny and Robbie; Frank Stirling's Choice,* and *Ned Grant's Quest.* We hope at some future time to report upon them.

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MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVII. FEBRUARY, 1867. No. 2.

THE NEW PORTRAITURE OF JESUS.*

AFTER the first stormy controversy produced by the publication of the "Leben Jesu," of Strauss, there succeeded a period of calm, patient investigation of the sources of knowledge pertaining to the rise of Christianity and the life of its Author. That period has not yet closed, but it has produced already an apologetic literature of wonderful richness and permanent value. Among the brightest names of this period are those of Ullman, Neander, Dorner, Tholuck, Schaff, Nitzsch, Twesten, Rothe, Julues Muller, Ebrard, Giesler, Olshausen, Hagenbach, Jacobi, Hengstenburg, and Schenkel, the last of which is by no means the least conspicuous and noteworthy.

Dr. Daniel Schenkel was a theologian of the evangelical school, and great hopes were entertained of him as one of its ablest champions. His book, "The Essence of Protestantism," is an able defence of orthodoxy, and gave him a high stand as one of its advocates; so that, after the Revolu-

* Das Charakterbild Jesu, ein biblicher Versuch, von DR. DANIEL SCHENKEL, Grossh. Bad. Kirkenrath und Professor der Theologie. Dritte Aussage. Wiesbaden: C. W. Kriedels Verlag. 1864.

The Character of Jesus Portrayed. A Biblical Essay, with an Appendix. By DR. DANIEL SCHENKEL, Professor of Theology, Heidelberg. Translated from the third German edition, with Introduction and Notes, by W. H. FURNESS, D. D. Boston: Little, Brown, & Company. 1866.

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tion of 1848, he was selected to fill one of its most important posts as Counsellor and Professor in the Theological Seminary of Heidelberg. His orthodoxy had been regarded as unimpeachable. He was one who had dealt and was still expected to deal the most telling blows against the Rationalism of his times. But in 1863 appeared his "Charakterbild," or Picture of the Character of Jesus. It filled the German religious world with a sudden wonder. How could Dr. Schenkel write such a book, and thus undo all the good work he had been doing before? In proportion, however, to the depth of disappointment among the orthodox party, was the height of exultation among the Rationalists for the new convert which they had gained. Schenkel himself was as much amazed as anybody at the dust which he had raised. He was charmingly unconscious of any radical change of his sentiments, thought his accusers blockheads who could not understand him, denied that he had turned Rationalist, and stoutly defended his orthodoxy. The book, however, told for itself. Its whole method is intensely rationalistic, and its author was compelled to accept the position which it gave him. Remonstrances poured in. One hundred and eighteen clergymen sent in a petition for his removal from office. The Council, however, refused to remove him, nobly defended the freedom of thought and investigation, claiming that this was the privilege of Protestant Christians. The orthodox party reluctantly gave up their favorite as hopelessly lost to the cause, and the Rationalists were elated at the important accession they had gained.

The work which had produced this general disappointment on the one hand and elation on the other, Dr. Furness introduces to the American reader. Dr. Schenkel loses nothing, but gains vastly, in the hands of his translator. The English dress in which he reappears is exceedingly beautiful, having often a grace and fascination which we miss in the original; and the notes which the translator has supplied not only correct errors of interpretation, but sometimes expound and illustrate facts in the life of Jesus from the stand-point of a deeper and more spiritual insight. In-

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deed, we must regard the notes of Dr. Furness as the most valuable portion of the English edition.

Dr. Schenkel does not undertake a biography of Jesus, which he thinks an impossibility, but he attempts to portray his character and describe the ruling idea of his mission as it dawned and brightened within him, tracing its progressive development up to the tragic consummation on Calvary. The sources of our knowledge, he thinks, must be mainly the Four Gospels. But he accords to these very different degrees of authenticity. Mark's Gospel is the oldest and most trustworthy. It is produced from an original Gospel written by Mark himself as early as the year 60. A later hand has added to it a tradition of the post-resurrection appearances of Jesus, and in some sort rearranged it; but we have substantially the work of Mark as he left it. Hence, it contains less of legend, and has a fresh air of reality. Matthew's Gospel comes next in the order of time. There was an original document written by Matthew not far from and before the year 60. From this and the original Mark, as well as from later traditions, our First Gospel was compiled. It was written with a dogmatic purpose, and to show how Jesus fulfilled a predetermined destiny, shadowed forth in the prophecies of the Old Testament, and, therefore, the traditions about Jesus are shaped in these Jewish moulds. Hence, the genealogy prefixed to the First Gospel, the fables about his birth, and a Jewish coloring throughout all of which are traceable to a later hand. The Gospel of Luke, which Dr. Schenkel treats as a genuine compilation of Luke, dates still later, probably about the year 80; and, therefore, has additional accretions of fable and legend. It had, also, a dogmatic purpose, and was written in the interest of the Gentile party. Hence, the genealogy of Christ is traced beyond Abraham up to Adam, the common progenitor of the whole human race. The Fourth Gospel is the latest and most unhistoric of all. It was produced in the second century, probably within its first two decades; perhaps, from Johannian traditions derived from Ephesus, strongly colored with the Gnostic theosophy. It was after the primitive theology had undergone

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a transformation through a more copious infusion of the Gentile element, and the apotheosis of Jesus had commenced. Hence, the Fourth Gospel is in absolute antagonism with the first three. If they are historic, this cannot be, and if this is historic, it excludes the others. In them Jesus is represented as having a progressive human development; in this he breaks upon the world at once as the Divine Logos, reflecting the full perfections of the Godhead, and, therefore, we hear nothing of his childhood, of his temptations, or of the gradual unfolding of the Messianic consciousness within him.

Starting, therefore, with the Second Gospel, after having pared off the closing part of the sixteenth chapter, as a later accretion, with such side help and corroboration as the first and third can afford, Dr. Schenkel undertakes the portraiture of the character and work of Jesus. All those portions which involve the supernatural and miraculous, he treats as fabulous additions which overcloud and conceal, instead of revealing, the human Original whom he wishes to find and unveil. The idea of his Messiahship, struggling at first faintly and dimly, but at length breaking into his consciousness in clear, divine splendor, and possessing his whole being till it separated him entirely from the state religion, and brought him in deadly conflict with the theocrats of his time; the growing beauty and grandeur with which his spirit shone out through the darkening cloud and storm, — all this is impressively exhibited; and sometimes, where the author is grievously at fault, — as where he makes the mother and brothers of Jesus conspire with his enemies, — the notes of the translator put the reader right, and also fling some new illustration over the scene. Having rejected so much as unhistoric, the material is scanty and fragmentary; but the portraiture glows, nevertheless, and forces the facts to become its framework, and the author even guesses at, and creates them, where they were wanting before.

The Christ whose features are thus limned and brought out is, of course, a very different person from the one which the Church generally receives. He is a man of wonderful

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endowments and deep spiritual intuitions, growing by natural process into a full consciousness of the divine presence and inspiration. His great moral and spiritual power gave him the gift of healing, especially in diseases of the mind and the nerves. But all those phenomena not resolvable into natural causes, such as calming the winds, walking upon the sea, and raising the dead, are either fabulous additions or exaggerations of real events, which gathered in later times around the person of Jesus. The accounts of the post-resurrection appearances are of this kind. Dr. Schenkel does not believe either that Jesus rose again in the natural body, or that he was seen after his crucifixion except in the imaginations of his disciples. Paul's vision of the risen Saviour avouches his own subjective elation and ecstasy, but not the objective reality itself. The resurrection which actually transpired was the Christ evoked in their own minds through the word and the spirit of Jesus, — the ideal Christ exalted above the limitations of sense into clear unclouded, spirituality, and therefore living again not in an external bodily form, but in the Christian communion receptive of his truth and love.

We welcome the "Charakterbild" as an able and earnest effort to portray the Saviour on his human side. There is a lurking Gnosticism in a great many minds, a feeling that the Christ of the Four Gospels is ethereal and transcendental, but not a Reality that ever touched the earth after our human fashion, and so he comes not home to their fondest and tenderest affections. The Church asserts his humanity, but straightway loses sight of it. It is a *quasi* humanity, assumed to bear penal suffering and render official service, not charged with human sympathies and fellow-feelings that melt into the stony heart and drive out its native savagery. The Church never could have become persecuting and cruel with a living conception of the humanity of Jesus. To restore it both in its heights of moral sublimity and in its sweet and endless tints of spiritual loveliness, is to render invaluable service to the age, and in this service Dr. Schenkel and his translator have put us under inexpressible obligations.

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But a question arises: Have we here anything like an adequate description of what took place in Palestine eighteen centuries ago as it transpired and centred around the majestic personality of Jesus Christ? Have we anything which accounts to us for the course of Christian history as it cut its channel then, and has continued to ever since, through the heart of the world? We think every candid, philosophical mind must answer, No, no. And so long as the Fourth Gospel is repudiated and set aside, we are persuaded we shall get only fitful glimpses, both of the divine fountains of history and of the Founder of Christianity himself. If ever there was a book which comes to us with proofs without and tokens within of being a veritable history, it is the Fourth Gospel. We hope to make this assertion good before we have done. Dr. Schenkel himself, after having rejected the book as, in the main, fabulous, is compelled to resort to it and borrow from it the richest colors of the picture which he draws, and without which he seems to be aware it would be sadly lacking in its consummate glory. The author of the Fourth Gospel, he thinks, has not wilfully falsified anything, but unconsciously has used the fictions and fables of a later time, so as really to represent in his moral attributes Christ more perfectly than the synoptics have done.

"He has elevated into the region of eternal thought, and invested with the transfiguring glory of a later century, a selection of reminiscences from Christian traditions, taken out of the framework of their history in time. He has done this with the understanding of the interior being, and the loftiest aim of the life of Jesus, as it could not have been done at an earlier, and morally considered narrower, time. THE FOURTH GOSPEL, THEREFORE, SERVES AS A REALLY HISTORICAL AUTHORITY FOR THE REPRESENTATION OF THE MORAL BEING OF JESUS, BUT IN A HIGH AND SPIRITUAL SENSE OF THE WORD. WITHOUT THIS GOSPEL, THE UNFATHOMABLE DEPTH, THE INACCESSIBLE HEIGHT OF THE IDEA OF THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD, WOULD BE WANTING TO US;* and his boundless influence,

* The emphasizing is Dr. Schenkel's.

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ever renewing our collective humanity, would forever remain a riddle. In the several particulars of his development, Jesus Christ was not what the Fourth Gospel paints him, but HE WAS THAT IN THE HEIGHT AND DEPTH OF HIS INFLUENCE (wirkens); he was not that ACTUALIZED, but he was that IN TRUTH. The first three Gospels have shown him to us still wrestling with earthly powers and forces. The Fourth Gospel portrays the Saviour glorified in the victorious power of the Spirit over his earthly nature. The former show us the SON OF ISRAEL, struggling in his humanity up towards heaven; the latter, THE KING OF HEAVEN, who descends full of grace from the throne of eternity into the world of men. Our portraiture of him must not disregard the natural, earthly foundation of the first three Gospels, if it aims to be historically real; but it can be an image of Jesus eternally true only in the heavenly splendor of the light which streams from the Fourth Gospel."*.

That is to say, a compiler of the second century, infected with Gnosticism, gives us, from fabulous traditions, and from his own imaginations, suppositious sayings and doings of Jesus, which image forth the loftiest heights of his being more truly and perfectly than real history has done; and the Divine Saviour, who moves the heart of the world in its profoundest deeps, is not the Christ as he lived and acted in Palestine, but as an unknown writer, fresh from heathen superstitions, reproduced him subjectively out of himself! This is the miracle which Dr. Schenkel would have us accept, in order to avoid the supposed supernaturalism of the Fourth Gospel. The man who knew most intimately the interior life of Jesus was some one separated from him by the interval of a hundred years, and not the disciple who leaned upon his breast; a writer who depicts him out of legend and fable, and not the biographer who was a witness of his works and caught the words fresh from his lips!

We thank Dr. Schenkel for this undesigned tribute to the historic certitude of the Fourth Gospel, coming from the warm goodness of the heart, and not from the doubting and

* Charakterbild, pp. 25, 26. Translation, p. 46.

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protesting intellect. But what right has he, or have writers of his school, to assume it as the verdict of modern scholarship and sound learning that this Gospel — not to speak now of the others — is the production of a later hand? What has given the Tubingen critics an exclusive claim to the seat of judgment? Does one of these outweigh five other men, their equal severally in erudition, candor, and keen critical skill? Are such men as Neander, Tholuck, Schaff, Dorner, Bleek, Ullman, and Tischendorf of no account when balanced with Hilgenfeld, Strauss, and Baur? The simple truth is, that after a sifting of evidence of unparalleled thoroughness, and the discovery of evidence which had not before come to light, the authenticity and genuineness of the Fourth Gospel are confidently received by the great majority of German scholars competent to pass judgment on such questions, and their verdict is not wavering, but more pronounced and strong than ever. There is no modern writer to whom we feel more amply indebted in the department of Church history than Ferdinand Christian Baur, while there are few men less qualified to weigh the evidence, external or internal, of the Fourth Gospel. His phlegmatic nature could never drink in its spiritual richness and beauty so as to view it from a stand-point within, and his notion of the "Petrine" and "Pauline" parties in the Church he ran into the ground, accommodating the facts to it, and vitiating his judgment from any stand-point without. He assumes, without a shadow of proof, but in the face of overwhelming evidence, that the apostles and their immediate companions were divided into hostile camps, Peter at the head of the Judaizers, and Paul at the head of their opponents, with mutual rivalries and circumventions; that these parties ran down into the second century; that the books of the New Testament were written in the interest of one or the other faction, or else in the effort to compromise; and full of this conceit, he discovers occult meanings and side-thrusts in the books of the New Testament which nobody ever found before. The more he hunts after them, the more he finds them. He undertakes even to assign the dates and the authorship of books by the

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progress of this imaginary controversy, and in the judgment of the most sound and candid critics, this conceit renders his statements without value or authority. And yet he is the founder of a school of criticism whose method has been adopted with an air of the utmost confidence, — for instance, by Strauss and Theodore Parker; and now Dr. Schenkel works the same method, and, in like manner, to very lame and impotent conclusions.

The historical proof of the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel can be clearly and concisely put. There is evidence that before the outgoing of the first century, and while John was yet alive, a CANON OF CHRISTIAN SCRIPTURE had begun to be formed. We mean by this that certain writings, *sui generis*, regarded with peculiar reverence and affection by the Christian communities, stood forth prominently by themselves. How and why they must have been formed, Tischendorf thus clearly describes: "As the holy men who had stood near the person of the Lord presented no longer, in their personal authority, a distinct point of mediation between him and the rising Church; as the Church had a consciousness ever growing clearer of its independence of the synagogue, which, in the fall of the state and the temple, became more distinct; as it was urged inward upon itself by the foreign current and the hostile opposition which beset it on every side; — then it was that the Church canonized its Gospels and the other apostolic memorials from the hand of Paul, of John, and of Peter. For this purpose would learned sessions be held? We know very well how little this was the case. Had such men as Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John undertaken records of the life of the Lord, why should they not have been regarded and received as a sacred bequest to the Church? Luke makes over his two works first to Theophilus. When they went from his custody into wider circulation, could there be any doubt respecting them? The same holds good of the Pauline letters as of the first of John and the first of Peter credited from the earliest times. And when John composed his Gospel, within the communion of Asia Minor, would this communion, its immediate custodians, with all the

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others to which it was extended, have left the least room for doubting its genuineness?

"We have no good ground whatever to doubt the statement of Eusebius, given on the authority of old records, concerning the origin of the Johannian Gospel. After the first three Gospels, now everywhere published, were laid before John, he bore testimony to their truth, but missed from them those things which Jesus did towards the beginning of his public work. His friends expressed the wish that he would fill up the period which had been passed over. For the correctness of this statement Eusebius brings proof from the Gospel itself.

"In the last decade of the first century, very soon after the destruction of Jerusalem, must all the Four Gospels, along with the other received memorials of the apostles, have been extant. Their authority rested immediately on the names of their authors, for which, henceforth, the apostolic communions were the vouchers. With the demise of the authors, their writings became yet more precious and holy; and a necessity was laid upon the Church after its emancipation from the synagogue of a worthy completion and extension beyond the Old Testament canon. Well authorized as this statement is in its very nature, we would not present it with such confidence, were it not confirmed on all sides by the investigation of the jurisdiction of the canon during the entire period of the second century."*

These statements, made by this prince among scholars, in his own department, he proves by an array of evidence which is not to be resisted. The material point is, that the writings in question were separated from other writings by a sacred line of division so early and so broadly, were so received everywhere by the churches as their keepers and guardians, as to shut out all possibility of their being mixed up with other writings, or receiving fabulous additions. They were read in the churches on Sundays, just as the Old Testament was read in the synagogues, speedily translated into various tongues, and spread all over the East and

* Wann wurden unsere evangelien verfasst? pp. 49, 50.

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the West, wherever the growing Christian communions were extended. We select a few of the facts which serve concisely our present purpose.

Barnabas, the companion of Paul, wrote a letter which is now extant and of undoubted genuineness. He does not quote John, but he quotes Matthew's Gospel, and *quotes it as canonical*, showing in what estimation it was then held.* The Gnostic heresy began in the first century, and was ripe in the first half of the second. The disciples of Valentine, one of its most conspicuous advocates, try to prove his doctrine from the Fourth Gospel, appealing to it and quoting it as authority acknowledged by the churches. This was so early as to render it certain that in the first decade of the second century, and *while John's younger companions were yet living at Ephesus*, this Gospel was a canonical book. Somewhat later, namely, about A. D. 150, Herakleon, a follower of Valentine, wrote an entire commentary upon John's Gospel, showing incontestably the estimation in which the book was held.† So early as A. D. 140, we have the citations of Justin disputed, it is true, on account of their looseness and inexactness; but we have, also, his indisputable, emphatic statement that memoirs of Jesus, composed by his *apostles and their companions*, along with the old prophets, were read on Sundays in the churches, both in the city and the country, to the Christian assemblies gathered for worship. Justin, who says this, was born about the year 89; that is, *he was a contemporary of John for about eleven years*, being about that age when John is supposed to have died. Near the same time, that is, about A. D. 150, Celsus, the enemy of the Christians, writes to confute them, appealing to their own Scriptures, citing John in several places, averring that he could appeal to other traditions, but preferred to take their acknowledged writings, and make them "fall upon their own sword."‡ Coming down through the second half of the second century, the testimony is unanimous§ and well

* p. 43. † pp. 21, 22. ‡ pp. 27, 28.

§ The insignificant sect of the Alogi is hardly an exception, as they assigned the Fourth Gospel to the times of John, though not to him personally, and they did this solely on dogmatic grounds.

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known that the Four Gospels, as we have them, were universally received by the Christian communions the world over, and in various versions; received as canonical books handed down by unbroken tradition from the men who wrote them, and sacredly guarded in the custody of the churches themselves. And this clear, universal testimony is given while many were yet living who sat at the feet and heard the narrations of men who were contemporaries of John and others who had seen the Lord Jesus.

We now come to a general fact which it seems to us neither Norton nor Tischendorf, in his admirable tract just quoted, has put with the unanswerable force that belongs to it. There was a sharp controversy which began early in the second century, and waxed hotter to its close, during which much was said and written on both sides, not always in the mildest spirit. It was a controversy in which the grand themes of the Fourth Gospel and its right interpretation were vitally concerned. We refer, of course, to the Gnostic heresy, which spread from Syria to Rome, and engaged intensely the interest of the rising Church; which threatened to corrupt it and substitute a mongrel Christianity for the primitive revelation. Those who reject the Fourth Gospel must make us believe, if they can, that right in the midst of this debate, when appeals were made by keen-eyed controversialists to canonical Christian Scriptures, a new and spurious book, involving more than all the others the very matter in dispute, was foisted upon the Christian public, received by everybody without a murmur of dissent, elevated to a place in the sacred canon, and spread through various languages into all the Christian communions as of like authority.

We will put a parallel case: We are separated by about ninety years from the Declaration of American Independence and the stirring event which led to the formation and adoption of the Constitution of the United States soon afterwards. After its adoption, parties grew up, both appealing to its authority, both grounded on opposite interpretations. Suppose that just before our civil war broke out, the

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State Rights party, not finding secession in the Constitution so plainly as they wished, got out a new chapter, added it to the old Constitution, and proclaimed it as a genuine portion of the fundamental law; and forthwith and without dissent it is so regarded by all parties, quoted as such in Congress, cited in the courts of justice, and unanimously received without a murmur. A more monstrous violation of all the laws of historical evidence and probability, and even the first principles which determine human conduct, could not well be conceived. And yet the parallel fails in two particulars to give the argument in its unconquerable strength. We are one people and speak and write in the main one language. The early Christian communions were separated by the barriers of dialect and nation, which would render a simultaneous or general reception of a forgery a more violent impossibility. Our fundamental law concerns us only in our temporal affairs; their fundamental law concerned them, so they thought, in their eternal well-being, and determined the conditions of heaven and hell.

Such, and so strong and clear, is the historical evidence. The internal evidence becomes more and more complete with every new exploration of its rich and interminable mines. S.

To live nobly we must be noble, and we become noble by resolutely banishing every unworthy thought and feeling. This is as much a part of a good life as sedulously fulfilling the offices of affection. Some persons feel that devoting the whole life to family duties is the only safe thing. They prize so highly the satisfaction of filling their ideal of life that they are afraid to enlarge it. Those are bold who willingly narrow it. — NOVALIS.

GOD in revealing himself to us in his Son, in communicating himself to us through his Spirit, has placed us in a wide and wealthy place; in this land there is no straitness, neither scarceness; here we may eat bread and drink water to the full, and find honey even in the stony rock of tribulation.

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SUNDAYS ABROAD.

"I number only the serene hours."

THERE is a book of home meditations well known to my readers, called "Seven Stormy Sundays." If I had the power to give such shape as I could wish to the recollections which, as often as Sunday returns, throng on my mind, they would make up a volume, not of seven, but of seven times seven, *sunny* with the glad light of the Father's uplifted countenance, sunny with gleamings out of the gates of the infinite heavens, sunny with revelations of a present city of God.

The new circle of Sundays, on which the returning pastor enters, constitutes for him a chain of peculiarly interesting anniversaries. Each corresponds to a Sunday spent the year before on foreign shores, either in the midst of great assemblages, whence the voice of prayer and praise went up in a foreign language, or in the august shadow and solitude of some ruined temple or tomb, where the voices of the dead preached to the musing spirit; under the broad blue arch of heaven, where the song or the very silence of Creation celebrated the majesty of its Maker; high up in a lone chamber upon the house-top, above and yet beneath the *Eternal City*, where the music of birds and of bells filled the air with sweet society; or out on the boundless ocean, where the amen of the great congregation was intoned by the voice of many waters.

Wherever this day might find me, — whether in the strange crowd which, to the exile from home, is so often a populous wilderness, or in that solitude where "we are least alone," because the presence of Him in whom all dwell touches us on every side, — it was always a Sun-day. And now these remembered days, they gather around me, with their still, serene, solemn faces, — faces of kindling invitation, as if the Lord of glory were looking through them upon his creatures and children, and they repeat their lessons of patient kindness and unutterable love.

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Looked at merely from an external, earthly, ecclesiastical point of view, many of the series of Sundays which at this hour comes back to my memory had much about them that was, to use the mildest expression, exceedingly unsatisfactory. And yet amidst all the dreariness of empty pomp and endless repetition, I could feel the assurance, as of a voice within and above me, that, even in this "far country" of barren words and wearisome penance, the faithful Father forsakes not his children, that the very dryness of these husks shall one day compel starving souls to see how near, how abundant, and how free is the bread of life which the Father's hand and house offer to all who will take it in simplicity.

Prominent in the procession of Sundays which passes again and again through my memory, because the most full of singular contrasts and emblematic significance, is the one which I spent a year ago in the venerable town of Wittenberg, the cradle of the Reformation. How perfectly imaged there is the whole Luther, the entire man, in all the strength of his faith, the goodness of his nature, and the defects of his education and character! And how vividly is there pictured the imperfectness of the Reformation as it existed in his idea! A Sunday in Wittenberg was an impressive and an instructive comment on the history of Protestantism. One's first impulse was, of course, to turn his steps toward the ancient Augustinian convent, where the Reformation was born in Martin Luther's soul. That old chamber in which he studied and prayed contains several affecting rel ics, but nothing nearly so expressive as that venerable, gnarled, and humped oak floor, worn all into hills and hollows by the heavy tread of one who went up and down many a painful day and night there in the wilderness of doubt, amidst the buffetings of Satan, wrestling with the tempter and fighting his way to light and peace.

But from the cell of the monk, the study of the pupil of the spirit, the birth-chamber of the man, Luther, we pass to the church and through the doorway (not the *door*, for that was destroyed long ago) which is forever memorable for the

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act that sounded the signal of the great battle against the Church of Rome. There, in that vast edifice, and in that mother city of the Protestant faith, a little handful of hardly more than a score of worshippers was lost in the space on which one looked down from the naked stone galleries; a preacher who, high up in his box, seemed to belong to a world neither heaven nor earth, scattered for an hour the seed of dry dogma; at its close he came down, and facing the two candles that burned at the altar, chanted a gloria, to which the choir of boys in a far high stone gallery responded, and with a benediction the service closed. I thought to myself, Such is life; the old tree drops its fruit far away from itself, and meanwhile it stands there itself, lonely, meagre, and desolate. So it is with parent trees in domestic life, so in the field of faith. Old Wittenberg stands there a petrified relic of the past, but winged seeds were wafted forth from that old tree before its leaves became fossilized, which have taken root and borne fruit that shall nourish forever the civilization and Christianity of the ages.

From Wittenberg to Rome would seem to be, as it once was, a somewhat important transition, and yet, perhaps, the transition is not so great essentially as might at first sight appear, — I mean, of course, in the matter of religion, regarded as a ceremonial observance. The Rome that calls itself Christian has copied and continued the bad features of both Pharisaism and Paganism, on the one hand, while, on the other, it has inherited from the old classic religion a certain humane and genial character, which agreeably relieves its deformity when you look at it beside the Jewish rigidity and austerity of Calvinism. But one who goes into the Roman churches prepossessed with the simple spirit of the faith of Jesus cannot fail to feel how mechanical and worldly the ceremonial is. Only at some few and rare moments does a strain of music waft one away so that he can escape the sense of the monstrous incongruity of all this strut and fuss and fume with the genius of the carpenter of Nazareth and the fishermen of Galilee. Certainly there is a sense in which there is too much truth in that old saying, "The nearer

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Rome, the farther from Heaven," and another, that "He who goes to Rome comes faithless home," is true enough if it means simply that he loses what faith he may have had in the alleviations of the Papal system.

From the mumbling and manifestations, and all the genuflexions and parade of the Romish cathedral, one turns with a degree of relief and comfort to spend a Sunday in a cathedral of a very different kind, where a broken column is the altar, and where only the song of a bird breaks the silence and the solitude, and the blue sky roofs the aged walls and looks in through windows time has pierced, and in which wild-flowers nod in the air. Shakspeare has reminded us that there are "sermons in stones," and a mighty sermon in stone is certainly the Colosseum. We read much, and artists attempt to give us in their *restorations*, of the splendor these structures, now in ruins, must have had in the days of their perfectness. But when one sees how crowded together they must have been, it seems to me they never can have been so beautiful as now, when they are, in a manner, adopted by Nature, taken into her generous bosom, and made parts of her lovely, graceful, and majestic landscape. It is a pity that the Roman Church has not taste enough to leave the Roman ruins in their own pure solitude, undeformed by puny and ill-placed ensigns of its own, in a certain, but very imperfect sense, victorious faith. Let the Christian Church stand on the soil of the once heathen, and still too extensively heathen, Rome, but surely the ruined monuments of old Rome tell eloquently enough of themselves that *her* day has gone by, and now good sense and good taste would dictate to leave the memorials of the mighty past in all their naked majesty to proclaim their moral to the coming generations. Let the Church stand by itself, and not jammed into the four walls of a heathen temple. Let the Pantheon stand by itself without having superinduced upon it what tempt one to remember St. John's picture of the horns of the Beast.

On the whole, one finds it hard, I think, at Rome, to decide which is the farther from the simple religion of Jesus, the idolaters of old Paganism, or that of the mixed system which has

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succeeded it. The Papacy has its saints, and Paganism had its sages. Modern Rome has had its martyrs and its monsters of inhumanity. Ancient Rome had its heroes and heroines of patience and purity.

But the error and evil which the author of the Apocalypse beheld creeping into Christendom, and lifting its lamblike and mischief-breeding head, was not confined to Rome. Its seat was not on the seven hills, but in the human heart. *There* is the stronghold of Jesuitism, — of spiritual despotism, — of the spirit and system which enthrones man in the temple of God. And there, in the field of the human heart, is the battle to be fought for the freedom of the human soul. Protestantism, before it can maintain a dignified or a hopeful warfare against Popery, has yet to be far more thorough and consistent and true to its principle. That principle is that religion must be the work of the individual soul, — with all the helps, indeed, that God so abundantly furnishes, but still the work of the soul using the means God gives it, freely yielding to the reasons and the motives God presents to draw his children onward and upward in the path of freedom, peace, and eternal prosperity. Religion is not a form or a formula, but a power, a spirit, and a life.

The Sundays I have alluded to are only a few representative ones out of many memorable ones of which I might, perhaps, have presented pleasant pictures, and drawn from them profitable lessons. I have not the power to reproduce in a paragraph, even if I could at all do so in language, the look and the feeling and the impressions of a Sunday in May, spent in a lonely walk through that disinterred city which, after a burial of nearly two thousand years, rose again to the light of day, and now smiles to the smiling sky, between the terrible but comparatively silent mountain that looks down upon it from one side, and on the other the silent but terrible sea. With what singular and sublime emphasis on the pavement of one of Pompeii's temples do the words sound, "I am the Resurrection and the Life"!

The impressiveness of a Sunday on the sea I *need* not describe. That can be better imagined. On the last Sunday

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morning before we reached home, there was no sermon, but the voice of prayer and praise chimed with the music of the waves, that danced and clashed their cymbals, as did Miriam of old upon their shores, and lifted themselves up, a white-robed cŏmpany, as if to greet us, through the windows of our floating temple, and we listened to some of the great, old utterances that were upheaved in other ages from the sea of human hearts, tossed and troubled from their profoundest depths, by the thoughts of God, who troubles that he may heal, and agitates that he may give peace.

C. T. B.

THE RECONCILING POWER.

O Power! that waits not on man's feeble will,
Though granted still to faith and hope and prayer,
Thy gracious purposes in us fulfil,
And may we in thy favor ever share.
Vain is the people's strength, the ruler's power;
The statesman's wisdom and his arts are vain;
They hasten not on earth the blĕssed hour,
Which thou in thine own keeping doth retain.
The world, with its vain shows, doth souls divide.
Renew in all the simple heart of youth,
That friend from friend, by passion sundered wide,
May live again the life of love and truth.
Still mightier energies thou hast in store,
Than those with which the world has yet been blest;
Enduring peace, ne'er known on earth before,
The nation's Sabbath, the millennial rest.
O'er our wide land thy quickening influence send,
That, as one people, we may soon rejoice;
That party strife and pride may have an end,
Subdued and healed by thine all-powerful voice.

J. V.

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HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

No. LXI.

Joachim Neander 1697. Eig. Mel. *Wunderbarer Konig.* The slight irregularity that may be observed here, belongs to the original piece, and is not a liberty of the translator.

Wondrous King Almighty,
Ruler of all being,
Bend to us Thy whole decreeing!
Fatherly Thy goodness
Drops on all around us;
Though transgressors it has found us.
Help us still; Strengthen, fill;
Set our tongues to singing,
Loftiest praises bringing.

Heavens, praise in splendor
Your Creator's doing
More than all Man's lordly showing!
Great Day-luminary,
Walk thy paths of duty;
Paint the whole vast round with beauty.
Shine afar, Moon and star!
Be not cold or halting,
Such a Lord exalting.

Earth and air and waters
And the whole creation
Are Thy goodness' path and station.
Thy long-suffering patience,
With new evidences,
Shines the more on soul and senses.
Oh, how wide Soar and glide,
With benign dominion
Ranges of its pinion.

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Oh, awake, my spirit!
Sing with joyful singing;
Give thy faith its upward motion.
What hath vital current
Set its music ringing;
Cast thee down in deep devotion.
Praise be poured To the Lord!
He, the Holiest, Highest,
Draws to us the nighest.

Hallelujah bring we,
Who before Him gather
And in Christ proclaim Him Father!
Hallelujah sing we,
To the Saviour cleaving
With the love of true believing!
Oh, how well, Saints shall tell,
When, in heavenly places,
Sin no more defaces. N. L. F.

When the act of reflection takes place in the mind, when we look at ourselves in the light of thought, we discover that our life is embosomed in beauty. The soul will not know either deformity or pain. If in the hours of clear reason we should speak the severest truth, we should say that we had never made a sacrifice. In these hours the mind seems so great that nothing can be taken from it that seems much. . . .

No man ever stated his griefs as lightly as he might. For it is only the finite that has wrought and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose. — Emerson.

How many persons seek contentment, seek peace, seek joy! But they do not find them. They are continually complaining of their troubles and afflictions. They strive to escape from them, but they do not succeed. And why not? It is because they get out of the great Centre. And being out of it, their hearts and their conduct are not in harmony with the divine providences; and therefore they must be unhappy. — T. C. Upham.

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THE VICARIOUS ATONEMENT.

It will be seen that the subject of the following article is treated from an Orthodox stand-point, though with fresh illustrations and arguments. We like to see a topic from all sides which draws around it the dearest convictions and most vital religious experience of Christian believers. There is considerable range of opinion among them on this subject, and those who look to Christ as a Divine Saviour, and drink most deeply of his spirit, approximate insensibly in their vital beliefs, under whatever name they may be called. A candid comparison of views, and fealty to the Lord alone, is much better than to travel always in the ruts of sect. "The Church heareth none but Christ." — ED.

THE divine justice is one of the topics upon which the religious world divides. On one side it seems to be ignored, while by the opposite wing it is caricatured into an attribute which might distinguish Satan, but could never disgrace the Godhead. These opposite ideas lead in different ways to various results. The one genders a sickly sentimentality which sacrifices the good to the impunity of the bad; the other exhibits the punitive temper in a malignant type, invariably hardening rather than reforming.

In families where these two opposite systems are practised, the same result is often reached by the contrary ways. Some parents spoil their children by sparing correction; they can coax, but they cannot compel. This parental weakness begets wantonness, and entails the curse of disregard of parents. Where, on the contrary, the bitter, punitive spirit prevails, demanding a victim and a sacrifice to expiate every offence, the parental love is eclipsed by this cruel error, and the children are repelled to dishonor and dread the parents. Thus it is no infrequent spectacle to see a reviler of all religion graduate from a home of severe religious dogmatism.

The aim of justice is to reform; yet it will punish where the hope of reformation is desperate; for wrong-doers who cannot be reformed must be restrained from invading social order and happiness. Yet this is not all. Punishment is an end as well as a means. Though society be safe, though reform be hopeless, there is an instinct in our nature which calls for retribution. Punishment is just as appropriate as

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reward; both are founded in the fitness of things. Virtue is not rewarded solely for an ulterior purpose, as to encourage well-doing in the agent and lead others to do likewise. The agent is entitled to his reward for what he has done, independently of what he or others may do on other occasions. Otherwise the reward would be annexed to what he or others are expected to do, rather than to what he has done. But his wages are earned, whether he or others do or do not other meritorious works.

In like manner punishment is earned by evil-doing, and justice applies it, whether restraining and reformatory or not. This is in the very fitness of things which God has ordained. It is a reflex image of his justice which exacts punishment. It is to be noticed, however, that God's justice does not punish conduct, but character, which is its fountain. He deals with character, the cause, rather than conduct, the effect. His justice, therefore, inquires out how far a mischievous act was deliberate or careless, how far it flowed from the agent's own inclination, or from influences brought to bear upon him and warping him out of his own disposition. If Satan was behind the act, and decoyed or surprised the agent into it by a sudden temptation; if, in any case, the agent, left to himself, would not have committed it, justice then is mercy; it seeks to punish the tempter and to rescue the tempted. But when the misled agent voluntarily addicts himself to the tempter, refuses to be rescued from him, and makes the tempter's character his own, then justice demands his punishment, — endless punishment; for what should end it? While the character remains, justice must punish; and in the case we have supposed, reformation has been tried and failed. The agent has made a covenant with death; till he changes, justice cannot change.

But justice, in another phase called mercy, exhausts all means to change character. Only when they all fail, does it annex the final doom. Till then its warnings, threats, and afflictions are for mercy's sake, and to save character from those seductive influences which mould it into the likeness of Satan, and act as auxiliary to the law of God, who is seek-

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ing to repair the ruins of sin, and shape the soul again to his divine ideal.

Justice deals out *suum cuique*, to each man his deserts; yet it is discerning, and characterizes conduct by reference to motives. Even human justice aims to do this. In all criminal trials, a wicked purpose in the wrong-doer must be alleged and proved, except in the few cases which sound in carelessness or want of right motive. But how is human justice to ascertain the motive, while there are no windows in the breast? It can only reason a *posteriori* from effect to cause, from act back to the intent. Yet this is a fallible criterion; for the guilt of the intent must depend upon other elements. One is the seduction of Satan in the soul. He, the adversary of souls, is the prime mover in every bad purpose and action. Unless we can determine what power Satan brought to bear in the soul, we cannot fix the degree of guilt. Guilt there was, of course; the will yielded, which had ample power to resist; and it yielded because it preferred evil to good. Yet all the circumstances of this decision, whether deliberate or by surprise, whether after controversy or without effort to resist, are requisite to fix the degree of guilt.

It would not be rational to contend that because the sinner is enticed by Satan, therefore, Satan alone is to blame; yet the enticement must be considered in determining the degree of guilt. The sinner may appropriate Satan, and then justice appropriates to him Satan's punishment; just as the vicarious atonement appropriates to the sinner the righteousness and consequent reward of Christ.

These considerations show that perfect justice can only be meted out by God, who looks directly at the heart. With man it is imperfect, both because he must reason back from the act to the intent, without being able to discern how far the state of mind was attributable to the intrinsic seduction of Satan or the outside pressure of circumstances. Another reason is because the bad heart may not be developed in those crimes which are enumerated in the code of law. Often the jailor sins as much against God as his prisoner has

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sinned against God. Too often in God's eye the tribunal of justice is as worthy of punishment for offences against his government as those it brings to judgment for violations of human law.

Yet the human Themis is as necessary to the protection of society as divine justice is to the integrity of celestial happiness; and human justice rests, also, on the propriety and fitness of things. It is right, although it is not, like God's justice, all right. In either case justice, not expediency, is the column on which rests the superstructure of government.

In order to frame rightly human social institutions, justice must not be winked out of sight nor denied, nor its true nature misunderstood. To apprehend it, we may consider what it is not, as well as what it is; and, first, although God's attributes of justice and benevolence harmonize, they are not identical. It is true that to violate justice wrongs benevolence, and conversely to observe justice promotes benevolence. Yet this could not be so, unless justice were in itself an independent reality. To punish without regard to justice, for the ulterior purpose of promoting others' happiness, would shock and subvert benevolence. Thus, if there were no such thing as justice, it might serve as good a purpose to punish an innocent or suspected person as one whose guilt was ascertained.

We have thus far defined justice as the fitness of things attributing to each person its *suum cuique*. To mete out justice, then, it is necessary to ascertain the share of an agent in an action. Agency is almost always of a mixed or combined character; that is, more than one agent contributes to it. The human agent is influenced in his conduct. The devil and his angels have a share, though we cannot discern and distinguish what share, in the actions of man. They are accessory to bad conduct. Justice would make allowance for this, and while it cannot forgive the sin, it would lay some of it at the door of circumstances and the tempter's power. The sin, to be sure, is consented to, and this consent is guilt; but it may be a consent only to a particular act. When it imbibes the *character* of the agent, and, as it were, enters

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into covenant relations with it, then it makes its own the retribution justice awards to evil. Many men have done this, and thereby they have identified themselves with sin, made common cause with it, and become entitled as of right to its penalty. On the other hand, the Holy Spirit draws men to Christ. In their good actions the Holy Spirit blends. It gives amiableness and beauty to their conduct; they follow it as an easy impulse of goodness. But it is not their good, though it qualifies their actions, until they appropriate the character from which it flows. Thus, they make Christ theirs, and receive his reward. Christ, too, was voluntarily offered for their sin; which would be unjust except both for his willingness and, also, for its paying the penalty of sin. If Christ, then, has paid a penalty for sin not his own, God may enable him to apply that payment to the benefit of others. This is the atonement in our view of it. Its boundless love, when the sinner appropriates it, confers upon him its character; and when character, the cause of sin, is transformed, it can no longer be regarded as guilty for what before its change it enacted, because it is not the same in the very particular of its fountain of conduct, and the sweet fountain cannot bear the blame of the bitter.

A marked difference between human and divine justice, and one which at the same time illustrates the atonement, consists in this: that human law cannot undertake to pardon repentant crime, while God's justice can so pardon. Human law cannot contradict the penalty by a promise of pardon on the terms God offers. If it did so, every malefactor would go through the form of repentance as a matter of course, and human insight could not distinguish whether it were hypocritical or genuine. Violations of law would be encouraged by the promise of pardon which required no restitution. Of course restitution would quite often be impracticable, as between man and man; and always as between man and God it would be out of the power of man to heal the breaches of God's commands. The shock given by sin to the divine order, no human power could repair.

The law, therefore, cannot pardon a criminal, even where

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his repentance can be proved; for it is the fountain of justice only, not of mercy. Repentance will not replace the wrong committed and make it right; it does not satisfy justice, though it may excite mercy. The murderer may confess, and seemingly repent bitterly; but that does not revive the slain, nor will justice regard it as atoning for blood.

We can see readily why this must be so with human law, — because repentance could be shammed, and, also, such terms of pardon, held out in advance, would take away the terror of penalty. "I have only to repent, and that I know I shall do; therefore, I need not dread to incur a penalty for which accord and satisfaction are so easy and feasible."

And if human justice cannot pardon, men have insisted that the divine cannot. But the analogy does not hold. Man punishes acts only, not character. Satan incarnate could not be scathed till he violated a statute. He might be reeking with the pit, breathing unquenchable malice, and in every attribute detestable; till he broke a law he could rear his crest unabashed, and make human justice his derision. So, too, good character will not shield from penalty of law. From the evil act justice conclusively presumes the intent. But this is a legal fiction; for human justice really cares nothing for the intent except to determine the sanity and accountability of the agent. The action is done, and is irrevocable, and, therefore, the penalty must be also. But God punishes character, and character only, merely referring to acts as evidence to other eyes in the universe not possessing his discernment of the character he deals with. His justice annexes the penalty to character. But character is Protean and may change; in which case justice must change *pari passu*, or it would not be justice. When the bad character becomes good, what would be just for the bad becomes unjust for the good.

Christ has furnished an atonement, and the fact that some may entertain very false views of the atonement is no reason why we should refuse to hear a true view. Because another man looks at it in a different light, does that justify you in shutting your eyes to it, or refusing to look at it in the light God has given you?

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Let us analyze Christ's atonement; and when we sift down the logomachies of the sects, we may find the loving believers not very far apart; while the unloving never can believe aright.

First, then, Christ suffered for sin. If there had been no sin in the world, Christ would not have suffered; that is undeniable. He suffered, then, by reason of or as the consequence of sin. It was not his own sin, for he was sinless. The sin, then, that caused him to suffer was the sin of his fellow-man. And whom does God hold responsible for that suffering? Human law must regard the action only, and, therefore, acquits all who were not accessory to it proximately or remotely. Some may have been too refined to do the murder, yet they may have instigated it, or they may have by a sneer led to it, or have connived at it, or not have done what was in their power and therefore their duty to prevent it. All such, except, perhaps, those who neglected to oppose it, would be accountable for it according to human law. And if an *official* duty was neglected, even human law would hold responsible. But God, as we have said, deals with the fountain, the character; with this his justice has to do. If we, then, have the *same character* as those who are responsible in any way or degree, proximately or remotely, actively or passively, for the death of Christ, then from divine justice we incur the same penalty. If we, in the circumstances of those days and with the same light, would have shared in the death of Christ, or, like his disciples, have forsaken him and fled, then from the same character we incur the same condemnation. If, in a word, we are sinners, it was sin that nailed Christ to the cross, and we are liable to divine punishment.

Jesus, then, suffered innocently for the sin of man, — in a sense for our sin. Now it is said to be a very monstrous doctrine that he suffered in our stead, that such vicarious punishment would be very unjust on the part of God. So it would unless voluntarily undertaken by the victim. Even then it would not be just unless something was accomplished by it. It is true, however, that punishment never satisfies

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for sin. Adequate penalty does not cancel transgression. Punishment is merely a fitting, that is, just, consequence of wrong. It seems unjust for Christ to suffer for wrong not his own, unless thereby an escape may be afforded to the wrong-doer from his deserts.

It is clear that the death of Christ cannot cancel any act committed. If it can be the means of changing the character of sinful agents to a holy, saintlike character, then it may atone. If a sinner shudder to see a holy being thus unjustly punished, if the contrariety between good desert and the penalty put upon him exhibits by strong power of contrast the purity and beauty of holiness, if our pity for his woes, if our indignation against those who maltreated him, and our admiration for his heavenly, forgiving spirit and willingness to endure this agony in order to finish his work, — if this can induce us cordially to hate and renounce sin, and to love Christ and be Christlike, then our sin is thereby atoned for. Because, by virtue of this suffering of Christ, our character is changed, and divine justice, which attaches not to deeds but character, changes correspondingly. Christ, then, may be said to have paid the penalty for our sin, to have made atonement for us. This atonement reconciles us to God. The cross is the great moving power to work this change in the heart, to turn the tide of affection from sin to holiness.

Something of this sort seems implied, whether understandingly or not, when it is said that we must have faith, or the cross will not avail us. We must be affected by it, changed by it, our heart's current reversed, so that instead of selfishness it sets to holiness. Moreover we must appropriate the atonement, and make the cross ours by bearing it, also. That love which led to Christ's self-sacrifice must lead us to self-sacrifice, and we thus drink his cup and be baptized with his baptism, to avail of his atonement.

To punish us after we reformed and our character changed, so that essentially we had become widely different from what we were, would no longer be just in the manner of divine justice. God would not be just still to punish us. He is

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just, however, to acquit us after this change; and this is what is meant by saying that the cross of Christ enables God to be just and yet the justifier of Christian believers. This accounts, too, for the nominal mutability of God in his dealing with men. Thus when the Ninevites repented, it is said that God repented of his purpose to punish them. Obviously his justice did not change, but it was no longer fitting and appropriate after the sinner by repentance had reformed in character. And herein is the superiority of divine justice over human, in that the latter, from the lack of other criterion of character than conduct, cannot have the assurance which God may of change of heart.

It is sometimes said that the cross of Christ vindicates the divine justice in saving sinners in the eyes of the universe, even the lost. This does not seem of so much importance. The godly will rejoice in salvation without requiring a justification for it; and the lost will be likely from their enmity to God and the impairing of intelligence through sin, to judge wrongfully of God and still inveigh against him.

It is, however, clear that divine justice, the *suum cuique*, must be maintained. To admit into heaven those not heavenly-minded would make hell of it, unutterable hell to the holy, and to the unholy a state more intolerable than those habitations of cruelty to which justice must consign them. It is God in the soul, the irrevocable, unquenchable spark of implanted divinity which, by its irrepressible antagonism to sin, stirs all the elements of the disobedient soul to a storm of conflict whose troubled sea cannot rest. The sin must be purged for the ferment to cease. If it were not for this spark divine, hell would be to us a mere grave of stupidity. But now our lot is irrevocable, the die is cast; we are moulded in God's image, and no more than our great Original can we be happy without being holy. If unholy, the more of God we get, the nearer to him, the more is our misery, and heaven would be an intensified hell. "Depart, ye cursed!" will be heard with relief by those to whom God is and must be a consuming fire.

Swedenborg has said that God does all he can to mitigate

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the lot of souls in hell. We believe it. The Psalmist says, "If I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there!" But God cannot make the unholy happy, unless he can induce them — for he cannot coerce them — to a change of will. God with all his love must be their chiefest woe. And we will say, in conclusion, that there is no Scripture warrant to expect that we shall change our wills in another world. On the contrary, we are solemnly warned, in words as strong as human or divine words can be, that our choice in time will only be ratified in eternity. R. F. F.

TO MOUNT MARIO.

I BLESS thee, dear old Mario, —
Thee and thy solitary pine!
In morning's flush and evening's glow,
How hast thou blest these eyes of mine!
Here, on my roof, in day's first beams,
Thou greetest me from thy clear height,
And in the sun's last lingering gleams,
Thou smilest me a mute good-night.

I called thee *old*, dear Mario;
For an old friend thou seemst to me,
As if it had been long ago
My heart first fell in love with thee.
Yet thou art young, my gentle hill,
And ever wilt be young as now;
God's youth and beauty haunt thee still,
And shed their radiance on thy brow.

Serene, majestic Mario!
Entranced in evening's hush I stand
On the north wall of Pincio,
And gaze across the lovely land
To where, along thy slopes and steeps,
With dark trees fringed, and gold light crowned,
Night's solemn shadow slowly creeps,
While vesper chimes float murmuring round.

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Then, tender, graceful Mario,
With what admiring love I mark
Thy waving outline's gentle flow
Against the bright west, pencilled dark!
It seems as if the glorious land
This very moment had its birth;
As if the great Creator's hand
This very moment shaped the earth;

As if, mysterious Mario,
From God's own pure and teeming soul,
Thy line of beauty still did flow;
And in sweet undulations roll
Onward and downward, gently down,
To fair Janienlum's lower height,
Where Peter's dome, the city's crown,
Dark rises on the glimmering night.

Enchanting, lovely Mario,
Thy charms were never limned nor sung
In earthly lines nor tones; for, oh,
No poet's pencil, pen, nor tongue
Could ever paint the joy they feel
Who look on thee with loving eye,
The raptures from thy breast that steal,
Sweet neighbor of the loving sky!

Hail and farewell, dear Mario!
I bless the hand and bless the hour
That brought me here to feel the glow
Enkindled by thy magic power.
Rise, holy hill, forever rise
Before my mind, when lost to sight,
To lift my spirit to the skies
And bathe my soul in beauty's light!

C. T. B.

Rome, March 16, 1866.

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THE SPIRIT GLORIFYING CHRIST.

THERE is a disposition in some quarters to plead for a Leadership of the Spirit as higher and more absolute than the Leadership of Christ, which, we are told, is to be secondary and subordinate. Neither the Scriptures nor the teachings of the Christian Church supply any ground for this Doctrine of Degrees. Our Saviour (we still quote his words, inasmuch as we accept his Mastership), speaking of the Spirit, said, "He shall glorify me; for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you; *all things that the Father hath are mine;* therefore said I that he shall take of mine, and shall shew it unto you;" and again, "If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come and make our abode in him." It is the Spirit which Christ hath given us that leads us into all truth. The Spirit that was perfectly manifested in Christ so that the world beholds in him the glory of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth, is evermore manifested in the Church, according to the promise, "Lo! I am with you alway even unto the end of the world." Nay, we have no Christ, and no real Christian ever supposed we could have, save as Christ is in us. It must be startling to Bible Christians to hear it presented (in what we must call rather a patronizing tone) as a new theology and a great discovery, that only those who are led by the Spirit of God are the sons of God, and that outward and historical evidences for an outward and historical religion are not alone sufficient. Who ever heard of any Church but "the Church of the Spirit"? Hear the old Westminster Catechism on this very point, and see how it has anticipated this novelty, "The Spirit of God bearing witness by and with the Scriptures in the heart of man is alone able fully to persuade it that they are the very Word of God."

The Spirit glorifies Christ. The Spirit enables us to say that Jesus is the Christ. The Spirit moves heart and lips to make this simple Christian confession. The Spirit brought men and women to this and bound them together in this

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before a word of the New Testament was written. We have never heard until very lately that any less confession than this differenced the Christian believer from Theist or Deist. We say "until lately," for the other day when we proposed that an association of Christian churches should state it to be their object "to advance the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ," we were told that we ought not to insist upon our *peculiarity*, and that to bring forward such a statement as the symbol of a *voluntary* association was to impose a creed upon a brother's conscience. The Unitarians were wont to be very indignant when "the Orthodox" confounded their unwillingness to subscribe human creeds with an alleged unwillingness to confess Christ in plain Scripture language. What will they say now? Were "the Orthodox" only a little in advance of the time? Am I told that, although the Spirit glorifies Christ, Christ is still subordinate to the Spirit? I answer, How can that be when Christ sends the Spirit from the Father, when the Father and the Son are One? "Some say, Thou art Elias, or Jeremias, or one of the prophets" — "*in the time of them, though at the head.*" "But whom say ye that I am? and Peter said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

Was it not possible for God whose very essence is Love, and who must therefore seek to manifest himself, — was it not possible for God to be perfectly manifested in Jesus? Reason has nothing to say against the possibility, which can seem incredible only to those who place an impassable gulf between the heavenly and the earthly, and do not see that the Divine Spirit must also be human, else all communion with man would be impossible. The story of the Saviour's life, interpreted by the Spirit, reveals to us that God was so manifested, and John in his Gospel, — we do not wonder that some would carry this Gospel into the latter half of the second century, — in his own words and in the words of Christ, affirms this again and again. The Church may have been earlier or later, more or less successful in formulating this truth or in showing how it stands related to a true Monotheism. Much may have been unwisely said about Persons and Substance, and the like,

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but the affirmation itself has never failed. It rests upon no single text. It pervades the New Testament, from the first chapter of Matthew to the last chapter of Revelation. Accordingly, Christ does not say, I *teach* the truth, the best truth now known; but, I *am* the Truth. I lead souls into it in all time. He does not say, I point out the way, the best way now known; but, I *am* the Way; no man cometh unto the Father but by me. He is the Fountain-head of the world's spiritual life. The Spirit of which we speak began its glorious proceeding from the time when the Father dwelt in Christ Jesus. All of grace before was but preparation. This is the Spirit's Age. It dates from that Coming. As there was a day following the geologic and mere animal eras, when man appeared, so there was a day when the Son of God appeared, and imparting his Life, "giving," as he said, "his glory," made others to be sons of God. This Life passes from heart to heart. Obedience and prayer are the conditions. It is for the unlearned as much as for the learned, a gospel to the poor. Obedience and prayer put more within the reach of the Christian-born than of the Jewish-born or the Mahometan-born. Christ is in his world, and they bring him to Christ, so that where two or three are met together, Christ is there.

Now believing that we owe the Spirit to God in Christ, that the Divine Word and the historical Jesus were thoroughly at one, that from this Divine Humanity proceed all grace and benediction, having learned of the Doctrine that it was of God, believing that this is a Fact, and being satisfied that it is an unspeakably important Fact, to be kept in the world's remembrance, it does not content us to be told that Christ was the greatest of the prophets. Moreover as his coming in history prepared the way for his coming in the soul, so those who believe in this coming in history are better fitted to prepare the way for his ever new coming in the soul, as time goes on. They are the providential evangelists. They preach Christ unto the world, — not God only, but God in Christ, the Spirit which he hath given us. Accordingly, he enjoined it upon the disciples to commit what he had said to them to faithful men, who should be able to teach others

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also. It is the privilege and the sacred duty of the Church to keep alive the unwritten tradition and to defend the record of God in Christ, of One who was "a finality," a Divine Person for the world to look up to and see God in. It will do no one any good to believe this (only because, it may be, he has never heard it questioned) unless the Christ of history becomes, also, the Christ in his heart. Who ever supposed that it would? But what is useless as end is indispensable as way and means, and believing in Christ as greater than all prophets will help us to get Christ in the heart, and all who so believe are bound to publish their glad tidings, and cannot consent in obedience to an unreasonable clamor about liberality to join their voices with those who have no such glad tidings to publish, but on the contrary throw discredit upon what has been the word of faith from the beginning. If professing to be Christians as He would have them be who said, "Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am," we should be tempted for the sake of denominational power or any form of fellowship to lay aside our confession of Christ, we might well listen for the Spirit's restraining word, "Join no such gentile fellowship as that! Better go alone or with the two and three met in the name of Christ than call together a company into which Jew, Mahometan, Hindoo, and Christian might come, but not to find Him whose word *was* and *is* Spirit and Life."

Do the Unitarians mean to accept a confession of Theism as an adequate Christian confession? If so, the question will swiftly become what our Orthodox brethren have always insisted that it was, — a question not between forms of Christianity, but between Christianity and Theism. Then there will be some at least who will be compelled to make their election, and decide whether they shall be Unitarians *or* Christians. When it comes to that, there are those who will not long hesitate which of "the two paths" to walk in.

E.

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MACBETH AND DAVID.

THERE is a resemblance in temptation, a contrast in action, between these two characters, that may suggest a very important lesson. We name them together, though one is known to us as the creation of Shakspeare's genius and the other as an actual personage in ancient sacred history. But the great English poet derived the leading incidents of his play from real transactions; and, even were this not the case, the picture he has given is so true to nature that we might well place in contrast the tragic usurper and the historical Jewish prince.

The character of Macbeth is represented as originally noble. He is a brave warrior, winning deserved renown by faithful service to his king and country. His fault is ambition; but this, in men of commanding talents and high position, is apt to be praised rather than censured. It is to this, however, the "last infirmity of noble minds," that the appeal of temptation is addressed. He is accosted by the "weird sisters" on the heath, as he returns from the victory his valor had won. The hopes they hold out to him mingle well with the tumultuous thoughts which that great success has already excited in his bosom. Their prophecy of the greater fortune, too, is confirmed by the fulfilment of their prediction respecting the less, — the thanedom of Cawdor. Still, the hero might remain unconquered but for two concurrent causes of ruin, — an evil opportunity and an evil counsellor. The visit of King Duncan to his castle yields him the one; the other he finds in his strong-minded, fierce, and wicked wife. Before temptations thus combined and concentrated, his moral strength gives way; he commits the fatal deed. Thenceforth the fallen hero is the servant of sin. He has involved himself too deeply in wrong to hesitate at new crimes. The slaughter of the attendants, on whom he lays the guilt; the maligning of Malcolm and Donalbain, and the robbery of their birthright; the murder of Banquo, and of Macduff's wife and children, all in succession add

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blackness to his guilt; but in no instance is there a moment of that hesitation respecting them which had before made his fiendish wife upbraid him as "infirm of purpose." Then come the disappointment, the too late remorse, the explanation of the double meaning of those predictions which had deluded him, and the penalty of defeat and death and infamy. The whole narrative stands an appalling lesson of the danger of obeying the first impulse to do wrong, of the manner in which one transgression leads to another, and of the punishment which heaven and earth combine to inflict upon the wrong-doer.

The character of David, as portrayed in the Books of Samuel, is one whose great transgressions have been often pointed out, and which no palliating circumstances can prevent us from regarding as deeply stained with cruelty, perfidy, and licentiousness. We repeat to ourselves, almost in vain, that the atrocities of his wars were in harmony with the fierce spirit that then was exhibited in all wars, and that the temptations and opportunities of despotic power must be known by actual trial before one can decide how much allowance must be made for them. Still stands the monarch of Israel, — hero, minstrel, prophet, as we may admit him to be, — marked with guilt which seems sufficient to sink any other than himself in irremediable disgrace and ruin.

Perhaps we may the better do justice to the redeeming elements in his character by comparing it with that which we have just contemplated.

The temptation which came to Macbeth came centuries before to David. To him, too, the word was spoken, "Thou shalt be king hereafter." The prediction came, indeed, not from accursed enchantresses but from the prophet of the Lord; but this, as it added certainty to the assurance, so it deprived it of that ill-omened aspect at which conscience or caution might take alarm. The venerable Samuel had poured on the youth's head the consecrating oil; and if the precise meaning of the act was not then explained, subsequent events made it apparent. The morbid melancholy of the king, approaching insanity, and thus unfitting him for the

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duties of his office, — his quarrel with Samuel, and the whispered rumor that the prophet had denounced against him the loss of his kingdom, — these things indicated an impending vacancy of the throne; and the early heroism of David in his single combat, his high popularity, and his marriage with the princess, explained and confirmed this mysterious selection by Samuel as fully as in Shakspeare's fiction the title of Cawdor confirmed the announcement of the Scottish witches. David, too, was ambitious. The future conqueror of all the realms from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates felt already the ardor with which one born to command looks forward to the accomplishment of his destiny. Between him and the crown of Israel was the life of the reigning sovereign, and little more; for, though Saul, like Duncan afterwards, had sons worthy to reign, the order of succession was not so far settled but that an able and popular aspirant might find means to change it.

In the temptation of Macbeth, a favorable opportunity strengthened the inducement. The unsuspecting monarch had become the guest of his ambitious vassal, and the deadly blow could be given with safety under the shadow of night. In the more ancient instance, there was an opportunity not less favorable; twice offered indeed, unless we are to take the two accounts as different versions of the same occurrence. In one case (1 Sam. xxiv.), Saul had entered a cave, where, unknown to him, David and his company had taken refuge. In the other (chap. xxvi.), Saul was sleeping in the open air, and subjected by the negligence of his guards to the power of the fugitive whom he was pursuing. His entire helplessness was shown in the one instance by the loss of a part of his robe; in the other, by that of his spear and cruise of water, taken by David as proofs of the opportunity he had left unused.

The incidents from Hebrew and from Scottish history resemble each other, also, in the presence of an evil counsellor. The part which Lady Macbeth bears, as the adviser of her husband, was borne by David's companions (1 Sam. xxiv. 4), and especially by Abishai (xxvi. 8): "Then said Abishai

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unto David, God hath delivered thine enemy into thine hand this day: now therefore let me smite him, I pray thee, with the spear even to the earth, at once; and I will not smite him the second time." The words bring to view the one point in respect to which the temptations differ; and, in this, the trial presented to the mind of David was far greater than that which changed the Scottish hero into a murderer and a tyrant. To Macbeth, the slaughter of Duncan was not only unprovoked, but treasonable, perfidious, and ungrateful. He was moved to shed the blood of his king, his guest, and his benefactor. He had been lately distinguished by added rank conferred by his sovereign, and this very visit was a mark of royal confidence and favor. With David all was different. Saul was his king, indeed; but oppression, when it goes so far as unjustly to seek the subject's life, is generally thought tocancel all bonds of allegiance. Saul had been his father-in-law; but Saul's own act had broken this tie in the most shameful manner, giving the princess to another husband. What remained between them was enmity, embittered by the remembrance of violated friendship, and only softened by the one thought, that the oppressor was still "the Lord's anointed."

That thought had power to stay the hand of David from what passion, seconding the words of Abishai, represented as righteous vengeance, and ambition urged as a grasp at a predestined crown. "And David said to Abishai, Destroy him not; for who can stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed, and be guiltless?" In the words he added, he appears to have had reference to the great advantage which Saul's death would bring to him, — deliverance from persecution at the least, and perhaps the realization of that destiny that had been foretold him. "David said furthermore, As the Lord liveth, the Lord shall smite him, or his day shall come to die, or he shall descend into battle and perish. The Lord forbid that I should stretch forth mine hand against the Lord's anointed" (1 Sam. xxvi. 9–11).

Thus did the hero of Judah repress the promptings of an ambition that the voice and the anointing of a prophet had

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enkindled. He was content to "bide his time." The God who had foretold his elevation could bring it to pass without his criminal aid. Had the Scottish thane possessed his lofty faith, or even sufficient control of his own passion to reason calmly on human grounds alone, his crime and his destruction would alike have been prevented. For whence came that assurance to him of future greatness, and what authority did it bear? Was it written in the book of fate that Macbeth should be king of Scotland; and were these women, whether for good or bad purposes, merely disclosing a secret of destiny? Then that prediction would certainly be fulfilled, and Macbeth might tranquilly wait, without staining his hands with blood. Or was their utterance only made at hazard, with the presumption that, by its influence on the hearer's mind, it would lead to its own fulfilment? Then it was worthless as a prophecy, and stood revealed as a temptation from the powers of evil; for the course it suggested was one of crime. To tread the downward path under such guidance, the result was too obvious to tempt any who was not hurried forward by an overmastering passion.

Such is the contrast of these two incidents. The first use we may derive from it is to understand better the nobler part of David's character. With all his faults, the Jewish prince is the finest instance of magnanimity that the world has seen, the Divine Example of the New Testament alone excepted. The hero who poured out the water from the well of Bethlehem, for which he had languished just before, refusing to taste that which his brave men had bought with the risk of their lives, — the man who punished the assassins of Ishbosheth, and received the curses of Shimei in silence, — it was not in his nature to strike an enemy sleeping or unaware. He was too lion-like for that; —

> "For 'tis
> The royal disposition of that beast
> To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead."

Another trait brought into notice here is the faith that fully accepts the will of God, and relies entirely thereon.

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David knew that God had destined him for great things. That consciousness did not awaken within him an uneasy desire to attain the promised greatness by ways of his own devising. The Being who had appointed his course would work its fulfilment, or show to him how it was to be accomplished. And the prize was too lofty, the prediction too holy, to allow the thought of any way that could not bear the light.

For ourselves, we live neither in the age of romance nor in that of prophecy. For us no inspired seer pours the oil of consecration, no "weird sisters" proclaim a mysterious destiny; yet, in the common walks of life, the same divine Providence watches over us in which David trusted, and which Macbeth sacrilegiously provoked. God destines to each of us a fitting measure of success, of usefulness, and of happiness. The way for us to attain it is not to seek it by paths that seem inviting, but that conscience disapproves; they can but lead to disappointment and remorse. No: let us take His guidance, who will fulfil all his gracious purposes, if we trust in him; knowing that, whatever our earthly lot may be, —

"He always wins who sides with God."

B.

Joy is *conscious* happiness. We may possess the reality of happiness without the enjoyment of it; we often do so in temporal things, being more rich, more beloved than we know of; and even thus with the soul: it has already the rich reality, but it needs the fuller consciousness; its acceptance is already complete, its union is already perfect, but of the fulness of this acceptance, the sweetness of this union, it seems as yet imperfectly aware.

It is of small importance to determine when creation began; but it is of vast importance that neither reason nor revelation will allow us to believe that what is can ever cease to be.

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THE PEOPLE'S THANKSGIVING.

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE WEST CHURCH, BY C. A. BARTOL, D. D.

Let the people praise Thee. — Psalm lxvii. 3.

THE people's reason for thanksgiving, which I am to restate to you to-day, is in its very existence as well as condition in this land; for nothing less than whether there should be a people, popular government, free institutions, a nation at all on these American shores, was indeed the question discussed with how many words and ballots and bullets for four long years; and the favorable affirmative decision of that question by paper-suffrage as by cannon-ball is the people's cause of praise, forever, not for a day. As, then, individually we thank God for our being, first of all, so let the combined whole we call Massachusetts and the United States! The distinguished Frenchman, Count Gasparin, — who took our part, with others of his countrymen and some English compatriots, while all the time the British lion growled and showed his piratical teeth, and the French fox crouched for a cunning spring, — pronounced a eulogy on us in the very title of his book, — *a great people that rises and becomes erect of itself*. But we, the people, in the courts of God, gratefully ascribe our resurrection and all resurrection to his love and strength.

We bless God that, as a community, we are not scattered and dying members, strewn all over the continent, but one body; that the hawk of secession has not torn out the vitals of the eagle, which bears the emblems of union clutched together on our shield. That renowned specimen of the American bird which, as you know, flew and fought, and perched on our standard, escaping the rebel shot aimed at it, in so many battles, still to live and travel as the feathered curiosity of the country and the world, perhaps to be sent to fairs across the sea, seems a type of the liberty we have saved; and if we, as is charged, have been inclined to any vain, peacock-like spreading of its wings in time past, let the suffering that makes

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a nation older by a century in a year sober our posture, and give a straight, onward direction of truth and justice henceforth to our flight. But we give all the other nations to understand, we serve on them a notice, that a nation we, too, by the grace of God are, ruling our portion of the planet by as divine a right as ever belonged to any king, and so intend to hold our course. So, indeed, Europe begins to feel. That same French fox showed signs of retiring, though he lingered and lurked a little way off, the moment the carcass he expected showed signs of life; and on that British lion's somewhat slow brain dawns a doubt of the economical use of his own claws in the privateers he unsheathed to torment our ships. Alabama claims he no longer scornfully spews out of his mouth. Let us thank God, and give the credit, under God, to the people who to-day in every free State thank him.

The people, I say. There is much talk of *leaders* of the people, and of our need of leaders or debt to them for our rescue. I think it right to say the American people owe their rescue, under Providence, to themselves. Never did people or man more truly obey the precept, "Work out your own salvation." No great man helped us. What high-born genius descended from some upper rank for our deliverance? The aristocrats, oligarchs, kings, and princes, and so-called first families, were all the other way. Our great soldiers and civilians did not run ready-made to our call. They were hammered out by us, and forged on the blazing anvil for our need. Not our saviors, but factors. We made and hewed them for the occasion, from our vital substance, with our own hands. The *nation* in long, sore travail gave them birth. In our case a real public, to be parent of the noblest persons, and have for its offspring political wisdom and military skill, seemed first to exist in the history of the world. The *middle class*, beginning to draw breath when barons resisted kings, and feudalism gave way to commerce, — weak as an infant at first, stumbling long as a child among hereditary loyalties, — walked at last, and has grown a giant in North America at this day. The commonwealth, the common man, is getting strong, strongest of all, thank God! Never before we knew what

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commonwealth and common man meant. The era of human leadership is passing away. In our army how many a false or feeble leader was how easily displaced! In our politics how the most admired chief, without being cashiered, barely by contradicting the general conscience and *common* sense, beheaded himself! This thoughtful PEOPLE is getting, save in some technical sense, not to want leaders, least of all self-appointed. Does he that sits in the White House *lead?* Did Sherman lead? Yes, as a soldier, not as a civilian. Did Grant lead? Not by any flash of original fire, but by a wisdom and firmness inherited from the mass of men, and a drill of education from the lowest point, to get, like a patient scholar, to the head of the class. But he is no imported porcelain. He was made of our clay. We can analyze every particle of his material down to the common heart.

Of the same native rich ore, and no pearl from Indian seas or diamond from Peru, came the now admitted greatest man of the modern age, our captain and hero, our martyr and saint, Abraham Lincoln! How gratefully our thoughts go up to him still! He was of no chosen race. "Blood will tell," we say. The blood that told in him verily was the PEOPLE'S blood. His was a homely beauty. America alone bore him, and this democratic time begat. We never had a President before so much the nation's own child,— not Jackson, for he represented a dominant party and was a partisan, — not Washington, for, though he was purely of Western-World origin, at the time he lived in, the popular feeling had but partially come, and he held a state and dignity quite in contrast with the manners of his later peer, who seemed never to know, in any air or look he clothed himself with, that he was an official superior, entitled to peculiar respect. The tall man fancied not his election to the greatest post on earth "added to his stature one cubit." Yet the chair he sat in was not for his natural proportions too big, nor could any occasion overmatch his simple grandeur. How quickly his hardly dignified humor went from a fable like Æsop's to a parable solemn as Holy Writ! He was one of the few statesmen who could use Scripture with-

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out appearance of pretence. His words at one time remind us of Socrates or Franklin, at another of Isaiah or Job. We have not yet quite learned his mind or taken his measure; but if, as has been said, a transatlantic judgment anticipates that of posterity, that I am not dealing in fond and foolish exaggeration, hear the sentence of the liveliest of English Reviews, — that his short address at Gettysburg is the greatest ever made by man. I challenge the production in the same space of a greater: and HE was of the PEOPLE; he WAS the people embodied and incarnate, a great many men rolled incorporate into one; he did not profess to lead, but to follow, waiting on the Providence he tried not to force! How steadily he marched, and how wisely he halted! How sagaciously he adapted himself, and how boldly he acted! Not a reckless reformer, not a dilatory conservative, — neither procrastinating to-day nor ambitiously forestalling to-morrow, — an attendant on Providence, a servant of men, sensitive to circumstances and inflexible in his plans, hearing all others, and, as a Senator told me, elbowed into his patronage or out of his policy by none, his mind, in its so easy contraction and expansion of manifold and true metal, a metre of all true metal to keep time on the national clock; himself no fanatic, but a shepherd, tolling the flock on and keeping the flock together; for he was in his own thought but under-shepherd, and looked to Him who was gathering us to his fold.

We return to the same fact: He only served and represented. *The* PEOPLE were his constituents. And where lay THEIR power? Not in nationality alone, sensitively conscious of that as we were, but a moral idea. We said to the South, *For the sake of slavery to destroy a country is wrong.* There was victory in the proposition! Its failure was impossible. If it failed, God failed. So, under all the horrors, varying future and long delays of the war, a quiet smile in the people's heart reflected justice and anticipated success. We "seized the triumph with our eye." In vain the South boasted of prowess, and pleaded independence, and had one or another great foreign power to play the part of jackal for

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her provider, and put up in all her churches and official proclamations pious-sounding prayers to God. All to no purpose. Wherefore? I will tell you. Hers was not the cause of humanity. She was not after the general good. The Southern steel was sharpened against liberty, popular unity, the equal rights of men, and *so* was blunted and broken in those thick bosses of the Almighty's buckler, which such right, unity, and liberty are; and her prayers that shocked us were blown to pieces in the whirlwinds of battle which are his wrath against public guilt. If the voice of the people be or not the voice of God, the people's instinct is his inspiration; and the slaveholding confederacy's main opponent was that MIDDLE CLASS, mightier and larger here and now than in any land ever before, which mustered the troops, and like a blossoming tree, flowered into the officers, because it felt the blow of the conspiracy aimed at its vitals; and its thought and labor could breathe free only as the system of tyrannical bondage expired.

The issue of the people's duel with a despotic caste we know. How gratefully the nation survives! How lightly it bears the debt of arms, — paying it as gladly as any old noble knight at the tournament for the horse and mail and lance on which, in some famous lists, in behalf of injured innocence or endangered honor, he bore his proud and lustful enemy irresistibly to the ground; rejoicing to be taxed, sending in, like a torrent to the treasury, in almost daily millions, the Internal Revenue, and fixing with zest on every paper document the little stamp I never see without pleasure; prospering privately, too, for the day the benevolent king wished for, when every peasant in his dominions should have a fowl in his pot, has on our territory substantially arrived; in all that concerns plentiful boards, comfortable clothing, healthful homes, travel for pleasure or business, inns or recreations, the mass of the population being as well off as its millionnaires, — indeed, the only use the rich are able to discover for their surplus funds, to let them run over, like a fountain from its unfailing cup, to improve the lodgings and extend the industry of the poor, to build up colleges, churches and

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schools, send out missions, and convert from ignorance and vice black and white heathen at home. So, like the funds of the government, that owns and owes everything, rotating, in the present necessity, to one place, the spirit of the age in all its interests comes back to the same idea, — the PEOPLE, the elevation of the people, the *common* people, of whom let us all be thankful to be. Theirs the triumph is, "Let the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise thee!" Truer than in David's time is the exhortation.

Mourn not bitterly for the dead who fell a sacrifice. It *was* THEIR *grave* or the *nation's: they* preferred and you prefer it should be theirs, and that the wind should blow over theirs, not the nation's remains. Their memorial is no book or building or marble tomb or proud inscription, but the land they redeemed. *They* share our thanksgiving, and bless God in heaven for so great a purchase at so small a price. For the *vote*, too, that embalms their victory; and that *vote* tells the States, by theory in the Union and actually *out*, — aloof, alas! from *our* Thanksgiving, — they but postpone that very boon of freedom which would be their own ground of gratitude. Let them learn that justice is welfare, that no kindly treatment, with equality before the law, for an oppressed and unhappy race can more than pay, on Heaven's books, the long arrears of wages withheld, and that "a government of the people, for the people, by the people," won in fight, can consist with no disfranchised and disinherited class. Our mercy to them, as well as our equity to the freedman, prescribes political with personal emancipation as the condition of restoration. To leave it to their option, for endless party-quarrel, were as cruel as it is wrong. Thank God we have at length won power to practise the deliverance to the captive Christ preached!

BEFORE we can approve what is right, there must be the *entrance* of that light which brings with it the *feeling* of divine purity.

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"THE NEW BIRTH." *

A VALUED contributor has already called attention to a book by Prof. Phelps, the title of which we have written below. We have read it once and again with considerable care and great interest, and wish to commend it very heartily to any who desire to be familiar with the doctrine of Regeneration as it is held by one of the most competent and most catholic of our so-called orthodox divines. As we should ask our brethren and friends of that straiter sect to read Dr. Clarke's late work on the points which he supposes to be held in common by the Unitarians and the Trinitarians, so we would ask the people called liberal to read this little volume. Barring here and there a hint which indicates what seems to us a false tenet of Election or rather Selection, the views set forth are eminently reasonable, scriptural, and edifying. Dr. Phelps is careful to have the reader understand that he is dealing with CHARACTER, — not the constitution of our nature, not the make of the heart, not the inheritance from an evil past, but what we choose to be ourselves. The New Birth, according to him, is that change in the purpose of the soul, under God, by virtue of which we give ourselves to God, and pass from the night of sin into the dawn of a day of holiness. Nature teaches us, he contends, that there must be a change in man before he can be an object of the divine complacency, and Scripture teaches us what this change must be, and how it is to be brought about. This treatment of the subject has the singular advantage of bringing it within the reach of every man's reason and conscience and separating it from the perplexities which beset the student of history and the explorer of man's nature. We have no problem of the fall, no discussion of inherited sin, no imputation theories, no ingenuities of special pleading in support of dogmas as hard to be received as they are hard to be understood; we have simply to ask ourselves, "Is *my* heart right in the sight of

* The New Birth; or, The Work of the Holy Spirit. By Austin Phelps. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 1867.

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God, and if not, how shall it be made right?" "Am I a guilty being in that I am refusing to obey God, or am I a holy being in that I am resolved and seeking with all my heart to obey God?" We come to this crisis in the movement of the soul. Only with the divine help shall we pass through it successfully. The change from our natural to our Christian condition is fitly imaged by a Birth, by a passing from darkness to light, from death to life, from the prison-house to freedom. The Power which works the change is greater than any miracle-working Power. To change character is far more amazing than to change water into wine. It is the highest form of spiritual and moral influence; it is unique.

The effect of regeneration, then, according to this writer, is a radical conversion which issues in a new man, a character which before did not exist. Now precisely here many will join issue with our author. They will say that we can draw no such sharp line between the unholy and the holy, that characters shade into one another by almost imperceptible degrees, that leaving out of the question a few very exceptional saints and many, perhaps, very grievous sinners, the residue of mankind is made up of those who are not very good, nor yet very bad, and who, following, perhaps, no settled direction, are sometimes better, sometimes worse, good in this, evil in that, as temperament, circumstances, temptations may determine. This is the spot where the paths even of Christians divide; and must we not add here completeness separates from incompleteness, a living in the whole and for the whole from a half-life, sincerity from half-sincerity, the true saint from the unconverted man? Is it not possible for a man, with the help of God, to be thoroughly consecrated and to know that he is thoroughly consecrated? We do not ask whether there have been few or many such, whether the right path is a narrow path and thronged at that, or a broad road full of multitudes speeding on joyously to the heavenly kingdom. We do not ask whether the number of genuine Christians be large or small, but whether the consecration we have spoken is not the genuine Christianity, be there less of it or more. We do not ask, Are there not many, very many, who fancy themselves to

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be thus consecrated on the strength of some hours or days of strong crying and fears, and yet are not really changed, and, as every one sees, exhibit no results of faith in life, and perhaps decline into pharisaism? The only essential inquiry is this, Does not Christ propose and look for such an experience of consecration in his little flock? Has he not wrought it in a few at least of his followers? For ourselves, as thoroughly as we are convinced that many who hold themselves to have been "born again" are under a delusion, so thoroughly are we satisfied that the radical change which is described by the words "new birth" is the legitimate and peculiar fruit of Christianity, working sometimes unconsciously in the world, even the Gentile world, ancient and modern, working in the light of day, and of our conscious life, here where Christ is preached. If any criticise, as they easily may, the Christianity which commonly goes by that name, pronouncing it inefficient, almost useless, less profitable than many moral reform movements which claim no special supernatural origin, they are criticising not the real Christianity. If they tell us that they cannot see how so weak a thing is to be the world's reliance for all time, they say what is perfectly true, but they have not found the inheritance of the saints inadequate to supply man's need. If they say that such Christian lives as we continually see can be fed without Scriptures and prayers, and that so much Scripture and prayer must be only formalities, they say what is perfectly true, but they have not shown that where men would live altogether the life of God, God as he is revealed in Scripture and in "the Still Hour" is not always necessary to them. If they say that the Christianity called Christian may well be regarded as an outgrowth of man's nature, they say what may be perfectly true; but how is it with a Christianity which does really live in the world and yet is not of the world? The gospel of Jesus, as preached and illustrated by the Lord himself and by his true apostles, earlier and later, does propose a complete loyalty of the whole being to God in Christ. It proposes this to those who are called best as well as to those who are called worst, to the young men who have kept all

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the commandments as well as to the young men who have kept none of them. No zealous philanthropist can ever outdo the Christian in the absoluteness of surrender and devotedness. The only difference between many a reformer and the real Christian is in this, that the Christian is zealous about more things than one; for he goes to the central beating heart of all movements and works. Christianity proposes more than measures, greater or less, of moral improvement, more than a change of opinions, more than increased thoughtfulness, more than the starting to life and growth spontaneously of buried germs of goodness, under that husbandry which breaks up the hard ground of the heart; it goes deeper; it does not stop short of the very fountains of spiritual life; it tells us that we must be and may be right in the master purpose of our whole being; that nothing less unveils for us the kingdom of God; that nothing less admits us to it; that whatever natures or temperaments or old habits we may bring with us into the kingdom, we must come renouncing all evil and cleaving to all good, having chosen God for our portion. No better service can be rendered to the Christian faith than theirs who shall show in word and work what it exacts of and offers to man's heart, and how all our transcendent experiences of knowledge are conditioned upon our success in attaining to CHARACTER. An unconverted man cannot see the objects of genuine Christian faith. They are foolishness unto him. Here, precisely here, and not over any old manuscripts, outwardly helpful and useful as these are, would we fight the battle in defence of the supernatural. We would have men say as those who are just ready to despair, "These things are impossible for us; you may fancy in a moment of fervor that such a great change has passed over you, but such fervors do not last; you may think for the time that God is all in all to you, but the next sore temptation will prove your mistake. You may suppose and say that you have given your heart to God, but you will find that your heart is still divided between him and the world." We love to hear men say these things, for they all magnify the gospel of the grace of God; they all confirm the testimonies of the few real saints and thoroughly

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good men to the absolute necessity of the mighty help of God for the regeneration and conversion of man's soul. We shall not talk so much of miracles, on the one side or the other, when through this more than miracle the number of true children of God, consecrated to the Father's business shall have been happily increased. When Christianity itself means so much and is so much and does so much, it will be its own evidence, and Jesus will so possess our souls, and we shall be so unable to live our new life without him, that we shall have no occasion formally to write his name into our creeds or take his name upon our lips. The Bible, as Dr. Phelps well says, is not careful to emphasize continually the work of God in man's conversion, as knowing that no really converted man would ever be able to regard his conversion as less than a divine wonder. E.

To be with God, in whatever stage of being, under whatever conditions of existence, is to be in heaven. To be found in him, a citizen of his lower kingdom of grace, is to possess that which gives his upper kingdom its glory; for there, even as here, "a man's life does not consist in the abundance of the things which he possesses;" and it is not either hearing or seeing, not either having or beholding, that can constitute its joy. The rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald, — the sea of glass mingled with fire, the gate of pearl, the voice of harpers harping with their harps, — all these might be ours, without the capability of imparting a ray of genuine blessedness. They might pass away, yet heaven would not pass with them. For these are but the accidental properties of heaven. Its essentials consist in that without which these wonders and glories, a thousand-fold repeated, could convey nothing beyond a momentary gratification of the senses. And happiness, be its object earthly or divine, resides in the correspondence between the inner need and its outward satisfaction; it is the answer to the soul's call, the accomplishments of its desire, the satisfying of its yearning. "I beheld," saith St. John, "and a door was opened." Heaven is the opening of a door; it is the finding of a long-sought good, the renewal of a long-lost communion, the restoration to a favor which is in itself the fulness of joy.

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CAPTAIN CHARLIE.

If you have ever travelled among the mountains, you have seen, scattered here and there at their feet, odd-looking farm-houses, whose style is far removed from the fashion of the present, as the very hills themselves, of which one is tempted to say, "They were never made; they have always been." To such an one I shall ask you to follow me to the most retired nook where children and flowers ever grew; for here lived the hero of my story, Captain Charlie.

Sometime during the Revolution this antique homestead was new and pretty and inviting, when the grandfather of Charlie brought to its shelter his rosy-cheeked bride, proud enough, I dare say, of the well-kept farm over which she was to bear rule. The little green valley was quite shut in by high hills rising dark and thickly-wooded all around. Orchards and meadows were cleared and cultivated, and in their midst the lonely yet sunshiny dwelling was placed. Neighbors were few and far off at that, unless you include a very troublesome class, hidden usually by the forest, but occasionally trooping down to the barns and out-houses, where no provision was made for *bears*. It was a happy home in spite of the facts I have stated, and until a sudden call to arms found Rufus Mills at the plough, and sent him eager and brave, though sore-hearted, to meet his death, there were no clouds upon their horizon. Time wore on, and he never returned to see the boy who took his name, and comforted the widowed mother with a smile as sweet as that which she was never to see again in life. Seasons came and went, leaving marks of change upon everything, till the blooming wife was an old, old woman, the child a gray-haired man, and the house weather-beaten and shaky, its gable roof sloping down to the meadow grass and coated with moss almost as green. A climbing rose, trained to cover with blossoms the entire front, was lovelier than you can imagine. And in the cool door-yard a well-sweep tossed its long pole into the air, suggesting the still, icy waters

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springing deep below. All admired the "Mills Farm" when they came to it.

In the light of a mild summer morning, a slender, pale little fellow sat at the open door, watching the white mists curl away from the brown crags of his favorite mountains. I suppose he was dreaming, as children like to do, of a great, brave, busy world lying beyond those stern peaks, — a wonderful world, in which every one is to succeed; where there are always gay processions moving by with floating banners and stirring music, — a fairy world never found of human feet in all their weary marches. Presently his eyes were attracted by some object within doors. The sunlight, pouring through the narrow windows of the broad, low sitting-room, was caught and reflected from one spot upon the wall where his grandfather's sword always hung; and as Charlie Mills was the lawful owner thereof, it is not surprising that he took much pride in it. There was a restless fire in his busy brain which burned on in spite of a crippled and frail body. Stories of travel and bold adventure, of wars and conquests, were his chosen reading; especially he never tired of the one thrilling incident in their humble family history, — Grandpa Mills' death on the field of battle, in the Revolutionary times.

The "Rebellion" was not then thought of, and people preached and talked "peace," not knowing how dear that blessing was yet to cost them.

"What is it now, Charlie?" inquired his mother, as she noticed his sudden start and increasing color. "Are you thinking of the pony Jack is to bring us to-morrow?"

"No," answered the boy, slowly; "but I was wondering how a man must feel stepping away with a regiment, and carrying his sword at his side. Oh, mother, I wish I could ever be a captain!"

"Nonsense! I don't," was the short reply. "I am glad, for my part, that there is no fighting now-days. Aint you, grandma?"

"All gone!" piped a shrill voice in the corner, where a bent figure nodded to and fro, and then the dim eyes were closed again.

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That day a sad accident befell our hero, and in consequence, he was laid upon his bed never to leave it again. At first the trial was very bitter, while he hoped and struggled to regain his former strength. But when there was no farther chance of recovery, and he knew that he must *make* sunbeams of patience and content around him, he yielded to the event he could not control. The careless children, playing from morning to night, and acting out their own will, are not half as happy as this little sufferer, who learned upon his couch of weakness to say, "*Thy* will be done."

One day the good doctor, whose gig was always welcome whatever errand it went upon, sat talking with his pet patient, and stroking the white fingers laid over the coverlid. He remarked, cheerily, "You have your grandfather's blood in your veins, Charlie; you are brave enough to have been a captain or, maybe, a major-general in his stead."

The dark eyes answered his with a quick flash of delight.

"Captain Charlie would not be a bad name; would it, doctor?"

"Don't set the boy out on that task!" cried Mrs. Mills, coming in with a plate of hot gingerbread which she offered for luncheon. "I wish he had never heard of the Revolution; he wants it to be fought all over again."

The boy only laughed quietly at this terrible statement.

"I should find it hard to lie here and be idle, if my country needed me."

"Don't bother about that, only keep up your courage and take care of 'Captain Charlie,'" replied Dr. Lee, as he rose to go. And he added to himself, as he rode away, "There will be battles enough for him to encounter before he has done with life."

So the military title was conferred upon one officer who never wore shoulder-straps or kept time with his feet to the national airs. With the sword hanging above him on the dingy wall in the homely room, with its unpainted floor and pine furniture, with few toys and comparatively few books, Captain Charlie lay ten long years.

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Ten years! Only think of it! Through the fragrant, golden summers and the brilliant autumns, through the snows and darkness and storms of winter, month after month vanishing swiftly to many another, but creeping slowly by under this roof, until Captain Charlie was twenty-one, still a helpless cripple, still the best and sweetest treasure the house contained. And Jesus did not forget him, — Jesus, the great Commander, who tells his soldiers all by name, who speaks to them when no ear beside can catch the echo, who smiles upon them, creating light where the clouds are thickest. And because of that heavenly guest, he could bear to be shut away from the bright world of his dreams, that once beckoned him beyond the mountain walls. To the whole region about, the story of the young captain, as he was always called, was perfectly familiar, and many who never looked upon his face were reached and touched by his example.

At length occurred the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and as the news flew about the country, ringing through the valleys and sounding from the hills, repeated in crowded cities, and heard with wonder and terror in lonely country settlements, it was told by the bedside of Charlie Mills; and I think he cried, as he had never done before, with disappointment and regret that he was unable to wear the army blue.

One of their nearest neighbors, a stalwart fellow, enlisted immediately, and paid a farewell call to our hero, looking jaunty and neat in his fresh suit, full of vigor and hope. Like the rest, he believed that the contest was for a few days only, and that another year would find him at his planting again. Tears filled my captain's eyes as he watched his movements, and said, eagerly, —

"You are a lucky fellow, Jack. I guess I should be going with you if I were not good for nothing."

"Ay, ay! you were always a plucky one; just the right cut for a soldier. But I declare, Charlie, I aint sure but you do more good now than I shall tramping away down South;" and a sober look crept into the merry blue eyes as he added, "I shall see some sorry sights, I take it, before I get done with my work."

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"Look here, Jack, you will remember the promise you made me long ago? Maybe you'll need Him when you are far off from home."

"Yes, maybe. I'm thinking that sooner or later we shall all need Him, though I used to believe that only old folks and sick folks had any occasion for religion. It makes you pretty comfortable; don't it, captain?"

"Do you suppose I could have lived these ten years without it? Why, it is sunshine and rest and peace. You cannot think, Jack, how near heaven comes to me sometimes when I am all alone, and can just catch the sunset light creeping along my mountains. When I die, I hope it will be at that time, — my soul and the light going away together."

Jack smiled at the cripple's fancy; he was full of such, and they made him contented, perhaps.

"Well, I must leave you," he said, at last. "I sha'n't forget you or your kind words, and you will think of me often, I dare say; perhaps I aint so hard a case, after all." And then the two clasped hands heartily for the last time, and separated in silence.

And the tide of war swept on. Neighbors and friends followed each other to the field, leaving their farms and merchandise and quiet shelter for all the horror and desolation and danger of which there seemed to be no end. Stories of gains and losses, of exciting engagements and wonderful victories, came back to quicken the nerves of those who remained behind, helpless, except in the might of their prayers and hopes. Do you recollect in those days how pleasant it was to do anything in aid of the sick and wounded soldiers? It was for us, who did not enter the ranks to help in filling them up; and so we knit and sewed and packed boxes and barrels to send them, supplying as best we could their need.

Captain Charlie was never more delighted than when he made the discovery that one may knit stockings while lying in bed. His mother willingly instructed him in the art, and one year he prepared — I will not state the number of socks, because you would surely disbelieve me, but it was very surprising. But the signal of release, which lifted

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many an obscure private into the heavenly ranks, was at length accorded to him, also. He had been gradually growing weaker, and his mind wandered curiously through one languid night, when those who watched knew that he was dying. He talked of battles, and of going into the thick of the fight; but when the sunrise slid down from the hill-tops to flood the room with lovely rainbow colors, and the old sword glittered once again for his eyes, he looked up at it quite naturally and smiled as he said, "It is all peace with me now, mother!" And then his spirit took its flight, not, as he had desired, with the *dying* day, but into the *rising* day.

Far away in a hospital upon the Potomac, a wounded officer read the home letter for which he had been longing, lest it should arrive too late to do him any good. Suddenly as he scanned it, his lip quivered. "Dead!" he exclaimed, sorrowfully. "Perhaps I would not live to see him again, any way. Dear old Charlie!" and the memory of his last warning rushed back with renewed force,—"*You will need Him.*"

Ay, Jack had been blindly struggling to find Him since the anguish and fever of the week past. Something tender and strong seemed to urge him forward after that news of the little captain's death, as if his pure voice were calling, and his white hands, no longer weak, lifted him up till he knelt at his Father's feet.

If this were all his life-work accomplished, do you think my captain enlisted for Christ in vain? C. M. P.

WITHOUT immortality, man would be a total contradiction to every idea of Deity; and all earthly mental existence would be useless, because, although it seems to serve the purpose of manifesting God, it only serves, in fact, to excite hopes, to end in disappointment, and to afford a taste of life which yet conveys to the spirit only death. The insect at the fountain may sip and sustain its powers, to fulfil the purposes of its little being; but man must drink destruction at the source and streams of life, since his eagerness for intelligence and enjoyment leads only to his being lost amid the flood that flows from beneath the throne of God, unless he be immortal.

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SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

"THE Catholic World, a Monthly Magazine of General Literature and Science" is the title of a work published in New York, the aim and spirit of which are hardly intimated by this name, as its chief object is to sustain the Roman Catholic Church, and general literature and science are made subordinate to this end. It is a double-column octavo magazine, of 144 pages each number, containing well-written original articles and translations from German, Italian, French, or Spanish literature. It is recommended by the Archbishop of New York, and by Cardinal Barnabo, the Prefect of the Propaganda, who used, four years ago, to be pointed out to visitors in Rome as the probable successor of the present Pope. We have seen but one number, crowded full with thirty articles, mostly original, and all written with ability and good taste. There is an article on "The Philosophy of Conversion" to the Roman Catholic Church. It says that "reliable statistics show us that within the last fifty years no less than forty-one clergymen of the American Episcopal Church alone have laid down the honors and emoluments they there enjoyed, and have espoused poverty and insignificance with the Catholic faith. Many of these were men of eminence in their former sphere of action, and one at least [Bishop Ives, of North Carolina] had held the highest and most responsible position which his co-religionists could bestow upon him." The number of clerical converts from other denominations, the writer thinks, will fall little short of that contributed by the Episcopal Church, while as to the lay converts, the editor of the magazine, in a note, estimates them to exceed, in the past few years, thirty thousand. "The tide of popular prejudice thus turning, and the way thus opened to the American intellect by the instrumentality of those who claim to be her adversaries, it is no arrogation of prophetic foresight to predict that the progress of the Church in this country must in the future be rapid beyond all precedent, and that the age may not be far distant when this vast 'continent of Mary' shall, with one heart, and under one name, obey the Holy Spouse of Mary's Son." With such prospects of large increase to the Church, it is important to see clearly what true conversion is not, as well as what it is. This the writer undertakes to show. The adoption

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of the articles of the Catholic faith is not conversion, nor is the adoption of the Church's ritualism, nor is union with the visible body of the Catholic Church. A true conversion is nothing short of an entire surrender of the heart to the Church, so that there shall be no longer any room for *choice of opinions*, but an unconditioned, unquestioned, unprotesting submission to authority. "Then and then only is the work ended and conversion made complete. What the Church teaches is from that hour the faith of that Christian heart. What the Church commands is the law of that Christian will." The heading of this article, the *philosophy* of conversion, led us to anticipate something deeper than this.

"The Theological Eclectic" is the name of another New York magazine, published bi-monthly, and filled chiefly with foreign theological literature. Professor Day, of the Yale Theological Seminary, is the chief editor, having Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian, Dutch Reformed, and Presbyterian assistants. The January and February number has articles on the "Orthodox Doctrine of the Person of Christ," on "Scottish Presbyterianism as it is," on "Ecce Homo," and on the "Moral View of the Atonement." The first article here named enumerates the different theories relating to the person of Christ, professing dissatisfaction with most of them, as failing to unite "the colossal antitheses in Christ," and believing that "there remains ample scope for further Christological speculations on the possibility, reality, and the mode of the incarnation." The last article above named is taken from the "British Quarterly Review," and is chiefly devoted to a notice of Dr. Bushnell's "Vicarious Sacrifice," and "The Life and Light of Men," by Dr. John Young, of Edinburgh, who has lately renounced his Calvinistic tenets, and published views much in harmony with those of Dr. Bushnell. The writer summons both of these authors to the bar for departing from traditional orthodoxy, and enters upon a defence of a real *expiatory* sacrifice. It adds, at the end, "We regard with serious apprehension the silent but rapid advance of the theological tendencies which we have combated in these pages. . . . Both in Europe and America the whole system of Christian doctrine is passing into new forms, and undergoing complete reconstruction."

The "London Examiner" informs us that the Bishop of Oxford lately stated in Convocation, on the authority, as he said, of a man from Natal, that of the large numbers that flock to hear Dr.

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Colenso in his diocese "nearly all are professed infidels." Upon hearing this, two hundred and forty members of the calumniated congregation address a respectful communication to the Bishop of Oxford, asking his authority for the statement, and expressing confidence that the Bishop's love of justice and fair play will overcome any reluctance to reveal the name of a correspondent who has so greatly misrepresented the applicants. The Bishop of Oxford declines to give his authority, as he says he is not to be called in question for anything said in Convocation. We quote a part of the "London Examiner's" remarks, less for any special interest which we have in this case than as teaching a lesson of general application. "Are those slandered persons to be satisfied with the Bishop's plea of privilege of Convocation? Convocation is nothing more in reality than a clerical debating society, and a sixpenny sporting club has as much claim to privilege. Even parliamentary privilege is practically surrendered for anything touching reputation, and no member of either House pretending to character would refuse to give his authority for a defamatory statement. An honest, honorable man would either give up his informant or retract the charge. We believe the truth to be that the Bishop was ashamed to name his informant, — ashamed to confess that he had attached any credit to representations from such a source. But the calumny then rests with him, the Bishop, who has to answer to a whole congregation for having described them as infidels. Infidel is the name which too many of the clergy give to any one they do not like, without being able to show reasonable cause for their displeasure. It should concern Convocation, more than any other body or person, to consider how its character, such as it is, will be affected by making it a sanctuary for malignant falsehood."

Dr. Pusey has lately published a defence of "Absolution," quoting in support of this the words, "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted." A writer in the "London Examiner" says that Dr. Pusey supposes that these words "were undoubtedly spoken by Christ, and takes not the least notice of the extreme uncertainty, now well understood by critical readers of the Bible, whether these words were really uttered by him at all. Indeed, it may now be affirmed with considerable confidence that they were not so uttered, that they, in fact, reflect only the ecclesiastical practice of the second century. The reasons for this statement may be of too abstruse and voluminous a nature to be satisfacto-

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rily stated in a newspaper; they involve the whole external and internal evidence of the gospel; the suspicious silence of Papias; the more than silence of Justin, who sometimes broaches the ideas while forsaking the language of the gospel; in short, the absence of any positive external testimony to the existence of this gospel earlier than Herodeon and Apollinaris; while, on the other hand, its contents are found to be ingeniously planned, with a view to bring out a peculiar theory of Christianity, having especial reference to the ideas and controversies of a period later by nearly a century than the date usually assigned to it. . . . . Dr. Pusey is, of course, at liberty to glean from the ritual of the Church of England all that may favor his views; but the Church of England is not 'Almighty God,' and its formularies have only the authority which may be fairly claimed by a political compromise sanctioned by Act of Parliament."

The charge recently given by the Bishop of London has just been published, and we have read it with admiration of that clear good sense and meek Christian wisdom which all Bishop Tait's writings display. On the subject of a union with the Catholic and Greek Churches, he has the following well-chosen words: "We do not forget how desirable it is that Christendom should be one, and at peace with itself. We long and pray for this peace and union; but we want no hollow peace, still less a peace which shall be purchased by sacrificing our liberty and God's truth. Thus we feel ashamed when told of members of our noble Reformed Church going, cap in hand, to seek for some slight recognition from that old usurping power — so unlike the gentle truth-loving Church of the apostles, of which it vaunts itself the sole representative — which slew Latimer and Ridley and Cranmer and Hooper in the old time because they would not surrender God's truth, and which certainly values the pure gospel now at as low a rate as of old. And we feel some satisfaction in learning how these advances were coldly rejected by the old haughty spirit which they seek in vain to propitiate. And then as to schemes of union with the Oriental churches, I am sure I wish they could come to anything. It would be satisfactory indeed to see the churches of the early centuries, the venerable Patriarchates, the nurseries of great Fathers, returning to the vigor and earnestness of their youth, and prizing that gospel which it is the great privilege of some of them to possess, written in the beautiful clearness of their own ancient tongue. When we

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think what blessings the West has received from the East, both of secular and religious civilization, no educated European will not desire to repay part of the debt, and concur in any schemes by which the Christian East may be benefited. But when we come to projects for reuniting Christendom, we are not to be hurried on by mere feelings of romance. Of course we are not such children as to suppose that the real unity of Christendom is to be secured by clergy in Rome, Constantinople, and London wearing similarly-colored stoles. We must ask calmly, but very seriously, how far these Churches are exerting themselves to escape from that idolatrous worship of the Lord's mother, which for centuries has made Christianity in those regions despicable in the eyes both of the Jews and the Mahometans. We must ask, also, what symptoms they are showing of a returning desire to teach the people out of the Holy Scriptures. There can be no union on our part which overlooks the deadly sins of idolatry, and the concealment of the Scriptures."

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the Southern States lately met at Memphis. One of the subjects that came up for consideration was the relation of the Freedmen to the Church. The action of the Assembly on this point reveals the fact that there is little comprehension at the South of the nature of the new relation to the whites which the colored people are to sustain, and but little consciousness of the high Christian duty which the posture of public affairs devolves upon the Church. The New York "Observer" rebukes the Southern Presbyterians in the following manner: "The most important point in the action of this Assembly, and one which has a startling significance as coming from a high court of Jesus Christ, is the deliberate resolution to make an utter distinction in the Church of God between those who have a white skin and those who have a black one, and to shut out from all the offices of the Church the latter, no matter whether they have been called of God, or how well qualified they may be in other respects. The simple question of color is to determine whether a man is to be admitted to the ministry, or even to the office of ruling elder; and this is so decided by a large body of learned and able Christian ministers and ruling elders, professedly acting in the name of God, who, in calling his people out of darkness into his marvellous light, and in calling them into the ministry of reconciliation, cannot be supposed to select them according to the complexion of their skin.

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The resolutions go still further. They effectually prevent the organization of a single Church composed of colored people alone, anywhere in connection with the Presbyterian body represented by this Assembly."

At this same session a Committee was chosen to visit foreign churches, and to receive contributions in aid of "the work of our beloved Zion." We are not sorry to see the editor of the "Observer" continue his castigation, and ask, "Will this Committee go before the Christian churches and societies in the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and on the continent of Europe, and bear true expression of the views and wishes of the Assembly on this subject? Will they dare to tell the people of those countries that they have solemnly, in the name of God, voted that no black man shall be allowed to become a minister or a ruling elder within the limits or under the jurisdiction of the branch of the Church which they represent? Will they dare to acknowledge that their General Assembly has effectually shut the door against the organization of a single church among the four millions of emancipated blacks, or even among those who were free and intelligent before? We trow not."

We find in the Boston "Christian Witness" (Episcopal), a report of an address delivered in Providence by Rev. F. D. Huntington, D. D., on the best means of awakening missionary zeal. We are glad to see that before the tricky pretexts oftentimes used to raise money, he confronts the great idea of Christian self-sacrifice. "Once let the people get poisoned with the wretched falsehood that, in order to carry on the work of the Church, and meet its costs, they must contrive some roundabout device of sale or fair or picnic, a mixture of merchandise, cajolery, and merry-making, by which the few shall be deluded into parting with more than they want to give, and the many shall be educated into the worse delusion of supposing they are not to surrender anything to the Christ who died for them without an ostensible equivalent taken back, and you strike at the root of all Christian charity, while its name is on your lips. You cast up a treacherous highway for the Lord's feet. You hide out of sight the central reality of sacrifice, which is the giving up to God of that which costs the selfish heart something. You eat out the heart of the Church to extend its outward prosperity. No scheme or endeavor to carry up missionary zeal will bear inspection which interposes a worldly or self-seeking or ambitious motive between

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the soul and the Saviour. Through whatever plans or economies or ingenuities of Church extension, all the while there should run this determined purpose and aim, — To educate the heart and the mind of the people more and more up to where they will learn to send the gospel to every creature because it is the gospel, and to surrender everything to the Son of man for himself alone: 'See,' said the luxurious and lazy abbot in his dining-hall, to the abstemious saint and student who stood a prophet at his door, like John out of the wilderness in Herod's court, — 'see yonder bags of coin from my tenantry, and be assured the Church cannot say any longer, "Silver and gold have I none."' 'No, sire,' replied the lean and solemn guest, 'neither can she go on to say, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk."' If the Church would fill out her rightfully-ordained office on this continent, restore the waste places and occupy the new, she must reaffirm and illustrate, first of all, the law of systematic and thorough-going sacrifice. She must not cheat her children with the dream of putting the garment of Christ's righteousness on themselves or others, so long as the thick and close undergarment of their own selfishness clings fast to them."

The New York "Independent," in an editorial, thus speaks of a Convention recently held in Boston: "A few weeks since the Boston Young Men's Christian Association issued a call, indorsed by clergymen of the Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, and Episcopal churches, inviting each Church in the State to send its minister and a lay delegate to a Christian Convention. The Convention spent two days in prayer and in debating questions of practical Christian effort. . . . . How shall the neglected classes be reached? How shall empty churches be filled? How shall the Sabbath-school be made more efficient in winning souls to Christ? How shall our devotional feelings be made more interesting and profitable? . . . . Dr. Nicholson and Dr. Hague joined Episcopal and Baptist hands in these debates. Professor Park and Dr. True showed how nearly identical were Congregationalist and Methodist. Over all and through all and in all seemed to flow that spirit of unity, love, and power that binds the universe and the heavens in one. The crowds that thronged to every meeting testified to the depth of interest the occasion had excited. Such throngs anciently caught the spirit, and the debates that raged in the halls, and carried it as a battle-cry, in torch and fagot, through the homes of the heretics. These

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crowds also catch the spirit that here prevails, and will carry it, a fire of rejuvenating love, through every hamlet, house, and heart. The thoughts suggested, though eminently practical, are of far less consequence than the *animus* imparted. It is the first of such conventions ever held in the land. It will not be the last. Other States will catch the flame, and gatherings of all the churches will show the folly and sin of church pride and separation. It will also show that churches, as States, are but parts of a Christian body, whereof is one Head, one Soul, one Life, one Love, eternal and divine."

Peter Bayne, an occasional correspondent of the Boston "Watchman and Reflector" (Baptist), gives a brief account of the trial of Rev. Walter Smith, of the Free Church of Glasgow, on a charge of heresy, as he had put forth some views of the inspiration of the Scriptures which the orthodox party, headed by Dr. James Gibson, regarded as latitudinarian. Peter Bayne says, "There is no doubt that the Free Church contains not a few men of narrow minds and unsympathizing hearts; but it is no more than fair to recollect that the decision of the Free Church on Mr. Smith's case has not yet been pronounced, and that it has already, in more than one instance, occurred that illiberal or erroneous judgments arrived at in the lower courts have been swept away in the General Assembly. Dr. Gibson is an exceptional man. He considers it his duty to shut his eyes to all the enlightenment of our age, and to reproduce in his own person, as closely as possible, the hardest bigotry of the seventeenth century." English papers refer to this trial as one of great interest; and while some of them speak disparagingly of Mr. Smith as rather an ambitious *literateur* than a theologian, others regard Dr. Gibson as moved by envy of Mr. Smith's marked success as a preacher.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago is putting forth a degree of enterprise and energy worthy of the young giant of the West. It is erecting a building for its use which is to cost $225,000. It will have a hall capable of seating three thousand persons, a room for the daily prayer-meeting, kept up now for nine years, with reading-rooms, missionary rooms, etc., there being a large coffee-room under the whole, where a good cup of coffee may be had for three cents. This Association disburses annually from $25,000 to $30,000. Its members organize themselves into bands, districting the city, so as to reach

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every part of it with Christian influence; and next summer they propose to district the State in the same manner, and extend their earnest labors in attempting to evangelize the whole of Illinois. We gather these facts from a Presbyterian paper, which names them as proofs, as they are, of the noble Christian activity of these young men, who, as we think, have fully proved their descent, not only by their good works, but by this mingling of religion and worldly comfort, prayer-meetings and coffee at three cents a cup.

We see occasional evidence of extreme dissatisfaction among the Baptists in regard to the narrow terms of their communion. The latest fact of this kind is presented by an influential Baptist clergyman of San Francisco, Rev. H. A. Sawtelle, who has withdrawn from the Second Baptist Church in that city, and has organized a new Baptist Church on the basis of open communion. Forty members of his former church, and his deacons, follow the pastor in his preference for more liberal terms of fellowship with brethren of other names.

The effect of the fashionable ritualism in England upon the mass of the religious people of Great Britain is considered in a New York Presbyterian paper, which says, "Nearly half the professed Christianity, and probably more than half the real Christianity of England, must be sought among Dissenters. Nor are they, at such a time as this, unconcerned lookers-on. The questions agitated affect them. They are taxed towards the support of an Establishment with which they have but little sympathy at the best, but which by tolerating within itself, the 'rookeries' of Rome will become an intolerable nuisance. Already the discussion has passed over to some extent into their ranks. Dr. Vaughan has taken up the subject and presented his views in an able volume which leaves no doubt where the English Congregationalists, who are with him almost to a man, are prepared to take their stand. Let the bishops keep silence; let ritualism go forward unchecked; let altars and incense, chantings and vestments, and bowings and mummeries absorb the attention of the clergy and the devotion of the people, and ere long the slowly-provoked but at length fully-exasperated feeling of the nation, uniting the Dissenters and the Protestant adherents of the Establishment in one, will hurl forth the sentence of condemnation against it, 'Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?'" We should have agreed with our New York contemporary if it had

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added, that it is not improbable that this revolt of the religious mind of England will yet be turned to swell the political agitation that demands reform. It seems as if the mind of the great middling class of the people was fixed, as never before, upon the claim to some effective participation in the government of the country, and the old state of things seems to totter to its fall beneath the assaults of the reformers. Of course such a spectacle as the High Church party presents must intensify public dissatisfaction, and lead, in time, to an unmasking of the papal tendencies of a large portion of the English Church, which constitutes at this moment, probably the strongest ally Popery has, and the heaviest clog to the progress of freedom and popular rights. The truth is, a very large number of the oldest English families have never been heartily on the Protestant side, and the more ancient their traditions, the stronger are their popish leanings. It was probably from some scion of an old English house that the Roman Catholic Archbishop in London received the other day a gift, which he acknowledged through the "London Times." A check for $2,500 was sent to Archbishop Manning by some one who signed himself a "Protestant," and what added to the appearance of a hoax was that the note also bore the name of "Guy Faux," and was dated on the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot. But on presenting the check to the bank, the Archbishop was told that it was all right, the donor, who did not wish to have his name known, felt for the Pope, to whom he desired to have the amount above named forwarded.

In appearing in an enlarged and more attractive form, the "Watchman and Reflector," the excellent Baptist paper in Boston, thus speaks of the press: "The weekly journal may, by the changes of the age, become more influential than the daily. The latter must be largely occupied by telegraphic news, and the comments on current events must of necessity be hasty and immature. The reports of one day are often contradicted the next, and the shrewdest and most experienced editor is at fault. But a weekly paper gives opportunity for mature thought and calm judgment, and the finest intellects may covet this broad field of influence. We shall not be surprised, therefore, if the weekly journals gradually attract to themselves the best minds of the country, and obtain a prodigious circulation." We believe that in England precisely the change here indicated has been for some time going on. The ablest writers no longer prefer the stately quarterlies, nor

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seek the ephemeral daily papers, as organs of communication with the public; but an immense amount of talent has been directed to the weekly, fortnightly, and monthly journals, in which the thoughts of the best writers of the kingdom may now be found. The weekly and monthly religious periodicals, especially, have received great accessions to the strength with which they are conducted, and in the increasing indisposition to *hear*, and the growing eagerness to *read*, we see signs to what great extent the press is coming to occupy the place of the pulpit.

EARTH TRANSFIGURED, AS SEEN FROM ANOTHER PLANET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LEOPOLD SCHEFER.

High in the holy heaven thou seest how still,
Sweetly serene, the constellations move
In their appointed round, night after night.
And yet the moon, too, has her day and night!
And on the stars pale Autumn comes, and Spring,
And death and life alternate even there
Upon their still and beauteous silver disks;
And thou, O soul, so tranquil lookest on,
So blissful, ay, as blissful as they seem!
And dost thou tremble, here on earth alone,
To look on Spring and Autumn, Death and Life?
Her day enchants, her night appalleth thee?
Oh, spread thy spirit's pinions, soar aloft
Up to that nearest planet's silver disk;
From there look out upon the earth, and let
This globe, and all thou knowest hereupon,
By distance be transfigured to a star:
Cities and mountains and old monuments,
All the dear forms of men and every child;
Then see thyself, too, as a pilgrim here,
Who, sojourning awhile upon the earth,
Bides in her valleys with the nightingales,
Dwells in her Springs and Autumns, days and nights.
So will sweet peace sink down into thy soul,
As when thou lookest at the evening star. C. T. B.

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RANDOM READINGS.

THE UNITARIAN PLATFORM.

HENRY WARE the younger thus defines the Unitarian position, and it could not be stated more nobly and clearly. The Italics are ours. It needs no prophet to foretell that if this position is abandoned, the denomination as such is at an end. S.

"Never was it given to a company of believers to be united by constitution or bond so dignified and admirable as this when understood according to its true idea. It is the naked heart, the inmost core of Christian truth, separated from every addition with which human ignorance, error, ambition, or superstition had connected it. A famous sect of philosophers there anciently was, who thought to arrive at true wisdom by selecting from all the schools what seemed truest in each, and uniting them in a new system. But the purpose of these modern eclectics is better still, — to reject what is peculiar to each school, and retain that radical and seminal central truth *which Christ proclaimed from heaven;* to bow to no human wisdom, to be led by nó finite will, governed by no fallible authority, but to be free, absolutely and unreservedly, from all constraint upon thought, inquiry, conscience, faith, *except the constraint of the revealed Word* and the willing obedience of the conscientious mind. It is impossible for imagination to conceive a more sublime position for man or angel in earth or heaven than this, — that of a spirit erect and independent, owning no control but that of the Being which made it, and to him and his will surrendered without reserve.

"This is the result to which the sublime principles of the Reformation conduct. Those principles insist on freedom of thought, liberty of conscience, the right of private judgment, independence of human control, in the strictest sense. *They permit and require every man to inquire of the Scriptures* and decide for himself, with ungratified submission to God, with absolute independence of man. That denomination has most consistently adhered to them *which has thrown away every creed but the Bible, and unseated every judge but Christ.*

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"If I understand the subject aright, this is what Unitarianism claims to have done. What a responsibility does it imply! What honesty of mind, what singleness, directness, or steadfastness of will, what resolute allegiance to conscience and God, does it demand of its disciples! It might be excusable for other men to inquire dilatorily for truth, and with an indolent foot follow the path of their convictions; for they have cast a portion of their responsibility upon others, and professedly learn much from human teachers. But for those who claim to be free from the interference of every human mind, to plant their faith and risk their salvation *on the Word of God alone*, they are guilty of most inexcusable madness, if they stop short at any secondary knowledge, *if they do not draw industriously from that infinite fountain*, if they be not as absolutely subjected to God as they are free from man. For the object of their liberty is not that they may follow wildly their own undisciplined impulses, — that they may take up and lay down at pleasure the thoughts and pursuits which expediency may suggest. They are set free from the control of man as the planets are, that they may the more exactly and blissfully observe the true orbit appointed by their Maker; made free by the truth, that they may obey the truth, by the truth be sanctified, and thus arrive at that only honor which a rational soul should desire or in which it can find its well-being."

THE NOVELS OF GEORGE McDONALD.

We have read two of them, — "David Elginbrodt" and "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," — and we cannot withhold a word of admiring comment. A religious novel does not ordinarily attract us. It is apt to be a poor story or a dull sermon, really damaging to the cause which it undertakes to advance, and so we would not call these books by this title, and yet the charm about them is precisely this, that they are pervaded by a very deep and very healthy religious life. The author, so we learn, was once a preacher, but could not comply with the doctrinal requirements of the section of the Church to which he had been providentially assigned. Adhering in the main to the great lines of evangelical thought, and rich in deep, healthy religious experiences, he speaks the word that multitudes in our day are longing to hear.

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The character of David Elginbrodt is finely conceived and sketched with a master's hand. It is one of the best fruits of Scotland's often too hard and dry Christianity, — a Christianity in this case mellowed and enriched, glowing with a summer's warmth and permeated with the juices of autumn. David is not a man of the creeds, but a good man, filled with the Spirit of God, and led by Him in the way of a devout life, so well grounded in the truth that he is not afraid to deal freely and fairly with all its forms, nothing doubting that the substance will hold its own.

The plots of these novels are very imperfect and unsatisfactory, and some of the characters are more fantastic than natural. The animal magnetism in "David Elginbrodt" seems to have been brought in to make out the story, and is not skilfully managed at that; but we care little for these things, and are more than content with the food of a cheerful faith that abounds in both these volumes. We know of no illustration of nearness to God more vivid and powerful than is given in the living and the praying of the man whose name even in these few lines we have already so often written, and if our young pastors would be stimulated to do the work of Christ in our New England villages, they can take no better Clergymen's Manual than the "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood." One lesson beyond all others comes out with clear, strong emphasis, that if we would help others, we must have the thing we would give, and be the thing we would do, always going back after every failure and in every discouragement to the very Fountain-head of spiritual life. Ministers go about a parish weary and lifeless and often complaining, and then they go home and hunt through their books for a sermon-topic, whilst human life is surging about them, waiting to be interpreted and guided by a devout and hopeful soul. They look outside for what they can find only within, and so they find nothing outside. Anybody can rehearse the contents of the newspapers, and make the ordinary conservative or radical comments upon them. The preacher is sent to go down deep, deep, to prophesy according to a large measure of faith, and to read with spiritual discernment the signs of the times. Anybody can go into the pulpit and repeat Scripture parrot wise; anybody can magnify or depreciate the letter; anybody can be stout for a creed or smart for a boldness of religious thought; anybody can "exalt Christ," as the phrase is, but to bring the living truth, the living Christ, the very gospel, to men, this is what evangelists are sent and preachers are set apart

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for. We want to bring the old gospel into the new times. Some preach the Word, but just as it might be preached to a company of scholars or monks; others preach every Sunday a Sermon for the Times. What we need is to bring the two sermons together and fuse them. Now McDonald has a wonderful faculty in this way. He knows what the world is thinking and doubting about and longing for. He has penetrated the mask of the church-goer, and found that the face beneath is not like the mask. He has penetrated the mask of the worldly, and found often a sad face behind, — a face furrowed with the tears of a seemingly vain regret; and he seems to say with almost passionate vehemence, Oh, tell men that there is a God whose resources and whose compassions are infinite and who has not planned this world to be a failure, nor called us to wrath, but to obtain salvation through his Son. Believe and *therefore* speak. These times are as hospitable to a true faith and sincere person as any. It may be a village in Old England or a village in New England; there is the same heart of man, worldly or consecrated or divided between God and self; there are the same temptations and joys and sorrows and heaven and hell. Go and preach the kingdom of God and by all means save some. E.

THE TWO WAYS.

FROM KRUMACHER.

The teacher of a village in the country near the Rhine once stood in his school teaching; and the boys and girls of the village sat round him and listened eagerly, for his teaching was interesting and friendly. He was speaking of a good and an evil conscience, and of the whisperings of the heart. When he had done speaking, he said to his scholars, —

"Who of you can make a comparison of this?"

Then a boy got up and said, "I could tell of something to compare it with, but I do not know whether it would be a right one."

"Tell me in your own way," answered the teacher, and the boy began: —

"I compare the peace of a good conscience and the uneasiness of a bad one to two paths which I once travelled. When the

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hostile troops marched through our village, they took away my dear father by force, and carried off our horse. As father did not come back again, mother and all of us cried and lamented, and she sent me to the town to find out about father. I went, and returned late in the night, with troubled heart, for I had not found my father. It was a dark autumn night. The wind roared and howled in the oaks and fir-trees, and among the rocks, and the night ravens and owls were screaming. But my mind was full of the thought that we had lost our dear father, of how my mother would grieve when I came home without him. I shuddered terribly at the darkness of the night, and every leaf that rustled frightened me. Then I thought to myself, thus it must be that a man feels who goes along with a bad conscience."

"Children," said the teacher, "would you like to be wandering in such a dark night seeking your father in vain, and when only the voice of the storm and the screams of the birds of prey were to be heard?"

"Oh, no!" cried the children all at once, and they shuddered.

Then the boy went on with his story, and said, —

"Another time I was going the same way with my sister, and we had brought all sorts of pretty things from the town for a secret festival, which our mother's father was preparing for the next day. We returned, also, late in the evening. But it was in the month of March, and the heavens were clear and beautiful, and everything was still and quiet, so that we could hear the spring flowing and rippling by the wayside, and the nightingales were singing in the bushes around us. We walked along hand in hand, and were so happy that we could hardly speak. Then our dear father came out to meet us too. Now I thought again to myself, thus it must be in the mind of the man who has done a great deal of good."

Thus said the boy. Then the teacher looked kindly on the children, and they all said with one accord, —

"Yes, we will also be good." J. E. C.

PARABLE.

It was the morning after a storm. The pastor took his son by the hand and went down to the beach to see if haply some sufferer might claim his kind offices.

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The boy uttered a cry of surprise. The ancient oak, which on the highest cliff had stretched its gnarled branches, a landmark to the mariner, was gone. In place of the shapely trunk and leafy top were grim, bare roots torn from their native rock, and the head late so lofty in the heavens was bowed and plunged in the roaring waters.

"Behold, my son," said the father as they stood beside the chasm, — "behold in what stern, unyielding rock was laid the foundation of this king of the forest. To these seeming cruel and cramping walls it owes its stubborn strength: thus from difficulty and denial rises the spirit of the good man strong and triumphant."

"Ah, my father," cried the youth, "look again into the chasm. This rocky ledge may have steadied the noble oak, but see the rich, soft, genial mould beneath, emblem of a home teeming with joy and love. From this it drew its nourishment, this gave it life to wax large and bounteous; it only endured the rock and used it as a support against the tempest."

THE ELDER STAFF.

FROM KRUMACHER.

A HUNTER was walking with his son in the fields, and a deep brook flowed between them. The boy wished to get over to his father, but he could not, for the brook was very wide. So he went and cut a stick in the bushes, put the staff into the brook, leaned boldly upon it and gave a great leap. But lo! it was the branch of an elder-bush, and whilst the boy was suspended over the brook, the staff broke in two in the middle, and the boy fell deep into the water, and the waves splashed and rushed together over him.

A herdsman saw this from a distance, and ran up and cried out. But the boy blew the water from his mouth, and swam laughing to the shore.

Then said the herdsman to the hunter, "You seem to have taught your son a good many things, but one thing you have forgotten. Why have you not accustomed him also to examine *the inside*, before he opens his heart to confidence? If he had tried the weak pith of the inside, he would not have trusted to the deceitful bark."

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"Friend," answered the hunter, "I have trained his eye and exercised his strength, and so I can trust him to experience. Time may teach him distrust. But even in temptation he will remain upright, for his eye is clear and his strength practised."

THE TRULY GREAT MAN.

I KNOW a great man who is kind and gentle as a child, and yet full of courage, who never speaks a cross word, who is always happy, and thinking of what he can do to make others so; who feels that the world is full of beauty, who knows about every little flower and of the story it has to tell of how beautifully God has fitted it to grow in the place where it may be found; who can tell you about the birds, how every one is so made that he may always get the food he likes best, and always live where it is pleasantest to him. When he walks out, he feels that he is in a beautiful garden which God himself has planted, and he remembers all the time that he is the child of God; so he loves to listen to the wind, to hear the insects, and to watch the clouds, and he feels happy to know that they and he himself are from the hand of God. But this great man was once a little boy; he had his study hours and his play hours, he had his thoughtless hours and his thoughtful ones, and I heard that once in his thoughtless hours while he was walking, he took up a stone to throw at a toad he saw in his path; but just as he raised his arm to do so, there seemed to be something which prevented him from doing it; he had no companion by him, so nothing touched him, and no one spoke to him, and yet he felt that he must not throw the stone. He became thoughtful, went straight home to his mother, and told her of it. "What was it, mother," said he, "that made me drop that stone?" "It was," said his mother, "what is called conscience, but I call it the voice of God, and, my dear boy, be sure that you always listen to this voice, and it will keep you from doing wrong." The boy did so, he obeyed his mother in this, and the voice of God in all things, and so he grew up to be a great and good man, feeling always happy in the thought that God had called him at that time to come to Him as his best friend.

S. C. C.

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A TRUE STORY.

It was one of the first days of spring, when a lady who had been watching by the sick-bed of her mother for some weeks went out to take a little exercise, and enjoy the fresh air. She hoped that she might hear a bird sing, or see some little wild-flower, which would speak to her of future hope, for her heart was heavy with anxiety and sorrow.

After walking some distance, she came to a ropewalk. She was familiar with the place, and being fond of the smell of tar, she entered. At one end of the building, she saw a little boy turning a very large wheel: she thought it was too laborious work for such a child, and as she came near him she spoke to him

"Who sent you to this place?" she asked him.

"Nobody; I came of myself."

"Does your father know you are here?"

"I have no father."

"Are you paid for your labor?"

"Yes, I get ninepence a day."

"What do you do with your money?"

"I give it all to my mother."

"Do you like this work?"

"Well enough; but if I did not, I should do it, that I might get money for my mother."

"How long do you work in the day?"

"From nine till twelve in the morning, and from two till five in the afternoon."

"How old are you?"

"Almost nine."

"Are you never tired of turning this great wheel?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"And what do you do then?"

"I take the other hand."

The lady gave him a piece of money. "Is it for my mother?" said he, looking pleased.

"No, it is for yourself," she replied.

"Thank you, ma'am," the boy said, and the lady bade him farewell. She went home strengthened in her devotion to duty, and instructed in true practical Christian philosophy, by the words and example of a little child, and she said to herself, "The next time that duty seems too hard for me, I will, like this little boy, not complain, but 'take the other hand.'" E. L. F.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

LEE & SHEPARD have just published *The Way of the World*, a novel by William T. Adams, the well-known Oliver Optic. Eugene Hungerford is the hero, the heir of three millions, who is not spoiled by his splendid fortune, but marries and lives as a reasonable being, agreeable to his own standard of right and duty, unheeding the clamor of the world. This excellent example of nonconformity with the low standard of society is inculcated and consistently enforced in the developments of the story.

M. W. DODD, New York, publishes *The Brewer's Family*, a temperance tale by Mrs. Ellis, author of "Women of England," and other popular works. It is written with a high moral and religious aim, and will strengthen the virtuous purposes of the young. The same firm publish *The Brownings, a Tale of the Great Rebellion*. The scene is laid in Florida. It is the common story of the faithful among the faithless, of persecution, suffering, and exile for Union sentiments, and is a picture of terrible realities. S.

The Draytons and The Davenants. A Story of the Civil War. By the author of "Chronicles of the Schonberg Cotta Family." New York: M. W. Dodd, 506 Broadway. 1866.

Mrs. Charles is unfortunate in only one thing, and that in having surpassed herself in "the Schonberg Cotta." Those who were so charmed with that truly delightful book find themselves a little disappointed in the volumes which have since been published, but which are none the less instructive, entertaining, and high-toned without any taint of cant, very much superior to the average of reading matter that finds its way into the hands of the young.

Our Little One, published by GOULD & LINCOLN, contains some very pretty bits of poetry, which will be very welcome to those who have been called to part with children. They are arranged under the heads, "The Little Shoe," "Little Feet," "Little Footsteps." We recognize one especial favorite in

"Another little wave." R.

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History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By JOHN ANTHONY FROUDE, M. A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Reign of Elizabeth. Volume I. New York: Charles Scribner & Company. 1867.

We have before us Volumes Seventh and Eighth of the elegant reprint of Froude's original work; and yet the seventh and eighth are also the first and second of what may be called a new work. For the convenience of those who may wish to begin with the historian at this important era in the story of the Reformation, he has made this division of his labors, and has, as it were, entered upon a fresh task. The style did not need to be illumined, and yet the reader will be helped by the incorporation into the page of many living paragraphs from original documents. Those who have vainly tried to obtain from Athenæums and the like the English volumes will appreciate the service which these publishers have rendered. We have already called attention more than once to the new lights under which Mr. Froude writes his history, and which make it anything but a twice-told tale. No one who would form any just conception of the times that he describes can afford to pass by the volumes. E.

Passages in the Life of the Faire Gospeller, Mistress Ann Askew. Recounted by the unworthie Pen of NICKOLAS MOLDWARP, B. A. And now first set forth by the author of "Mary Powell." New York: M. W. Dodd, 506 Broadway. 1866.

"1866;" but it tells, and in a very charming way, of "1536," — a sad story and yet good to tell and to hear. Those who are familiar with "Mary Powell" will heartily welcome "The Faire Gospeller." The "make up" of the volume leaves nothing to be desired.

A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life, published by Messrs. TICKNOR & FIELDS, is a book which can be unqualifiedly praised. E.

The Farmer, as illustrating solidity of life, and contributing to the solidity of the State. An address delivered to the Worcester Agricultural Society, in Worcester, Sept. 20, 1866, by Rev. HENRY A. MILES, D. D. Worcester Evening Gazette Office. Containing many bright things, and some excellent advice to boys and young men who hate country life and country work.

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MARCH, 1867.

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVII. MARCH, 1867. No. 3.

THE NEW PORTRAITURE OF JESUS.*

BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

IMPREGNABLE as the external evidence becomes through the new discussions and investigations, the internal evidence beams forth in a more tender and beautiful light. We have seen how it compelled Dr. Schenkel to put forth his brilliant absurdity, and claim that we are indebted to fiction and fable for our highest, truest, and most spiritual conceptions of the Christ. But we have just begun an adequate exploration of this golden mine of evidence. Dr. Furness has given us some glimpses of its interminable veins, which will grow broader and clearer as the profounder mysteries of man's nature and the more recondite laws of mental action are revealed. *If* a gnosticized Christian or any other fabricator of the second century had got up a Gospel of John, we know pretty well what it would have been. There are apocryphal writings extant of those times, from men who tried their hand in this way. They do not indicate an "understanding of the interior being" of Jesus, and the "loftiest aim" of his life, such as Dr. Schenkel imagines, but abundant religious fustian and despicable puerility. They compare with the simple, sublime conceptions of the Fourth Gospel very much as the murky bonfires of midnight compare with the

* See the leading article of the February number, of which this is a continuation.

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stars that shine in eternal serenity and beauty above them. Dr. Schenkel, in trying to rule out the miracles and retain what is left, seems to be strangely insensible to the violence he is doing to the seamless whole which he is tearing in pieces. He does not see that the miracles which he wishes to get rid of, viewed in their connection and dependency, are the most *natural* of all the events recorded, and that they run out in ramifications so minute and delicate as to make a congeries of nerves that give life and soul to the whole body of the narrative. His translator sees this and sometimes gives us an exegesis which we hope yet to see more extensively applied.

As an example of this kind of internal evidence, take the eleventh chapter of John's Gospel, which describes the raising of Lazarus from the dead, a miracle which Renan bungles at so shockingly, and which Dr. Schenkel's theory can make nothing of. The friendship of a soul like that of Jesus, the personal ties that held others in the embraces of his love, are a most essential element in the right interpretation of this whole chapter, — a chapter which quivers with a pathos so all-subduing that it can hardly be read for the thousandth time without touching the place of tears. The mighty power even of our poor human affection over those who are near to us, when struggling in the grasp of death; how it holds them in the body and will not let them go; how, when the eyes are closed, and the pulses are all still, and the coffin has received its precious load, their spirits seem bound to us and kept to the earth in ties that will not break, and even the process of corruption in the cold clay itself seems arrested, — all this we get intimations of, though as exceptions and anomalies in our sorrowful experience. Think, then, what the power of the Saviour's love must have been when acting under like conditions! The "miracle" began two days before, and it was a miracle of all-knowing and conquering human sympathy. Jesus was some twenty miles off, "beyond Jordan," when Lazarus sickened and died. But in heart and spirit he is there, and he knows the progress of the disease by those throbs and disturbances which a heart

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both great and tender feels along its hidden chords, and which draws up the sufferings of others into itself. How naturally he discerned, or rather *felt*, the hour and the moment when all was over! "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth, and I go to wake him." He would not call it death, for he was still conscious that he held him in his power, and held him to this world in the mighty embraces of his love, and only for the dull perceptions of his disciples he says, "Lazarus is dead." When all this is kept in mind, the scene at the tomb almost ceases to be a wonder, for it is hardly strange that the currents of life should flow again, and the spirit come back to its consciousness in the flesh when it had been held to this world, and perhaps within the mortal body, by sympathies so divinely strong. We cannot read patiently the sermons of the commentators on the words "Jesus wept," as if here was something unaccountable. How perfectly do they bring him before us, burdened with the feelings caused by drawing all the pains and sorrows of the family and of the dying man into himself, pent up before, but now convulsing his breast and brimming over in drops of tenderness! And how entirely in keeping is the scene that follows, which we are let into in a way that no forger would ever have thought of! As the tenant of the tomb comes forth, struggling with the linen bands that are wound about his limbs and impede his movements, and the lookers-on are fixed in wonder and consternation, Jesus, who alone was self-possessed, says to them, with a wave of the hand towards Lazarus, "Loose him and let him go."

Then the characterization of the narrative is so perfect and so plainly unstudied and undesigned as to render it morally certain that the whole scene is real and not imaginary. How graphically, though incidentally, are the two sisters individualized! It is Mary, and not Martha, who sits in the most retired part of the house given up to tender sorrow, and does not know that Jesus is coming. It is Martha, and not Mary, still "cumbered with much serving," who sees his approach and rushes out to meet him. One repeats after the other the same words which they must have said over and

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over together. It is Martha, and not Mary, who makes the coarse remark respecting the state of the body. Any forger could have imagined a resurrection scene, and we have abundance of them in the legends of Roman Catholic saints. No forger or romancer could have made the central fact the heart of a narrative like this, threading the whole body of it with veins into which beat the finest life-blood of our human nature.

The resurrection of the widow's son, which Dr. Schenkel must needs rule out of Luke's Gospel, has the same inimitable touches of nature. It is not the miracle which chiefly fixes our attention, but the humanities which embed it and flavor it, and which fiction would not have given us. How real the scene becomes, and how much is implied of heavenly gracefulness as we read that after the young man was raised upon his bier Jesus *handed him to his mother*.

There is another kind of evidence to which Dr. Schenkel and his school seem strangely insensible. They make no account of the incoming of a new era, the breaking-up of an old order of things, when the heavens bend nearer the earth and press into its affairs; when the Divine Providence is more openly seen and the depths of human nature are disclosed or turned up to the day. To judge the times of a new divine advent after our humdrum experience, were as if the naturalist, standing on some plateau covered with the soil whose greenness hides the ribs of rock tilted up by the fires below, should tamely discourse of "the uniformity of Nature" as if her on-goings had been always as now. The angelophanies of the New Testament and the resurrection and reappearance of Christ must be resolved, forsooth, into the illusions of men and women who lived in an unscientific age! Illusion belongs to any age, but when did ghost-seeing or ghost-stories inaugurate a new era of humanity? Suppose the New Testament a lost book, and we only knew from other history of the two conterminous periods of the world, just before and just after the advent of Christ. Before, there was everywhere darkness and moral ruin. It covered the earth like a pall, with scarcely a glimmering knowl-

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edge of God or man's spiritual nature, and of a future life. Just after we find little communions called churches, dotting the regions of night like spangles of gold and silver, enlarging and involving the whole in a celestial blaze, into each of which the heavens were open and tidings of God and immortality were flowing free. Say that the new age was a product of the old, and we must defy all the known laws of historic continuity. Look through other times, and we find embosomed in them the germs of their own futurity. The Protestant Reformation was long foretokened by signs, which, in the rhetoric of Coleridge, announced its coming as clearly as the purple clouds of the dawn announce the approach of morning. But where were the purpling clouds that heralded the advent of Jesus? Dr. Schenkel cannot find them. But open the New Testament, and we find JESUS AND THE RESURRECTION everywhere preached and believed, and with a power that broke up the old foundations, and transformed society anew. It was not a resurrection of the flesh. It was the resurrection of the Divine Man out of his earthly envelopments, and a new opening of the interiors of men's minds to a living apprehension of him in his glorified being, and of a spirit-world in its unveiled effulgence as the reality of which earth is only a dark adumbration. When we can believe this, we have an adequate cause for the power with which Christianity came, shaking the world to its centre, transforming human character as by a stroke of God, and turning history completely out of its course. Indeed, the history of the Church for a full century and a half is a continuous Supplement to our Book of Acts, during which the startling glories of Christ's resurrection morning gradually faded into the light of common day. To believe with Strauss and Baur, whom Dr. Schenkel so far follows, that the visions and tales of ghost-seers, or half-crazed women, and not the heavens pressing visibly into men's minds and thence into history, produced these wonderful results, is to believe in miracles not such as the intellect can honor, but which it must deride as the most stupendous of all absurdities.

Most of the objections to the genuineness of the Fourth

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Gospel proceed on the assumption that the four biographies are *parallel*, or at least are to be judged of as if they were. John omits certain things which the others tell us, and which are of great importance, — the temptation, for instance; and the others omit important things found in the Fourth Gospel, such as the miracle at Cana and the resurrection of Lazarus. One might naturally suppose that fair and honest criticism would see here marks of genuineness, and not the reverse. What possible motive would John have to repeat what he knew the churches already possessed and were familiar with, unless in some new combination which would give fresh illustration to the life and teachings of Jesus? And could we well conceive of anything so natural, or even necessary, as that each writer would select and embody what his own genius best qualified him to present, and which served best the exigencies of the rising Church in its successive stages? In truth, this is exactly what we have. The earliest Gospels — which are acknowledged on all hands to be those inscribed with the names of Matthew and Mark — treat more exclusively of the *external life* of Jesus, the palpable facts which appeal directly to the senses. This, above all things, was what the first converts needed and what they would best understand; and even the apostles understood little more than this until the facts had been transfused in the dissolving and reorganizing power of the Holy Spirit. The Third Gospel involves a series both of facts and discoursings, bathed in the hues of a more spiritual and transfiguring light from the mind of Christ. But only in the Fourth Gospel do we come to the inmost series of all, where his divinity beams out in a splendor the most unreserved, and the pulses of his humanity are felt in their tenderest throbbings. It is vain, therefore, to talk of the Gospels as parallel, or to criticise them as such. They are not parallel, but introjacent. One lies within another, and they indicate exactly the order in which, not only we in our Christian experience, but in which the rising Church learned Christ; first carnally, then spiritually, then divinely as the highest and inmost manifestation of the Godhead. Dr. Schenkel

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sees this plainly enough, but he does not suffer it to bear him onward and upward to its fair, logical results. His preconceived theories about the supernatural make him grope among the half-heathen writers of a later age who fabricate a Gospel from legend and their own fancies, which confessedly is most true to the reality, because thereby he is not obliged to come directly to the prime authority of an inspired apostle, and blink the solar splendors of an open Divine Revelation.

We do not imply, by any means, that either Gospel bears *exclusively* the character we have ascribed to it, but that they are so distinguished from each other that we approach successively to the inmost being of the Lord Jesus, and that so far forth Dr. Schenkel's characterization is entirely just.

But having seen thus much, he ought to have seen more. He ought to have seen that in this view of the Four Gospels they will often blend in a most complete and beautiful harmony where otherwise they would seem in sharp antagonism. We have only space for one or two illustrations. There is a scene in the Fourth Gospel which Dr. Schenkel treats as unhistoric partly because it disagrees with Matthew and Mark, and partly for its supposed intrinsic improbability. It is the scene at the cross between Jesus and his mother and the beloved disciple, bearing, as we read it, the most indubitable marks of reality and in severest harmony with the first two Gospels. These speak of women "looking on afar off," the "mother of Zebedee's children" being among them, — exactly the way in which Matthew, and Peter who is supposed to have dictated Mark, would have been likely to write. What had they to do with that scene of filial tenderness, — they who deserted and fled and came afterwards and looked on "afar off" themselves? How, indeed, should they know of it? And how naturally would they speak of "the mother of Zebedee's children," and avoid the mention by name of James and John? But there are three women who leave that far-off group and venture near, drawn by the awful fascination of the scene. Two of them are sisters.

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One clings to the other with a heart breaking with maternal anguish. The third is the one who, healed of disease and sin, had balmed the head of Jesus with costly perfume, washed his worn feet and wiped them with her hair, as if grateful love could not do enough for its benefactor. She, too, is there. The simple narratives intend no scenic description, but by just comparing one with the other, their few words become graphic. How distinctly do we see the three women leave the "far-off" group, separate themselves from it, and find their way to the cross! John was there already, and most naturally they come up and stand at his side. He it is who gives us the tender colloquy which followed, in which Jesus committed his mother to his care. Dr. Schenkel discredits this because he thinks the women could not have endured such a sight. Strange that any man who ever had a mother could write such a criticism; could believe that one mother in ten thousand would have kept afar off, and not come nigh for the last benedictions and farewells, or could be ignorant of the fact that in such hours as these the tenderest natures are the strongest, and that woman's affection is the mightiest power on earth. We have seen *men* shrink away from the death-bed agonies as too much for paternal fortitude, while long afterward a mother's strength of mind and body, because drawn up from deeper springs, would hold out to the end, and wipe the last drop of anguish from the brow.

Equally superficial and futile must we regard Dr. Schenkel's critical objections to the scene at the cross between Jesus and the penitent malefactor. Say the Four Gospels are parallel, and the reader will find here discrepancies which he cannot reconcile. Treat them as introjacent, and not only there is no discrepancy, but the completest harmony.

This scene, too, must have come originally from John. He was an eye and ear witness; the other disciples were not. And it was just the scene into which the spirit of John would enter and qualify him to describe it.

We will not attempt here, as we have exhausted our space, to apply to it our exegesis; but we must say that to

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our mind it is as full of nature as it can hold, redolent of the very spirit of Jesus, as none but John could apprehend it, while he caught the sweet undertones of heavenly mercy under the black storm of hate and rage that wrapped the heights of Calvary.

Finally, we rejoice that the new sifting of evidence about the Fourth Gospel has been so thorough and exhaustive. It shows that the friends of Revelation have nothing to fear from the most free investigation, but in the end much to gain. The results already begin to appear. Not only the best scholarship of the age goes to authenticate its record, but the most living apprehension of the Saviour's interior life confirms its essential truth, as Dr. Schenkel is constrained in spite of himself to acknowledge. Herein, too, the deepest intuitions of the vital truth of Christianity in all ages of the Church, modern as well as ancient, are in perfect agreement. Ernesti styles the Fourth Gospel "the heart of Christ." Herder says, "It was written by an angel's hand." A German poet of kindred spirit, who had bathed his soul in it, exclaims, "There is in it something so perfectly wonderful, — dusk and night and the quick lightning throbbing through them! The soft clouds of evening, and behind the mass the big, full moon bodily! When I read John, it always seems to me that I see him before me, reclining at the last supper on the bosom of his Lord, as if his angel held the light for me, and at certain parts would put his arm around me and whisper something in my ear." Origen calls it "the first fruits of the Gospels, into whose meaning no man can enter unless he has reclined on the bosom of Jesus." And Augustine reaches the same result as Dr. Schenkel, but through a vastly different road, and regards John not as the "parallel" of Matthew and Mark, but as occupying the "circle within the circles" where the Divine Spirit of Jesus shines free of earthly clouds and exhalations. "In the Four Gospels, or rather in the four books of the one Gospel," says Augustine, "the apostle John, not undeservedly, with reference to his spiritual understanding, compared to an eagle, has lifted higher and far more sublimely than the other three,

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his proclamation, and in lifting it up, he has wished our hearts, also, to be lifted up. For the other three evangelists walked, so to speak, on earth, with our Lord as man; of his divinity they said but few things; but John, as if it oppressed him to walk on earth, has opened his words, as it were, with a burst of thunder; has lifted himself not only above earth and every sphere of sky and heaven, but even above every host of angels, and every order of invisible powers, and reaches to him by whom all things were made, as he says, "In the beginning was the Word."*

It is an argument for the inspiration of any book, by whomsoever written, that for seventeen hundred years it has found the human soul, and reached the deepest soundings of its consciousness, as no other book has done; and when, in addition to this, a scholarship so calm, cool, and patient as that of Tischendorf has disclosed an historical evidence which the most subtle assaults of criticism have not disturbed, the Fourth Gospel will not lose its place in the New Testament canon, nor cease to win souls to the love of Christ, and draw them up into the peace of God.

S.

All God's universe is in motion under his hand, — move with it. Let the harmony of his purpose be yours. Let power be ruled by love. Let the activities of that animating spirit govern you; for, if it do not, all the elements that are so inscrutably active about you and within you will war against you and whirl you into outer darkness. But your minds being regulated by obedience to the Divine Word, you will find all things working together for your good, and you will, in fact, be obedient to the very thought that, being spoken, brought light into existence, and thence all things; and thus you will act at last as if constituted like it, by being really and in spirit united with the Word that was God and dwelt among us, and whose glory we beheld as full of grace and truth.

* See Introduction to Tholuck on John, Section 5.

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THE EPISTLE OF BARNABAS.

In our review of Dr. Schenkel's "Charakterbild," translated by Dr. Furness, we gave Tischendorf's citation of the Epistle of Barnabas, stating that it was of "undoubted genuineness." This needs qualification.

The reader will remember Barnabas, the companion of Paul, and as some think the author of our Epistle to the Hebrews. Of course, any work of his would be of special interest. The history of the Letter now extant, supposed to have come down from him, is one of the curiosities of religious literature.

It was quoted towards the close of the second century by Clement one of the most learned of the Greek Fathers, and quoted with great reverence as genuine. It was quoted afterwards by Origen and Jerome as the work of Barnabas. But it was wholly unknown in modern times till it was discovered and an edition published at Paris in 1645. The prevailing modern opinion at first was against its genuineness. Afterwards it was regarded as genuine by the best critics, — by Rosenmuller among others, — and as such generally received. More recently it was questioned again by such critics as Neander, Ullman, and Norton. But thus far in modern times it was known only in a mutilated copy, partly in the Greek original, and partly in an old Latin translation, the beginning of the former and the end of the latter being lost, and the text of both being corrupt. One thing, however, was certain. Its antiquity was indisputable. It could not date much later than the first century, if any, and it quoted Matthew's Gospel as sacred Scripture with the formula "*as it is written*," under which only canonical Scripture was ever cited. The quotation was found in the Latin translation, the Greek original of which was missing. Here was something for the Tubingen critics to account for. Nothing, however, was easier. It is a gloss of the Latin translator, they said, — of course it is. It could not have been in the Greek original, — impossible. "The quotation form '*as it is written*,'" said Credner, "used for the New Testament books is for that time unheard of and without example. . . . On internal grounds we must question the correctness of the text till the contrary is proved to us." The words "smell of gloss," said Dressel.

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Since then and quite recently, a Greek manuscript, the oldest which the world possesses, has been discovered, and lo! the Epistle of Barnabas comes up entire, not in a mutilated copy, but the whole Greek original. That the Epistle cannot possibly date later than the beginning of the second century, the contents, says Tischendorf, unexceptionably show. Others carry back the date as far as A. D. 80, and there seems no valid reason for questioning the opinion of the Fathers of the second and third centuries, who quote it as the then undoubted letter of Barnabas.

The authorship, however, is not important in its bearing upon the canon. Turning for the disputed formula, there it is in the old Greek parchment manuscript, — "AS IT IS WRITTEN," and the smell of gloss all disappears.

Tischendorf does not conceal the delight in which with his new-found needles he pricks the bubbles which the Tubingen critics had blown up from their tobacco pipes. "Surely," he says, "the fact that, at the opening of the second century, proof that the existence of an evangelical canon has been found is a crushing weight against the boundless play of hypothesis in which, during the last ten years, the history of the New Testament canon has been involved." He goes on and in his own department of Text-criticism, where he stands without a rival, he shows that so early as the middle of the second century, *versions of the Four Gospels as we have them* were made and circulated in various languages as canonical Scripture, — a fact which involves the necessity of a preliminary and preparatory period, and carries the authorship of these Gospels into the first century, — a fact before which the long train of bladders which the Tubingen critics had been blowing up for thirty years collapse and vanish out of sight. S.

THERE ARE NO GOOD WORKS WITHOUT FAITH. — We must believe in the reward and the Rewarder before we can possess a right spirit for labor; since, otherwise, our employment will amount to no more than the drudgery of seeking vain amusement, or of slaving on in greater degradation than a muzzled ox under the sharp stimulus of the goad. But patience, too, has perfect work, and it is blessed, indeed, for its life is faith; therefore, plod on, weary workers, and your souls shall yet be free.

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THE PINE ON MONTE MARIO.*

VANDAL, spare that Pine!
Touch not a single bough!
This gold shall make it mine;
No steel shall harm it now!
By Nature's hand 'twas set
To top this beauteous hill;
That hand preserves it yet,
And shall preserve it still!

That Pine has been to me
For years a faithful friend;
And shall I tamely see
Thy axe its glories end?
Bright Day would spend his gold
To save that brave old tree;
Its price cannot be told.
Rash leveller! let it be!

That old familiar tree,
What rapture of delight
The vision gave to me
At morning and at night!
Reflecting day's first beam,
With mingled love and awe,
And dark in evening's gleam
That wondrous form I saw.

In majesty and grace
How long that tree hath stood
With peers of lofty race,
Old monarchs of the wood!
Its brethren all are low,
Felled by thy cruel hand;
Spare, madman, this last blow,
And let the old Pine stand!

* This solitary pine is called, I think, Sir Charles Eastlake's Pine, from the circumstance of his having saved it from the destruction which befell the rest of a group. I have parodied a well-known song, to express his feelings.

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That glorious old stone Pine,
Last gem in Mario's crown,
A king by right divine—
And wouldst thou hack it down?
Dear as Saint Peter's dome
To evening's golden sky, —
Plume on the brow of Rome, —
It must not — shall not — die! C. T. B.

ROME, Feb. 21st, 1866.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED AND GLORIFIED.

BY W. H. KIMBALL.

As a professed Christian, I know of nothing to be preached or proclaimed but Christ. As a professed humanitarian, I know of no object for such preaching but the good of mankind. With such convictions, I desire briefly to set forth what I regard as "preaching Christ and him crucified," and, also, Christ and him glorified, both in their immediate human significance.

The truths, then, of the life, death, and resurrection of the personal Christ must be regarded, in their fullest and best aspect, as truths of practical import to man at large. That is to say: the truths of the suffering and death of Christ are of vital import to man in every age of Christian history, as distinctly signalizing the reality that the soul, during its first stages of divine realization, must experience conflicts, pains, and deaths, as crucifixion, in order that, thus enduring the cross, it may finally triumph and rise with him to perfect newness of life. The law of attainment is such that *all* good must be won by stern conflict and heroic valor. Perfect rest in the Lord, or peace in the complete attainment of divine love and wisdom as a perpetual reality to the soul, as the highest, and, indeed, only treasure of life, must make of the soul a battle-ground of bitter strife and ruddy hue. In this first direct alliance of human and divine, the human instincts and wants perpetually throb and clamor for that unbridled

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play which the grosser nature feels to be its only good. Hereupon the divine monitor warns, remonstrates, and battles for the great realities of *life* as the only good; and with unfaltering patience, and labors to stimulate and empower the human will to deny self, — to put away sin by the sacrifice of self, — it struggles and suffers and endures, that thereby the perishing creature, whose life is only death, may be elevated and endowed with a glory of which, through itself, it could have no faintest conception; but which, through creative mercy and love, makes it the joyous abode of infinite perfection.

Such seems to me to be a glance at the practical aspect of the truth of the crucified Christ. And the glorified life of full attainment, as the final and sure issue, is already indicated as the result.

As, then, the burdened, pierced, and crucified Form of the personal Christ means that such is the first process of the *life divine* to every Christian soul, so the glorification and resurrection of that blessed Form to conditions superior to every ill — against which the lurid bolts of demonly rage might henceforth play in vain — means that the universal human, passing, with divine aid, triumphantly through all the pangs of the first process, is sure to realize its resurrection to the immortal conditions of the new *life* of infinite perfection. Christian conflict, then, in man — the divine life struggling to mould and fashion the human to conditions of perfect alliance — does not constitute full creative realization, such as lets the soul rest from its toils, as God rests from his creative *work*, but is the indispensable prelude to that majestic condition. And, be it distinctly remembered, that this ultimate form of Christian perfection is not to be regarded as exclusively a reality of transmundane life, but especially as a reality of the life that now is. Let us, then, as rational Christians, cease to regard the natural sphere of human experience as of necessity, and exclusively, the realm of sin and death, and come to realize that eternal life is a present possibility, even in its triumphant form as the risen Lord.

The especial burden of the Christian pulpit, heretofore, seems to have been the crucified Christ; and this, it seems

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to me, not so much with its direct *human* purport, as with the intent of exalting the personal Christ practically to an immeasurable distance from a sinful world to which that blessed Form strove ceaselessly to come into practical, saving alliance. Christ himself never sought, but on the contrary constantly repudiated personal distinction; hence, there can be no greater mistake on the part of his professed votaries than to present him in that inhuman plight. Let the crucified Christ still be proclaimed according to the abundant demand; but let him be preached as an ever-present power of life in the human soul; battling there with every form of sin and corruption in order to overcome and ultimately emancipate the soul from the thraldom of all worldly adversity, and to make it triumphantly one with infinite goodness. And, as such is the work of Christian regeneration especially, let *salvation*, as the ultimate reality of Christian life and the divinely glorified form of the Christ, be also set forth with its vital significance as a reality for men and women now, and here; and, not solely as an object of faith, as an inheritance beyond the grave. Let it be understood that, as Christian conflict implies the yet unsubdued motions of the adverse creaturely nature toward corruption, so Christian rest, as the *salvation* of Christ, implies that divine order in the soul is fully realized in that nature itself, making it perfectly one with all that is good and true; hence, that the creaturely nature, thus divinely enlivened, can harbor no love for anything which savors of corruption and death, but *lives* constantly in the immortal bliss of the incorruptible; and that such is the life and immortality of the living Christ, the saving grace of God, and the priceless boon to man.

Such seems to the writer to be a brief indication of the practical import of the Christian doctrines of crucifixion and resurrection.

In order to study to have a conscience without offence, we must know the divine will, and willingly obey it.

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"GOD IN THE STORM."

A Sermon preached in First Church, on the Sunday after the great Snow-Storm of the 17th of January, by Rev. Rufus Ellis.

"And the Lord shut him in."—Gen. vii. 16.

It was not a flood of mighty waters, and my home was no drifting ark; nevertheless, as the door closed between us and the wild winter's storm, the old words came back, and seemed to have gained a new fulfilment, and somehow the thick-falling snow detained my thought from every less concrete and visible theme. It became more and more plain that if I should succeed in saying anything to you to-day it would be of this. I know that Christianity deals habitually with the soul's problems, its relations to the invisible God, its sinfulness, its repentance, its reconciliation, yet the lilies and the grass of the field and the sparrow's descending flight supplied our Lord with texts and illustrations, and in the barren or teeming earth he found parables. Besides, there are times when Nature presses upon us, and we cannot refuse ourselves to her importunacy; she will be our teacher, from that

> "book, who runs may read,
> Which heavenly truth imparts,
> And all the lore its scholars need,
> Pure eyes and Christian hearts."

"The *Lord* shut him in." When faith is brought face to face with the outward world, it must say, "The Lord." Science looks out upon the snow-storm and says, "The vapor of the atmosphere congealed by cold and the particles aggregated together in flakes," then tells you "of balloonists who have seen it in process of formation, and how, in very cold regions, it has been made in moist, warm rooms." The Psalmist looks out upon the winter scene, it may be in Judæa, it may be in New England, and says, "He giveth snow like wool, he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes, he casteth forth his ice like morsels." There ought not to be any antagonism between these two voices. There can be no reason why

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science as science should say anything different, — snow *is* congealed vapor. There can be no reason why religion as religion should say anything different, — he who begins his journey through Nature with God will find him all along the road, find what he takes with him, and if some man with a telescope, or some other man with a microscope, should report, "No Creator," he will not be surprised, as not having supposed that the Creator, being invisible, would be any more visible through the telescope or the microscope than to the naked eye. When Alexander Humboldt says, significantly, "I am of the religion of all men of science," he should have limited his words by adding, "I mean all those in whom the spirit's vision is darkened." Faith ought always to be ready to add to itself knowledge, and to deal fairly with every fairly-ascertained conclusion of science, but she must still be Faith, persuasion of the Best, of the Perfect, the Ideal, that which is real to our inmost sense, though we see through a glass darkly, and know only in part.

"The *Lord* shut him in." The *Lord*, and yet let me say that we ought to be very cautious in our spiritual and moral readings, what the old ministers called improvements of Nature's phenomena. Our utmost knowledge is very small. Lo! these are the least part of thy ways. The Spirit of God will, indeed, lead us aright as to the grand design and purpose of Nature. Somehow, we are sure that the stormy winds are his messengers, and flaming fire his minister, but in *what ways* we must not be in haste to tell. You stand at the window of your cheerful room, and see with admiring eye how the newly-made alabaster has been fashioned by the Divine Artist into arch and archivolt and festoon. You take the microscope and learn with delight that winter, also, has its flowers, showered down from its clouded skies, and tossed into the lap of earth by its wild winds. You read by your pleasant fireside that there is warmth for the ground even in this frozen mantle, and that many a tender plant and many a seed of promise shall owe next summer's beauty and growth to this piled-up snow; we go forth into our comparatively sheltered streets, and are only exhilarated by the storm, and

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hear only cheery voices of those who find only sport in buffeting the tempest; the blood moves swiftly and the voice that interprets is a voice of health and happiness, and we say even the hem of the Divine Robe is beautiful and healing, and what seem only the chance creations of a most wilful Will reflect the supreme beauty of the first fair, and could not be less than comely even in seeming waywardness and caprice. But ah! my friends, the poor woman within her broken walls will hardly go from her fading fire to look out upon the falling snow with æsthetic eye; it is a terrible fact to her, and she will not learn from any alleged usefulness or evident beauty of the winter's storm, but only from one who ministers best to the saddest hearts, to say, — if she does say it, — "The *Lord* hath shut me in." A little more than he needs for tonic and heartening is the tempest to the traveller out upon the plains, to the sailor as his vessel is blown upon the coast. He is in the midst of that which the artist sketches at a safe distance. Just how it is all beautiful and blessed you shall find it hard just now to show him, and it will be better not to try. I do not mean that God's works and ways are not all good. What I would say is simply that such knowledge as our professors of natural theology lay claim to in some cases is too wonderful for us, — it is too high that we should hope to attain unto it. How small our readings of Nature, learned in these village schools, must sound to those who enjoy the freedom of the celestial cities! I stand reverently before these, to me, unfinished works. I confess the power that moves before me. I see how beauty is blended with strength, and life with death. I am sure that in these outward and visible things, as well as in my reason and heart, God is revealing himself, and challenging me to learn and be wise; I take the impress of the scene; but were it only for the sake of those who have found the Lord to be only a destroyer, I will not pretend to understand it all, or talk about snow-crystals with their numberless small faces and feathery filaments assuming ever new forms with the changing temperature to people, like the poor Londoners, the other day, or like many, perhaps,

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amongst us who only know that because the snow is come at last, they can pile no more stones, and lay no more bricks for many a hungry day. We must be careful not to give the law to Nature by putting our narrow interpretation upon the little we know about her, talking now of merciful providences, and now of just judgments. We have taken a great step, and perhaps it is as far as the finite mind can hope to go when we have learned to refer what looks like evil as well as what looks like good alike to an altogether beneficent God, and have steadily refused to find in Nature any reflections of the fears and glooms of our own souls,— refused to say that lightnings and tempests are the real calamities that are visited by the Governor of the world upon his fallen children. His sun shines, said the Saviour, upon the evil and the good. What the philosopher calls a sublime neutrality, is to his discerning the Infinite Love.

"And the *Lord* shut him in." A dreary outlook it must have been as the waters rose and spread in that evil day. Dreary enough must have been the vision of the contending elements in these last days, also, from many a lonely cabin,— the Lord's work in a mystery,— a mystery of all the particulars of which we might almost use the very language of one of the Grecian philosophers who taught twenty-three centuries ago, "What they dream they know is but the little each hath stumbled on in wandering about the world, yet boast they all that they have learned the whole; vain fools! for what *that* is no eye hath seen, no ear hath heard, nor can it be conceived by mind of man." Let us not be rash with our lips, or intrude our narrowness and selfishness upon Nature. Nevertheless, we will welcome what comes to us borne upon the stormy winds, and hear Him who still saith to the snow, "Be thou on the earth." "His treasure," the Lord called it when the Voice came through the tempest to Job. Would he have us see in it as it comes down out of the heavens, so spotlessly white, the emblem of the pure spirit, undefiled yet of the world? Shall we say this as we see it, lighting up our darkest day, veiling all things in beauty, covering up from our eyes the rough and unsightly earth, rounding into

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graceful forms every shapeless object, clothing the withered and the dead earth in the shining robes which angels wear, and they who have passed out of mortality into life, and are like the angels? Do you not feel almost a human sorrow for the gleaming snow-flake when you think where it must fall, that purity into what filth of earth, what foul streets and blackened lanes? — and how it must be trodden under foot and become of the earth earthy? Do you not see there the image of many a human fortune? Can you forget that other and more real treasure has come down out of the heavens, and is no longer white, innocence all gone, the fair robe spread over the dark earth for a few moments recalling, perhaps, as a dream, when one awaketh a guileless childhood? Too pure the snow looks for the thoroughfares of guilty cities, is it not as true of many a human soul? Thank God, the emblem does not exhaust its teaching as it lies there in defilement. The little drop shall in good time be gathered up, sweet and clean and white, and free from every stain, and go to its own place in the upper air, and the way to heaven shall lie through the dark, cold earth; for as the wise woman of Tekoah said to King David, "We are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again, yet God hath not taken away the life, but doth devise means that his banished be not expelled from him." Let us be ingenious and skilful with Him, that many may be clothed again in the white robes of righteousness, and heaven be filled with redeemed souls, and his treasure and our treasure laid up evermore at God's right hand! Beautiful parables of the soul tried and tempted and purified does the Lord teach us while he shuts us in.

And to any who can see little beauty, but only cheerlessness and dreariness, in the wintry landscape under the pale sun and the cold moon, let Him say that he has provided no world for any elect spirit whose time shall be all made of summer days. He is not careful to save those whom he loves — and who is there that he does not love? — from all hardness. He calls us to struggles. If we would enjoy the good things of life without pain and price, we presently

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lose our manhood, and then we can enjoy nothing any more. But lest we should be disheartened by so hard a saying, we presently find that where there is a warm, beating heart, we are not so shut in that brave, cheerful activities and brotherly helpfulness will not set us free. The warm earth, like the strong man, refuses to be frozen. The very snow is robe and shelter. Where there is heat, it still nurses the little roots, and keeps its own hot-house for the hardy plant under the transparent ice. Sometimes when the Lord shuts you in, you fancy, as you sit in your gloominess, that it will be a perpetual desolation, — no spring-time, no summer-time any more, only heaps of snow upon the paths of the living and the graves of the dead. But it is never so. For the elect's sake the days are ever shortened. Life ever triumphs over death. There is ever a world to come. We know it is always thus with the changing year, though only because the transformation is so common has it ceased to be an amazement. Let us believe that it shall be so with every winter of our life! When the Lord shuts us in, let it be unto a more affectionate and brotherly bearing, unto courage and patience and an unfaltering faith in that great and blessed Future which shall complete all our incompleteness, and pour upon our path the light of an unclouded sky.

EARTH and time are not large enough for the unfolding of a soul to the full. We look for the forest in the acorn; we look for the universe and its Maker in the soul. Eternity must manifest it, or rather that light, which is God, must so fill the profundity within us, to reveal eternity unto us before we can know the vastness of our own being. In the soul lie hidden powers which are like the living seeds that the Almighty cast with his own hand into the new-made earth, which have not yet produced all their fruits. The dew of ages beyond ages, the eternal sunshine, the tempering of seasons by the breath of Jehovah forever, are requisite for the germination and mature development of all those capabilities, for bliss or bane, which reside within ourselves and cannot die.

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"BEAUTY FOR ASHES."

BY REV. C. T. BROOKS.

THE Spirit of the Lord, as it once commissioned his Prophet to comfort with this promise his mourning people, so always by his angels, that is to say, by his own ever-active and all-conquering love, has been giving beauty for ashes to many a scene of earth, and nowhere have I felt this more sensibly than on the hills of Rome and around the Bay of Naples.

There is an irreligion, and even a religion, so-called, which sees in the placid and transparent beauty of these Italian shores and skies only the cold triumph of a Fate or a Justice that laughs at the littleness and misery of man. But to my Christian faith, the smile which rests upon that romantic and classic region is not a smile of mockery, but a smile of mercy. It may answer for the poet, by way of pointing a rhyme or a moral, to say, as he looks upon that land with its sanguinary history, —

> "Pomegranate, grape, and orange are but telling,
> With blushing cheek, of all the blood they drank."

But to my eye, the glow on the cheeks of those generous fruits is the glow of that overflowing love which fills the infinite heart of the Creator of all.

It was one of the loveliest of Sundays in May, the loveliest of months, in that loveliest of earth's regions, when I found myself, almost as one in a dream, walking up toward the sea-gate of Pompeii. There were two things that would have prevented the dream from being perfect, — one was that I had come on the *railroad*, and the other was that I had approached the city through the gate of the *Hotel Diomede*, — that same Diomede whose house, left two thousand years ago, stands on the Street of Tombs, beyond the Herculaneum Gate. But neither pen nor pencil nor music, nor all together, could reproduce the dreamy and impressive beauty of that still corner of the bay, where lay the buried and risen city, with the tranquil blue stretching at its feet,

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no longer lurid with fright and flame, and flying before the encroaching shore, but calm as an inland lake, between the comparatively still but throbbing and panting mountain on the left and on the right, the steep and soft coast of Castella Mare and Sorrento, *so* steep and soft and shadowy that, as I walked the city streets and now and then looked forth in my reverie, I more than once exclaimed to myself, "How suddenly that cloud has come up yonder!"

I will interrupt my reminiscences a moment just to say that Pompeii was a small city, a watering-place, about three fourths of a mile long by one half wide, that it was buried in a snow-storm of white ashes in the year 79, by an eruption of Vesuvius, which destroyed the whole side of the mountain overhanging the city, exploding the mass toward the shore, and driving the sea back for half a mile. A great proportion of the people were in the amphitheatre at the time, and so probably fled into the country. So sudden was the catastrophe that the skeletons of the priests in the temple of Isis were found standing at the altar, in the act of offering human sacrifices, and the skeleton of a sentinel in full armor, grasping his spear, stood near one of the city gates.

But I have entered the old gateway, up over the slope of the narrow street paved with blocks of lava, just as they lay in the first century. No skeleton sentry greets me, "black and bony," who, for two thousand years —

"Has at Pompeii's gate his watch been keeping,"

but an intelligent and kindly young French soldier. This one day in the week I enter alone, with no guide to help, hinder, or hurry me. I am surprised, as I enter the streets and houses, not to be more astonished; perhaps it is because I expected to be. If I could have stepped at once from these streets into those, I might have been more amazed. But it is hard for some time to realize the truth. And then I had expected to see so many household objects, just as the people left them, and bringing at once before the mind the haste with which they fled. But these are mostly in the

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Museum at Naples. Thither one must go to see the black loaves just as the baker left them, the piece of honeycomb on the plate, the skeletons of the dead in the act of attempting to escape. Then I think the narrowness of the streets and the smallness of the dwellings disappoint one who comes with his mind full of the grandeur of the old Romans. The houses are mostly so exceeding small that, in comparison with one's preconceptions, the whole seems like a town of the fairy folk, or *little* people, — even like a toy-city. The Forum, the amphitheatre, the temples, and courts of justice are large enough; but the house-rooms are so small that the lizards my entrance so often startled might almost have seemed the proper tenants of such tiny chambers or cells. Of course all this indicates a people who lived much out of doors. Then, again, the very perfectness of the wonder probably makes one at first wonder the less. All is so fresh and fair. As my poet says, —

> "And through thy lonely ways, his old smile beaming,
> Still the old sunshine paces to and fro!"
>
> "Fresh tracks along the lava pavement yonder
> Tell that the Triumphator's car just passed here."

and then, as he enters a house, —

> "Roof and gold beams all gone? and, in their places,
> Does Heaven's blue canopy alone smile o'er us?
> Well, I'm an easy guest; I'll say, 'How graces
> Mine host's blue silk o'erhead the scene before us!'"

But it takes time, and I should think one must make a second visit, or sleep and wake there, to get what is called "a realizing sense" of the age and history of this fresh and smiling, though desolate city. One begins to realize it when he looks around at the hills and the plains and the sea and up at the mountain, the silent and smoking pile that wrought the ruin, and recalls withal the incidents of the historic page. If this catastrophe was, as is often said, a judgment on a wicked people, it was certainly a judgment tempered with mercy; for it appears, from the small number of bodies found, that the greater part had time to escape, — "saved, so as by fire."

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The day following I climbed the burning mountain, and there *beauty and ashes* were opened before the eye in sublime contrast and combination. There, for the most part, my expectations were more than satisfied. And I was almost ready to confess that nothing but a sense of such transcendent and terrific beauty *could* have repaid, to me, the unprecedented toil of the ascent. But the scene that burst upon me when, on emerging from the steep, winding, narrow lane that led up under vine-trellises and olive groves, I came out on the broad and black side of the mountain, in full view of the great, stiffened black seas of lava, which I can compare, however, to nothing so fittingly as the brains and bowels of an enormous race of giants that had perished in fright and lay blackening here; and when I looked onward and upward, toward the Hermitage, standing solitary on a green promontory which had divided the lava-streams and remained safe in the black waste; and then when from this scene of unexpected vastness and desolation I turned my eyes downward, and saw the sweet circle of the Bay of Naples, which my poet compares to a wreath of beauty laid on Neptune's brow, and says, —

> "Too full — it burst! No more the circling hours,
> Misenum's and Minerva's capes embrace!
> Sundered and scattered now, like single flowers,
> The lovely islands gem the enchanted space!"

gazing on this picture, then on that, — at the field of stupendous and coiled horrors around and above me, and then on the far sweep of the shores of Naples, laughing in the sunshine, dotted with villages and swarming with the life of its cities, — it seemed to me the most astounding experience of the combination of beauty and sublimity in the face of creation that I ever had, or, rather, that I ever *could* have. The whole ascent occupied, on horse and foot, nearly four hours. For several months we had been hearing at Rome that Vesuvius was in labor, and that the signs of an approaching eruption were plainly to be felt. But when I arrived there, the symptoms of an immediate eruption had

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abated. Still, the mountain was evidently full of uneasiness; from all sides of the circular hill of ashes forming the great crater, half a mile in circumference and three hundred feet deep, there were constant puffings as from a boiling teakettle, and the little crater or mound in the centre of the great one was every minute suddenly snorting and blowing like some sea-monster, and flinging up through its chimney flame and smoke and stones. Seized suddenly by two ancient guides, who seemed to rise mysteriously out of the earth, I was hurried down the hill of hot ashes and across the black crust that had cooled over the fiery sea of the great cauldron, and had time to look round a few moments on the frightful scene of infernal havoc,* till the suffocating sulphur-smoke compelled me to make my retreat to the summit of the circular ridge, where I stopped a while to look down on the plains of Pompeii, observing, as I did so, how the hot air vibrated along the flanks of the heaving mountain, making the landscape seen through it quiver, — and now it was time to turn my steps downward from this tremendous laboratory of God's mighty elements, and back to the city, to that dreaming ant-hill of restlessness, to —

> "her, with insect life, and insect buzz,
> Who evermore unresting, nothing does."

Such is a moralizing poet's farewell to Naples. But, after all, even there, as it is a city of human souls, there may well be many a volcano more terrible, and perhaps more mysterious, than the one that towers above its coast, spreading terror and ruin and fertility, and, as God's angel, giving beauty for ashes. Often does that old question of Byron's come back to me, —

> "But where, of you, O Tempests! is the goal?
> Are ye like those within the human breast?"

and I ask myself, Can it be that any race, any soul of man, is destined to irretrievable ruin under the eye of a God whose

* What Richter calls "the throes of this land of fire, — a great, glowing, smoke-valley, containing another mountain within it, — a landscape of craters, — a workshop of the last day."

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holiness and righteousness are equalled by his wisdom, power, and love? I see that the banners of Nature's victory over man's works, even his evil works, are banners of beauty. *She* giveth beauty for ashes, — not in the hot South alone, where the volcano flings ashes like snow, but here in the cold North, where "He scattereth hoar frost like ashes," — and my Christian faith seizes upon this, also, as an emblem of the final triumph of good over evil, of beauty over deformity and disorder in the moral and spiritual world. The instinct which forbids me to feel more tenderness for a crumbling old tree or town than for the apparent ruins of a human soul is to me a presentiment that God will not let one of his intelligent creatures wholly and forever perish. Nature, indeed, it will be said, runs blindly on her path, whereas man *might* have done better; but oh! that is the saddest part of the story! — and the pity this thought awakens in a right heart proves a pitying Father by whom this feeling is inspired, and whose heart is too great to spare any one of his offspring for perdition. This, it may be said, is natural religion. It may be so. Very likely. Only I say, then, deliver me from unnatural religion! And I thank God every day for that faith which assures me that the infinite smile of creation is not a monstrous mockery, such as the smile of man would be if he really believed in predestined and eternal torments; that He who bids man overcome evil with good, is himself setting a constant and glorious example of it, and will not rest till he has achieved a perfect victory!

Every individual should feel that he has some business that must be blessed, if he use his means for the best, since the God of providence calls for exertion only because he grants the ability and intends a happy result, which must arrive. We should, therefore, act as integral members of a whole company, where God is overseer; and then we shall find, also, a time for rest as well as for labor, and the soul will indeed enjoy a perpetual Sabbath of its own in the peace of that faith which animates it with divine energy and with hopes that terminate only in the eternal happiness to which they point.

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TAUNTON CHURCH.

Surrounded by the thronging city ways,
  This temple's triangle of holy ground
Shows like a Sabbath midst our busy days,
  Or islet 'twixt the troubled seas around,
Or delta in a river; where its hedge withdrawn
In still seclusion hides the shady lawn.

The temple in its centre suits the place,
  As art and nature gracefully combine;
The woodbines green its walls of stone embrace,
  While to the belfry climbs a trumpet-vine;
And now its verdure was with blossoms crowned,
Whose trumpets uttered no uncertain sound.

This green hedge drew a border-line betwixt
  A world of quiet and a world of care, —
Extremes that almost met, but never mixed.
  The secular swarmed in the thoroughfare,
But, when we passed its precinct, in the mind
Came contemplation, leaving care behind.

Nor mute its stillness to my musing sense;
  The bell hung speechless, and no hymn was heard;
But every object uttered sentiments
  Of holiness, and in my bosom stirred
The piety that set this place apart,
And kept it like a consecrated heart.

I raised my eyes, and saw the holy Dove
  Prayer-winged, ascending angels and descending,
Aspirings of the spirit born above,
  And blessed powers of the life unending,
Whose altar-fires continue to illume,
And soaring incense leaves a sweet perfume,

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EMILY COBBE.

BY MRS. L. J. HALL.

(Concluded.)

EMILY COBBE felt that her prayer was not answered, for her husband died. She had had no consciousness of a loving Father, only a vague sense of a Power which could restore him if it would, and blindly, unconditionally, she had implored that unknown Power to give him back, — right or wrong, best for him and for her, or not. She raised no such questions in her mind; she had not added, "Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done." Brought up in a Christian community, she had not prayed the Christian's prayer. And so her grief was wild and comfortless. She thought no sorrow could be like her sorrow, thus twice bereaved, and she sat down in an obstinacy of mourning like one wronged.

A little thought she gave to her weeds; the deepest of crape and all the fashionable paraphernalia of woe enveloped her; and it was only a true expression of her gloomy and hopeless state of mind. She had been energetic in the pursuit of pleasure, and now gave herself up as desperately to pain. In this morbid and selfish indulgence of feeling, no friend could rouse her to take proper exercise, and at last her system gave way. Indigestion, nervous irritability, and a thousand pains, real or imaginary, took possession of her, and she became a burden to herself and all about her. She was indeed a miserable woman.

Spring passed. The hot weather came on, taking strength even from the cheerful and vigorous. One day her mother appeared suddenly in her chamber with a beaming face. "Oh, Emily! I have made such a charming arrangement! We can have just such rooms as we want at the Ocean House at Newport! — front windows, where you can see all the driving, and you need not go into the drawing-rooms unless you wish, and I can tell you all that is going on, and some of the pleasantest people you know are going, and it will do your spirits good, my dear!"

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She had come at a wrong moment. Emily was just in that state of uncomfortable nervousness when opposition was easier than compliance, whatever might be the proposition; and as her mother urged and insisted, she became annoyed and obstinate. In the midst of the discussion, her physician came in. Her old family physician had gone to Europe for a few months, and had left his practice in the hands of a young doctor of ability who had studied with him, and was already rising in his profession; and Emily had fortunately been easily reconciled to the change, novelty being of itself acceptable to her.

"Dr. Freeman," began Mrs. Rogers, "only hear what a nice plan I have for Emily, and she wont listen to it. Now you must just lay your commands upon her."

"Not till I have heard the plan," said the doctor, smiling, "and not unless I approve it; perhaps not then," he added, as he glanced at the set expression about Emily's mouth.

"You must approve it; you can't help approving it," exclaimed the eager lady; "you know that cheerful society is just what Emily needs." And she went on volubly to explain her scheme for the summer.

Dr. Freeman listened attentively, reflected a little without looking at Emily, and then said, decidedly; "I think she needs change of scene and air, and cheerful society; but I cannot advise Newport."

"Why not?" cried Mrs. Rogers, astonished and almost indignant.

"For many reasons; and for one, it is gayety and not mere cheerfulness that she would find there. She could not escape excitement that would harass and exhaust her."

"What, shut up in her own room, as she would be?"

"A prison would be as much a prison there as here; only all that is pernicious in the moral atmosphere of Newport would reach her."

"I don't know what you mean by pernicious moral atmosphere, doctor; she used to enjoy Newport, I know, beyond anything."

"Mother," said Emily, "please say no more about it. My

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head aches, and my mind is made up. I shall not go to Newport."

"Of course you wont," said her mother, "if the doctor is against it; I know that. But I hope he don't suppose I wanted you to go to balls and concerts quite so soon."

Emily burst into tears as her mother left the room; but after the hysteric passion had subsided, Dr. Freeman again took up the subject of her needs. And before he left her, in the revulsion of her feelings, she had promised that she *would* seek relief in a change of scene and air.

He told her that he was then looking for a suitable place for his wife and little daughter on the sea-shore, and possibly the same spot might answer her purpose. Emily had seen Mrs. Freeman without much interest, but recalled a pleasant, animated countenance and ladylike air, which were agreeable to her. So when Mrs. Freeman's name was sent up a few days later, she was readily admitted.

Injudiciously for her cause, Mrs. Rogers had continued to urge the Newport plan upon Emily till she had become perfectly disgusted with it, and she listened with entire satisfaction to Mrs. Freeman, who had engaged rooms for herself, her daughter, and servant at a quiet village on the sea-shore. The house was kept by a widow, who had a blind son to support, and "could only spare two more rooms." Emily, always impulsive, commissioned Mrs. Freeman to engage those rooms immediately for her and her nurse, — the most faithful of her race, — and at once set the whole household astir with preparations for her departure. Sometimes during the ensuing fortnight the waywardness of an invalid would come over her, and she would declare that she would not go away from home, she was too sick. But her mother, vexed at her daughter's choice of seclusion, and quite unable to endure such dulness herself, had gone to Newport, and Mrs. Freeman's few cheerful, judicious words finally prevailed. The very excitement of preparation carried off much of Emily's morbid suffering; and before she knew how great the change would be, she found herself in a new world.

The luxurious appliances of her home had vanished. She

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awoke on a July morning in a plainly-furnished chamber, rather low-studded, but with four windows, through which the soft but bracing sea air stole in upon her. Her own mattress and linen had been sent on, and her own easy-chair stood ready; and for the first time for many weeks she had been refreshed by a night of sound sleep. She gazed eagerly out upon the broad ocean, whose magnificence she had never felt before. A single field and a smooth beach alone separated her from it, and already Mrs. Freeman was slowly walking there, while her little girl was exultingly picking up shells and pebbles.

It was a successful experiment physically. The usual drowsiness and headache which assail many on first coming into the ocean atmosphere discomfited her for a few days, but she gained strength rapidly, and they passed off. No longer troubled by a morbid fear of meeting innumerable loquacious "friends," many of whom she instinctively felt were either talking heartless commonplace or uncongenial gossip, she began to wander with Mrs. Freeman on the beach, and sit on the rocks, or under the trees near the house. Her intelligent companion was showing little Ellen various wonders every day,—the curious crabs and anemones, among the rocks and in the salt pools left as the tide went out,—and Emily became interested too.

She had dreaded the presence of this child, lest it should remind her too painfully of her own loss; but she had gained a victory over this feeling; and was rewarded by the innocent enjoyment she often found in the little girl's society. It freshened her life; and sometimes when Mrs. Freeman was writing letters, she would go off alone with this young companion, and never weary of the strange questions and quaint remarks which really exercised her own dormant faculties.

One night all the doors being left open on account of the heat, Emily sat by her window watching the moon as it rose above the eastern horizon, and sent a long pathway of silver across the dancing waves. She was very sad. No widow can escape such hours. The brightest faith cannot always

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ward off the sense of loneliness peculiar to that one sorrow above all others.

But as she sat, the voices of the mother and child in the opposite room reached her. She desired something to change the current of her thoughts, and moved nearer the door; for she knew that Ellen's prayer was always said at her mother's knee. The prayer had been said; and Emily heard the child's half-sorrowful tones as she asked, "Mother, don't you wish we could see God?"

"I think we shall, sometime or other."

"Yes, but now, now! it would be so much easier to say my prayer, if I could say it to somebody."

"You do say it to somebody now. God hears you. He is very near you all the time, like the air, which you cannot see. He loves you dearly, and listens kindly to every word you say, even more kindly than your father does when you sit on his lap and tell him what you want."

At this moment a rising breeze closed the chamber-door; but Emily found that the few words she had heard were good for her as well as for the little child. She could not help asking herself if she had ever prayed to a God very near her, and very loving. She remembered her seemingly unanswered prayers for her husband's life, and her thoughts troubled her.

A year before, no one who knew her could have conceived of her introducing any religious subject into conversation; yet now she only waited her opportunity to approach one of the holiest. She scarcely knew herself that it was connected with the deepest spiritual experiences. The next day, with some embarrassment, and rather abruptly, she asked Mrs. Freeman, "Do you really feel that God is always near you, and listening to you?"

"Certainly I do. If he is omnipresent, he must be very near to every soul, and if he is perfectly good, he must love us all, and take an interest in us."

"You think, then, that he hears our prayers kindly; but, Mrs. Freeman, how can I believe it, when I besought him in great anguish to spare my husband's life, and he did not?"

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"You think your husband was a good man, I suppose?"

"Indeed, he was."

"Then your husband's life was by no means taken, but made happier, as he left behind a frail body and all the cares of earth."

"I was not thinking of him so much as myself."

"That is a frank confession, Mrs. Cobbe; with that form of selfishness we have to struggle in every bereavement. But for yourself! Where would you have been now, if your husband had lived?"

"At Newport."

"When you think of the life you would have been living there, are you satisfied with it?"

Emily paused. "No, it looks to me very hollow and wearisome, as I compare it with this. I do not understand why I have been so contented here, everything is so different and so quiet. I wonder I do not find it dull. Is it because I like your society so much?"

Mrs. Freeman laughed. "How can I tell? I think not. It is partly because your way of living is more wholesome, and therefore your health is better. You keep good hours, you exercise in the open air, your diet is simple and nourishing, and as yet the novelties about you employ your mind, innocently and perhaps usefully. God himself has so arranged the circumstances of your life that this change has come over it; your sorrow has taken you out of the reach of many temptations to frivolity and selfish pleasure, and I think — I really think — you are likely to be a far better and nobler woman than if you had never known trouble. Do I speak too freely?"

"Oh, no! only I wish I could believe what you say as firmly as you do."

"You will believe it yet. It is an immense step from the thoughtlessness of your former life, which you acknowledge, to the interest which has prompted you to question me today."

The approach of Dr. Freeman in his chaise from the city called her friend joyously away, and Emily sat on the rocks

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alone. Those last words — "likely to be a far better and nobler woman than if you had never known trouble" — seemed to have awakened her conscience, while they unfolded something of the mystery of God's dealing with her. She had already felt the power of Mrs. Freeman's daily life, so devoted to the comfort and pleasure of every one near her, so industrious, so uniformly cheerful. She had felt the benefit of it herself, and had admired and loved without asking the source of all this moral beauty. Now she said distinctly to herself, "She is a religious woman; that is it, and she thinks God has sent my sorrows to rouse me, and make me think. What if I do not? I shall be worse than ever if I do not become better. O God! help me to become better! — help me, help me!"

This was the burst of her first true repentance, her first genuine aspiration. It was the truest, best of prayers, — that which the sinner *must* send to heaven from his inmost soul, and which the saint never outgrows. There are those who scarcely dare utter any other. Struggles and backslidings came, but a new life had opened upon Emily. Before she had left her humble abode at the sea-shore, her patient nurse was no longer tried by her caprices and petulancy, or was touched by her penitence and gentleness when she had forgotten her good resolutions. The blind boy under the same roof, whom she had shunned because it was painful to look at his sightless eyeballs, now rejoiced in the pleasant biographies she read to him, for her own time was no longer wasted on novels. She went to comfort a poor widow in the next house, whose husband and two sons had been lost in a fishing-smack. And at the close of her three-months stay, prolonged till cold mornings and evenings drove her to the city, the book which next to the Bible she most prized, and daily studied, was "Ware on the Formation of the Christian Character."

It was a "conversion." It was a "change of heart." Not sudden, for, as we have said, she had her backslidings, and many a hard battle with long habits of self-indulgence and the customs of the circle in which she moved. But one step

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backward was followed by two steps forward. Gradually her taste for reading assumed a higher tone, her friends were chosen among the wise and benevolent, and her whole life was newly modelled.

One Sunday, at her minister's request, she went for the first time into the Sunday-school. The busy hum, the many faces, confused her; and even the children's singing was not pleasant to her cultivated taste. Yet, she hardly knew why, she was tempted to look in again the next Sunday. The superintendent begged her to take charge of three little girls whose teacher was sick, and after some hesitation she went, heard their texts and hymns, and found herself telling them about Christmas. They were bright little creatures, and to her astonishment she found herself interested. She came again and again, — for the absent teacher never recovered, — and she was a regular Sunday-school teacher, a large class gathering round her, for whom she studied faithfully, and whom she led tenderly to the feet of the best Teacher, Jesus of Nazareth.

Emily Rogers at twenty and Emily Cobbe at thirty, still a fair and charming woman, little changed outwardly, but how changed inwardly!

We have written this narrative because we think the young and gay are often harshly judged in regard to their future We have seen such transformations so often, sometimes when no great sorrow came to touch with witch hazle the pure, deep springs of goodness, that we cannot but look hopefully on the giddy and seemingly reckless young creatures about us, and believe that they will yet come to themselves, and find the good work there is for them to do.

Encouragement they need rather than rebuke. And if God sends sorrow, "the veiled angel," to them, let us not neglect the opportunity, but come to its aid with loving words and gentle hand.

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A NOVEMBER PROBLEM.

While the cars roll smoothly on, I gaze
  Toward the glowing evening sky:
Does form or color charm me most
  In the landscape flitting by?

The marshes stretch their grassy sea
  'Mid wooded isle and shore;
And swelling knoll and hill repeat
  The landscape o'er and o'er.

Each forest pine and fir-tree points
  Its finger still on high;
The white birch delicately spreads
  Its twigs against the sky.

The triple bar of narrow clouds,
  Low-arching all the west,
Seems motionless as leaf and tree;
  All nature stands at rest.

Between those ruddy, golden bars
  How soft the emerald hue!
What harmony of glowing tints
  Leads upward to the blue!

The marshes and the fields are clothed
  In quiet robes of gray,
But rich the rosy-purple blush
  Upon the birchen spray.

How thrilling was that sudden flash
  Of crimson light, which broke,
As the golden radiance through it streamed,
  From a passing grove of oak!

While thus clouds, woods, and fields sweep on
  Before my moistened eye,
Does form or color move me most
  In the landscape hurrying by?

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The Eternal Thought in form is seen,
The Eternal Love in color glows;
Love prompts the thought, Thought guides the love,
And thus from both one influence flows. z.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT AS A MEANS OF MORAL DISCIPLINE.

There seems to be a growing aversion in the public mind to the use of bodily punishment with children as a means of discipline. Solomon's proverbs about the use of the rod, so popular in old Puritan days, are held at a discount. The birches which once grew so thickly about the base of the hill of science, and which it was supposed every one must pass through before he could reach its laurels, have been very much thinned out already; and there are not wanting good and wise men who declare that the whole system of discipline through bodily pain is barbarous, unchristian, and unphilosophical. Attention has been called to it, especially during the past year, in connection with the celebrated whipping case at Cambridge, and more recently by the publication of the number of whippings inflicted in the schools of Boston. Many articles have appeared on the subject. A great deal of beautiful sentiment has been uttered against the practice, particularly in its relation to girls. And, no doubt, much has been said that is wise and true, and will tend to prevent its abuse.

We do not feel, however, with all the discussion it has undergone, that the real principles on which the matter rests have been brought out so distinctly as they ought to be. It is a subject of very great importance, more important for the home, even, than it is for the school-room, and most important of all, perhaps, for the country and society. There is hardly a doubt that the rising generation of young people are not so orderly, so obedient, so respectful of authority, as it is desirable to have them. Any error that is made in their training now is sure to repeat itself a hundred-fold as they grow

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up to be men and women, is something which no after exercise of authority and punishment can correct. And whatever course the teacher and parent may adopt,—and no one, certainly, will advocate its use when other measures will do, or advocate it otherwise than as guarded strictly from abuse, —it is well to have in view the exact grounds on which, if at all, it can be regarded as a means of moral discipline.

The objectors against it are of two classes: those who believe in the need of punishment of some kind, but dislike its infliction on the body, and those who disbelieve in all punishment, and hold simply to the use of kindness and moral suasion.

The chief arguments of the first class are that corporal punishment is degrading to the spirit, and that it inflicts injury on the physical organization. But cannot the same arguments be used against all punishment? Suppose the child, instead of being whipped, is deprived of his recess, or kept after school, or receives a demerit on the teacher's record, or the displeased look of his mother; is it not degrading? Does he not feel that he is lowered in the eyes of himself and of his companions? And is not the degradation, just in proportion to the delicacy and sensitiveness of his organization, the same as in whipping? The real disgrace, after all, is not in the discipline, however inflicted, but in its connection with wrong-doing. There is nothing in mere bodily pain which is degrading. The boy will get double the injury in sliding down hill or a round of fisticuffs with his neighbor, and think nothing of it. It is the sense of it as a punishment which makes the sting. And the moment you single out a child in any way as a wrong-doer, no matter how slight the mark you put upon him, no matter though it is by learning a bit of poetry or a verse in the Bible, you necessarily degrade him.

So with the objection of injury, it holds against all punitive measures. The very idea of punishment—from the same root as pæna—implies pain; and all pain implies injury,—injury it may be of one part for the sake of another, but still injury. Even medicine which in one sense of the

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word, perhaps the truest sense, is corporal punishment, acts on this principle, its remedies in nine cases out of ten being virulent poisons, poisons to girls as much as boys, so that a physician least of all should use this objection. The question is whether the injury shall be inflicted on the body or on the spirit; and this only in the first instance, for whichever is chosen, it will inevitably extend to the other, especially from the mind to the body. We have known children punished by a look of displeasure, or even by so slight a thing as a mark less than perfect on the teacher's record-book, whom it has deprived of sleep and appetite for days, inflicting an amount of physical injury such as no mere whipping could have produced. But so far as there is any choice, it ought certainly to be on the body. The true thing against which an outcry needs to be raised is against the spiritual torture to which the children of our schools are so often subjected. We know something about the physical organization; know what parts are vital and what are not. Its pains, even the sharpest of them, are outward; and, whatever injuries are inflicted, they will last only for a few years. But the spirit is all an unknown region. Not even the wisest of us can tell its parts. The finest and sweetest touches amid its springs, especially in a little child, are often coarse and brutal. There are no black and blue marks, no streaming blood, to show how far it is injured and rouse the indignation of parents and the public. All is inward; and, if any vital part is broken, the wound is to last — forever? Oh, we cannot be too careful how in our punishments we tamper with that mystery of mysteries, a human soul. If a man is going to strike your watch, how much better that the blow fall on the case than on the hair-spring. And shall we say less of a living spirit? We have been in schools, especially primary ones, where it was the boast of the teacher that no corporal punishment was allowed, and yet where a dishonorable seat, or a mark of demerit, or a change of standing in the class, was wrenching and distorting their little sensitive natures as no rack ever could, and where now and then a child was brought up, and its spirit thrashed with the whip of satire

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and reproof till it fairly writhed in an agony such as not the most brutal master would have dared inflict on its body. There is more permanent injury done in our public schools every year by these subtle modes of discipline than by all the corporal punishment that was ever inflicted. And if parents could only see the shapes into which their children inwardly are oftentimes being tortured, where no striking is ever done, they would cry out at once for the mercy of the rod and ferule.

Children themselves, and, what is remarkable, those of the most manly, sensitive, and high-spirited natures, will ordinarily prefer the outward to the inward punishment. The anecdote may cut both ways, but the little fellow was a good representative of his class who, on being shut up in the parlor for wading in the water over the tops of his new boots, bore it as long as he could looking out of the window to see the other boys do the same, but at last went up to his mother with the words, "Come, mother, give me a good whipping, and let me go out again and wade with the rest of 'em." Take a manly-hearted boy and ask him which he had rather do, have a flogging or read an apology before the school, and his jacket will come off at once. Offer a proud-spirited girl her choice, to stand up for the teacher's sarcasm or for his ferule, and without hesitation she will stretch forth her hand. And what is better in either case, they will respect the teacher more than if he had struck them within. Open, plain, square dealing is what children like even in punishment, the same as all generous men do when they have a foe; and subtle, unseen, underhand ways are what they hate and despise.

Corporal punishment, that which is based on the principle of producing some bodily pain or loss or degradation, is what is used in the case of offences against society. Hanging is not considered a very pleasant or honorable experience. Shutting a man up in prison does not contribute very much to his health and respectability. And, if this is an objection in one case, why not in the other? Families and schools are only society on a smaller scale. There are the same prin-

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ciples, the same susceptibilities, the same human nature in the one case as in the other. And while we sanction it with men and women, there would seem to be no good reason why we should not, at least in proportion to their strength and deserts, with boys and girls.

Nor is this all. It is the principle on which Nature acts. With all the care she has of her children, and with all her wisdom in devising their welfare, she does not hesitate to inflict punishment upon them whenever they break her laws, and punishment, too, which in the beginning is always corporal. What are all the weakness and suffering of sickness but the penalty of disobedience? A boy is caught eating a green apple in school. The master gives him a flogging for it, and Nature the colic. Where is the difference? Is not one corporal as well as the other, and one, too, as likely to do permanent injury to the organization as the other? And how many and wide-reaching and sure are these penalties of Nature? A calculation was made in one of our religious papers not long ago of the amount of whipping that was done each day and hour of last year in the schools of Boston. It seems the whole number was 17,714. This, divided by the number of school-days, hours, and minutes, gives 74 for each day, 15 for each hour, and one for every four minutes, so that we could say each morning, "Seventy-four whippings will be inflicted on the children of Boston to-day;" and as we walked the streets, or went about our business during school hours, could reflect at the end of every four minutes, "Another child has been whipped." And thereupon the writer holds up his hands in horror, and compares the system to that of Southern slavery. But suppose we put this calculation side by side with what Nature is doing in the same locality. Among the children of Boston, infants and all, it is a low estimate to say each will average ten times of being sick or of suffering some pain equal to that of a whipping during the year. This will make at least five hundred thousand cases every 365 days, 1,400 each day, 56 each hour, and nearly one every minute, so that we can say to ourselves every morning, "Nature will strike fourteen

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hundred little children in civilized Boston to-day;" and, as we look at our watch from time to time, reflect, "So many little ones have had the colic, so many a fever, so many the measles, so many a bruised limb;" and, alas! it is to be feared that Sundays and summer vacations, instead of affording the poor creatures relief, only bring them the oftener under her lash. Was there ever anything in Southern slavery that was equal to such cruelty? Is not this Nature, instead of the kind mother she is represented to be, rather an outrageous tyrant? But the fact is, this whole method of looking at the subject is absurd. It is like that of the old lady who had been told of the number of deaths which took place among human beings every second. "Thirty poor souls gone into eternity while I was saying one!" "Four thousand while I was knitting this stocking round!" "Fifty thousand while I was eating my dinner! Oh, what a poor, miserable, dying world it is!" forgetting that as many more were being born; and that, on the same principle, what a fine lively one it is. The only real lesson is, that so far as there is any worth in the example of Nature, it sanctions corporal punishment. And it is worthy of remark that no distinction is made between boys and girls, or, if there is, that girls suffer the most; and that the blows are laid on all parts of the body, those even which are the most vital and sensitive, and that in very many cases they are so severe as to result in death.

But then the question comes up, Is Nature, are the crude, imperfect methods of society coming down from a barbarous age, a proper standard in this respect for moral and civilized beings? Are we not endowed purposely with a higher principle on which to act? Does not the fact, which cannot be denied, that all punishment, mental and moral as well as corporal, does harm show that the whole system is wrong, that the kinds differ only in their degree of badness, and that the whole should be abolished? This is really the position which the second class of persons have taken. They would use exclusively mercy and moral suasion and enlightenment for the correction of children; would never do anything to degrade or hurt them, however bad they might be; would

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never connect in their minds any infliction of pain with the consciousness of wrong-doing.

But is such a course practicable in itself? Does it not in many, if not all, cases involve an impossibility? The very act of singling out a child who has done wrong for the exercise of moral suasion, as already stated, is, with the very children who are most sensitive to it, a degradation and punishment. It is inevitably associated in its own mind and in those of its companions with a fault. And no matter how kind and loving the words, they serve at last, just as truly as a blow or the sternest reproof, for a stigma. The word "bad" fastened on it has the same meaning to its spirit when written in letters of gold as when printed with ink or stamped in with a brand.

But, admitting the possibility of a moral suasion so conducted as never to waken in the child's mind the sense of its being a punishment, there is another objection to using it as a permanent principle of action which is far more formidable. Moral suasion analyzed implies the basis of a knowledge of right and wrong, and of some feeling towards them, on which to work. But how does the child get its knowledge of right and wrong, and especially of their relative value? Not all by its intuitive perceptions; not all by the direct instruction of its parents and teachers. A large part of it, and especially the deepest and firmest impressions, come from its experience of the fruit which the two things produce, — pain from sin, joy from virtue. With all the prominence which has been given to the law of association in some systems of theoretical philosophy, there is not half enough made of it in practice. The original perception of all abstract principles as to their relative desirableness is exceedingly weak. It is the concrete things that we get associated with them which make the difference of their being loved or hated. It is very well to talk about the practice of virtue for its own sake. We believe in it, believe fully in the philosophy which makes right and wrong eternal distinctions to be pursued and avoided independently of the good or evil to which they subject us. But this is something which comes at the end, not

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the beginning of education; comes as the flower, not the root of experience. It is possible, as we all know, to make things which embody the greatest beauty vile and hateful by getting painful associations connected with them, and those which are ugly in themselves beautiful by having them clothed with beautiful memories. So, too, what is lovely in itself is made more lovely, and what is hateful, more hateful a thousand times by their long connection with pleasant or painful experiences. And the same is true of right and wrong. The intensity of the child's feeling in regard to them will depend inevitably on the kind of experiences which are gathered around them. And the cases are many and sad in which the natural disposition towards them has been completely reversed; as with the little boy who thought Satan was to be worshipped rather than God, because told it was the former who led him to play marbles on Sunday, while the latter was angry with him for doing it, evil becoming the child's good as the pleasanter thing, an evidence not of its depraved nature, as is so often alleged, but of its wrong training.

But moral suasion is an appeal to do what is right and avoid what is wrong simply out of moral motives. It proceeds on the principle that the child loves the one and hates the other intrinsically when they are set side by side. And, certainly, so far as this is true, it is the highest and best mode of directing its course. But, if the child has had no experience of pain as connected with wrong-doing, where is it to get the strength, if not existence, of that hatred for it which shall make it susceptible of being used as a motive? Does not the very idea of moral suasion imply the previous mission of pain? Does not its power depend, if not wholly, yet largely, upon it? And is it not here that we come to the true philosophy of punishment as a means of discipline? It is not a mere harsh, outward restraint, intended to keep the hands from evil by its arbitrary action from time to time, but a deep, subtle, educational force which enters into the soul itself. Its first and greatest office is to intensify the hatred of wrong. It depends for its value not so much

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on any immediate appeal to fear as on the power of association. The object is, at the very awakening of the moral perceptions and during the whole period of their growth, to connect the idea of wrong with pain and harshness and degradation. And when this is done, when we have got the idea of wrong so wedded to suffering, and of right so wedded to pleasant emotions, that, if the two courses are presented to the mind, love for the one and hatred to the other will instinctively and strongly rise with them, then we have got a real basis for moral suasion; and it is this which very properly, yea, which will inevitably take the place of punishment.

The same philosophy holds good in regard to the exercise of mercy. A great deal has been said about its value in itself, and as a means of moral training; and many beautiful instances are given of its power in bringing to a higher and better life those who had been hardened to all other measures. It is, indeed, a most precious thing. We cannot say too much in its praise. But mercy alone is nothing, is a lever, so far as moving any stony nature is concerned, which is powerless without the fulcrum of pain. It is only after the experience of punishment that a person can have any full idea of what mercy is. We need the darkness of night to see the stars of heaven, need the frown of wrath to see beaming through it the love-lit eyes of divine forgiveness. There is a profound philosophy in the Bible arrangement which makes the dispensation of law precede that of grace, and act as a schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ. The New Testament would lose half of its beauty if not bound up with the Old. They both appeal to everlasting facts of human nature, both go deeper down into the fundamental principles of education than we are apt sometimes to imagine when we talk of using the one to supersede the other. There is no transfiguration of Christ which can place him otherwise than by the side of Moses. Have we not had bitter experience of what mercy alone will do without justice in the case of the Southern rebels? Has it made them tender-hearted and grateful and ready to be merciful themselves?

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Has it proved so very successful in training them up to be virtuous, peaceful, patriotic citizens? Who does not believe, if justice swift, stern, and sure had been meted out upon some proportion of them at first, that mercy with the rest would have had tenfold the meaning and a hundred-fold the power which it has now? And so with children. The flower of mercy must have a rod as the stem on which to bloom. The offence which has never been punished in them can never, in the richest meaning of the word, be forgiven. The human parent must begin his rule just as the Divine Father, — and a true philosophy shows he is a Father as truly in the Old Testament as in the New, — begin it with a dispensation of law. And when this has done its work, when the child has learned what the punishment of wrong-doing is, then is the time for mercy to come in and bear him to that higher region, that school of Christ, which punishment alone can never reach.

It is on these grounds that we believe in punishment as one means of moral discipline, and especially, as the simplest and least dangerous form of it, in corporal punishment. It is hardly necessary to say that it should be judicious, that it should be done without passion, and that it should be connected as closely as possible in the child's mind with a consciousness of the offence. But there is one thing we will say, and that is, that there should be no talk to the child about its goodness in the midst of his suffering, no effort to wreathe it in the mockery of a smile, and present it then as a manifestation of the parent's love. It is like decorating the gallows with the colors of the ball-room, or the prison with the emblems of home. We remember when a boy, — and we have not written on this subject without some intimate personal experience of its awful blessedness, — we had an aunt — God bless her! she was a household saint in everything else — who, when we came with weeping eyes and smarting skin from each reclamation to virtue, would say, "It is all for your good, Johnny, and you will thank your father for it some day." Her improvement was the worst part of the penalty. It was rubbing the smart down with

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moral salt and vinegar; and, if a boy is to have this, all the rest of his punishment ought in justice to be very light.

And, after all, it is to be remembered that punishment is only one means of discipline. Training the soul to a love of virtue by rewards, by encouraging words, by surrounding it with all bright and cheerful and endearing associations is another which is equally philosophical, and every one knows how much more delightful. There are thousands of homes, tens of thousands of children, with whom this is enough, just as we find many with whom fresh air and wholesome food are a sufficient protection from all disease. But where it fails, where offences are actually committed, there ought to be no shrinking. It is like giving medicine when, in spite of air and food, the child is taken sick, a disagreeable task, a poison, if you say so, but yet something which is far better than to give free course to the disease. Moral health, that is the thing to be gained at all costs. And though from our earthly the same as our heavenly Parent, all chastening seemeth for the present to be grievous, yet afterwards it yieldeth the peaceful fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby. J. C. K.

We do not always obey our desires, but sometimes deny ourselves a pleasure in consideration of results that may affect our future well-being; hence it evidently appears that we possess the power, if willing, to exert our faculties either to oppose or to encourage any of our natural desires for the purpose of accomplishing some end, in pursuing which all our endowments are modified, both as regards the dispositions and pleasures connected with them.

The reception of truth in love is the restoration of the perfect man, and God's own Spirit is its source. We must be conscious of what we need before we shall seek for it, and we must know what is essential to a right state of mind before we shall discern our defects and desire their removal.

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HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

No. LXII.

EIN FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT.

This famous Psalm of Martin Luther's may rather be said to spring out of the 46th than to be founded on it, or to paraphrase it. It was probably composed in 1529, after the Imperial Diet at Speyer, which started the name of Protestant.

The present translator was not aware, when he undertook the work, that it had been already done by Dr. F. H. Hedge. Nothing further was needed; and he would withhold what he has written, but that a piece of so much renown should not be missing among these specimens.

Our God, He is a fortress-tower
And armor to defend us.
In all this press of hostile power
Deliverance He will send us.
The old and wily foe
Is bent to work us woe.
With might and many wiles,
He smites and he beguiles;
On earth there's not his fellow.

With our own strength we nothing can;
We soon sink down dejected.
There battles for us the right Man,
Whom God himself elected.
Ask who this can be?
Jesus Christ is he;
Lord Sabaoth his name,
Which God alone can claim;
He holds the field forever.

Though earth all full of devils were,
All ramping to devour us,
We would not fear for their mad stir;
They could not overpower us.
The prince of this world,
Grimmest signs unfurled,
No harm now can do;
He's judged, with all his crew.
One little word can fell him.

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No thanks to them who do their worst,
The Word can ne'er go under;
Christ comes against their spite accurst,
With gift and sign and wonder.
Strip they may of life,
Goods, name, child, and wife:
Let them plot and strain!
They can achieve no gain;
God's kingdom must stand for us. N. L. F.

RESPECTABLE GAMBLING.

BY S. G. BULFINCH, D. D.

THE recent disposal, by lottery, of the Crosby Opera House, in Chicago, has brought directly before the community the question of the moral character of this species of enterprise. There is the more reason for an expression of opinion on this subject by those who have a responsibility as guardians of public morals, because this transaction does not stand alone; still more, because it is one of the marks of an increasing tendency. About half a century since, lotteries were regarded as a legitimate and unexceptionable mode of raising money for great public undertakings. About a quarter of a century since, public opinion in this State had so greatly changed that lotteries, and the selling of lottery-tickets, were forbidden. Now, public opinion has changed, or is changing again. The statute prohibiting lotteries remains unrepealed, but the practice against which it was directed has reappeared in many different forms. Gift enterprises, Art Union prizes, and raffles at fairs all have something of the same character. It is time the subject were fully investigated, not in the spirit of fanatical and unreasoning denunciation, but calmly, with an earnest desire to learn the true principle respecting it, and to follow its guidance.

The great objection to the lottery, as to every other kind of gaming, arises from its fascinating character. There is,

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in amusements and ventures of this kind, an attraction that seems as powerful and as mysterious as that which the serpent's eye is said to possess with regard to its vainly-fluttering victim.

The excitement of uncertainty, the hope of winning, make even the simplest game, where nothing is staked, animating not only to the child, but to the man. The tendency to be thus interested was imparted to us by our Creator for wise purposes, that it might strengthen us to do our part in life's real contests, and that it might give pleasure in those hours of relaxation of which every one feels the need. But when this interest in the game, of whatever kind, is heightened by the artificial stimulus of money to be gained or lost, the excitement becomes far stronger; when the stake is large, the feeling is intense in proportion. Hence comes, in natural succession, a train of increasing risks. At first, the inclination towards trials of chance is innocent and moderate; but in some unguarded hour, that inclination is indulged too far by allowing the introduction of some stake, to be lost or won. If it is won, the wish is encouraged to win more; if it is lost, we must win it back. And so the stake is doubled and quadrupled and multiplied; and when the novice in gambling is obliged to give up his sport for the time, he waits with feverish longing for the opportunity of resuming it. It is resumed and resumed again. Constantly it claims more and more of time, of thought, of money to be ventured. The increased excitement itself diminishes the power of the player to protect himself against the arts of the sharpers by whom he is surrounded; for, by this time, his contest is not with chance alone, but with men who make their living out of the weaknesses of others,—men who have all the advantages of skill that constant practice can give, and who scruple not to add to these advantages by any method that can elude the detection of their half-maddened victims.

Does any one desire to follow those victims to the last result of their miserable delusion? There is a building on the banks of the Seine, in Paris, where those results may be seen; for there are borne in the morning, the bodies of those who

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during the night have rushed in despair from the gambling-houses, and tried to silence their shame and the reproaches of their conscience by a plunge in those fatal waters. In the midst of the gay and guilty city, there stands the Morgue, the house of death by suicide, rearing its front as a constant protest of avenging Providence against the wickedness which is covered by the veil of outward refinement. Enter it, and you see the victims stretched side by side, with such articles hanging near them as may assist in identifying them, — together, in cold stillness, the Frenchman, the Englishman, and perhaps the American, who left the home of innocent boyhood in a country yet comparatively pure, to bring upon himself disgrace and ruin, and at length to die the death of shame and sin in the polished centre of the Old World's vices.

We may be told that the picture we have drawn, though undeniably true in many instances, is of such excess in evil as cannot be reasonably presented as a probable result; and that it is derived from direct gambling, not from the publicly-approved lottery or the honorably-conducted raffle. It is true the extreme cases are comparatively few; but if these be as numerous as we know they are, what must the number be of those whose ruin at the gambling-table stops short of utter despair and self-destruction? And if a distinction be set up between the gambling-table and the lottery-wheel, the answer is ready that the one prepares the way for the other.

We are told that the lottery taxes no one beyond a moderate amount, which he can well spare. If the books of the late lottery or of any lottery were examined, they would tell a different tale. It would be found that while many took single tickets, many others had entered into the venture in the full spirit of gambling. We have heard, in more than one instance, of losses to the amount of many thousands from gambling in lottery-tickets. But even admitting that this is in general a mitigated form of the evil, its tendency to merge into worse forms is obvious and direct. Can he who has persuaded himself that there is no harm in successive deep ventures in the lottery be long withheld by any moral scruple against ventures in the gambling-house? In fact, the one

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smooths the way towards the other. The respectable company, the apparently worthy object, the moderation and good order with which all is conducted in such an enterprise as that which has just closed, give to many a young man his initiation into the mysteries of chance, and prepare him to enter into scenes, and to meet with companions, that would have startled him, had he been directly invited to place himself among them.

And whether from one form of gaming or another, the loss of money is far from being the only evil to dread. The passion for this excitement takes possession of the mind, and makes common occupations seem unattractive, and common duty burdensome. Our Creator has wisely arranged our destiny, that we should earn our bread by the sweat of our brow; or, to interpret the old words in modern language, that every one should have some honest calling, in which his industry should be useful to himself by being useful to others. This great and wise rule of Providence has fewer exceptions than is commonly supposed; for even those highest in wealth and station have, or ought to have, their business also. The management of a great estate with intelligent care and Christian benevolence is labor, — difficult, responsible, and most useful labor; and the monarch and the statesmen around him work as truly, and often as hard, as those who stand to receive their orders. It is the law of God that every one should work; and that law is for the happiness of each worker. Time passes most pleasantly when well employed, and the consciousness of having done something has its pleasure even to those who have not risen to derive a higher satisfaction from the thought that their work is useful to others. Now the worship of Mammon, in the form in which we are considering it, breaks in on this wise and beautiful plan of the Divine Disposer. He who thinks he has discovered a shorter way to make money cannot enjoy the good, old-fashioned one of honest industry. It seems long and dull to him. If he still pursues it, it is languidly; he becomes remiss in duty, and the natural consequences follow, of dissatisfaction on the part of those he serves, and

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disappointment and failure in his undertakings. And while regular labor thus becomes unattractive, the rewards of labor seem puny and contemptible, compared with the brilliant prizes that Chance holds out to her votaries. Thus moderation and contentment are lost, and repining, fretfulness, and restless scheming take their place. And as the fickle object of his idolatry disappoints far more than she gratifies, the probable result is that while his views are expanding, his means contract; while his fancy revels in visions of wealth, the neglect of steady exertion leads to actual poverty.

Well for such a man, if poverty were the only evil incurred; then its stern discipline might bring back the bewildered mind to recognize the plain rules of wisdom and of duty. But one excitement prompts to another. The company to which gambling leads is not that most favorable to temperance or to any other virtue. Poverty, which is honorable when it is incurred for some worthy cause and borne with patient dignity, becomes deepened and disgraced by habits of self-indulgence. Or if, on the other side, deceptive Fortune should smile, and successful ventures bestow the much-desired wealth, then there comes in another tempter, by name Extravagance. What is easily won is lightly spent. The heart, elated by sudden success, hastens to display it ostentatiously and profusely. And how often does this lead to darker guilt and deeper ruin! Dishonesty follows upon extravagance, in a thousand instances, from the apprentice who pilfers from the money-drawer to the speculator who defrauds the public, or the man in office who plunders the treasury of the nation. When we hear related some instance of disgrace resulting from embezzlement, either on the larger or the smaller scale, how often can it be traced to the spirit and the practice of gambling! Nor are saloons and lotteries the only scenes for the display of that spirit. The stock exchange is no stranger to its influence. We have seen, while our country was engaged in its great struggle, while national existence, the cause of freedom, and the welfare of coming generations hung on the issue, men, debased by the thirst of gold, making persistent efforts to discredit the public securi-

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ties, in order that they might be profited by the panic that would ensue. We have seen a new source of public wealth in those wonderful oil-springs, that seemed to make their appearance as if newly created, turned into a public evil by the wildness of speculation with which they were made the means of gambling. For the spirit is the same in all its different manifestations. It is, in all, the disposition to rely on chance, to grasp at uncertain but dazzling profits, instead of the moderate but sure reward which Heaven appointed for honest and useful industry. It is, in its various developments, that spirit of worldliness, that love of gain, that worship of Mammon, which our Saviour teaches us cannot exist together with the worship of God.

We have seen how the excitement of depending upon chance interferes with steady industry; will it not interfere, also, with all regular duty to those around us, and with our devotion to God? The love of gain is in its nature engrossing; it leaves little time or disposition for attention to other objects, especially when it displays itself in this form, in which so much of uncertainty, of hope, and of fear, are involved. The service of God requires calmness of mind, a spirit freed from the ascendency of earthly things, and ready, on the wings of devotion, to soar to the contemplation of things unseen. How can the one, then, coexist with the other? It is difficult enough for us, among the common anxieties of life, to bid intruding thoughts depart, while we meet our God in prayer; how shall it be, then, when we are occupied with the extravagant hope that we shall be suddenly raised by chance to the height of fortune?

But, we are told, the service of God is not prayer alone nor chiefly. It is practical goodness; and there is no reason why one who seeks fortune in this manner may not be practically a good man. We do not deny that he may be, and that many have been; but such is not the tendency of the excitement to which they have yielded. For what is practical goodness? Thus speaks a prophet of old: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Justice, benevolence,

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humility, — these three, — constitute the service that God approves. Justice, in rendering to all that which is due to them; benevolence, in keeping the ear ever open to the tale of distress, the heart ever tender, and the hand ever ready for relief; and humility, in not thinking more highly of ourselves than we ought, but thinking soberly. But against all these forms of duty, the gambling spirit elevates itself. The delicate instinct of justice it disregards, for it aims to attain a possession for which it has not paid any corresponding price. Benevolence is chilled, for its whole hope of gain is founded on the loss of others. And what can be more opposite to the spirit of humility than the eagerness to be the one among numbers distinguished by a prize? What more dangerous to it than great and sudden gain? In every aspect, then, is the truth apparent, with regard to this form of acquisition, that "he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent," — that we "cannot serve God and Mammon."

We have not yet spoken of the peculiar temptations to fraud which accompany these enterprises of chance, in whatever form they assume. The whole business of attracting purchasers to tickets consists in setting forth, in the most attractive light, the advantages to be won, while the numerous chances of disappointment must, as far as possible, be concealed. Sometimes superstition, of the most foolish kind, is called in to aid, with its pretences about lucky numbers and lucky offices. And how easy is it, when arranging a plan for the disposal of property, to assign to that property an extravagant value! This may not have been the case in the transaction which has called forth these remarks; but the liability of such enterprises to be thus abused is obvious, and should be taken into account with the other temptations which they offer, in estimating the injury they do to the morals of the community.

We would give our testimony, therefore, against the spirit of gambling, in whatever forms it may be exhibited. That spirit, wherever it appears, should be discouraged. If countenanced in childhood, it will grow by use, and develop itself in more dangerous forms in maturer life. If allowed in

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the charitable or religious Fair, it mixes one of the most, questionable employments of earth with the service of Heaven, and "gives occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully." If it passes unrebuked in the Gift Concert or the Real Estate Lottery, it prepares the mind of the community for removing all restraint, and allowing our streets to be placarded, like those of Southern cities, with deceitful statements of lottery schemes, and promises of the favor of Fortune. On this subject, as on that of Temperance, the clear, plain course of entire abstinence is the best. Honesty, proverbially "the best policy," needs not, in our country at least, artificial stimulus or aid to obtain the moderate success to which it rightly aspires. True honor will spurn the advantage that is purchased by another's loss; and Religion, claiming the heart for her own, will not share her empire over it with the love of gain.

"RELIGION is the personal communion of a living soul with a living God. A spirit in *conscious* communication with a *fountain* Spirit,—*consciously* fed from an invisible Source, and that Source a *living* Being,— knowing that it has nothing of its own, but *receives* everything,— that it originates nothing,— that its goodness, its pity, its purity, its compassion, its faith, its hope, its aspirings after the Perfect, and absolute confidence in it as a condition that is more and more to be reached, are not self-produced, but all breathed into us by another Spirit,— knowing that if we close, or interrupt, our personal intercourse with that Spirit, from all these the sap of Life is withdrawn, and we become dried and withered beings, going aimless through this world, trustful in nothing, and attaching no significance to our own existence, for our existence has no significance unless there is an eternal Spirit constantly sustaining us from himself, seeking every open inlet in our nature to pour in more and more of the perfection that dwells in him,— a spirit living in this knowledge is a spirit in the state of Religion. Religious life is drawn from the Fountain of life, giving absolute faith as long as we abide in it, because our confidence is not in our own measures of it, but in the fulness and the willingness of Him who pours it into us." J. H. THOM.

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SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

THE "Princeton Review" for January has articles on the Culdee Monasteries, Dr. Hedge on College Studies, Gregory as a Theologian, The Oriental Churches, etc. It is very decided and earnest in condemnation of Dr. Hedge's views as set forth in his Cambridge Address, which it characterizes as "rather brilliant and sensational than profound or thorough." The first article above named relates to monasteries early established in Scotland by religious men who were called *Culdees*, in Gaelic, meaning, literally, cell-men. The reviewer starts with the interesting statement that "There is reason to think that before the close of the second Christian century there were 'Scots believing in Christ,' and that for the gospel they were not indebted to missionaries from Rome. These Scots dwelt in Ireland as well as in Scotland, and there are historic intimations that they received their first Christian teachers from lands where the Greek language prevailed." A position so different from the generally-received opinion on this subject, and of such curious interest, imparts much importance to this article, in the eye, at least, of the antiquarian and Church historian, though the proofs it adduces are chiefly inferential and not of a directly historical character. They relate to such points as the following: that the early Scotch monasteries did not claim any connection with Rome; that their design was not to collect monks, but to educate missionaries; that hence these cell establishments developed into colleges; that they had no metropolitan head; that they did not enjoin the celibacy of the clergy; that they did not recognize the doctrine of a priesthood, nor auricular confession, nor penance, nor absolution; and there was no confirmation, nor consecrated chrism, and no belief in the real presence, nor transubstantiation, and no worship of the Virgin Mary; that while the Roman tonsure was the coronal, the Scottish was the crescent; that they did not follow Rome in the time of keeping Easter; that they boldly and persistently repelled the attempts to bring them in subjection to papal jurisdiction, and that it was only by the bribe of ecclesiastical rank and wealth that the Culdee Christians were finally subjugated. Early, then, in Scottish history, were principles rooted in the hearts of the people antagonistical to Rome. In closing the article, the reviewer quotes from Mc-

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Lauchlan's Ecclesiastical History of Scotland, who says, "It requires but little acquaintance with Scottish history to observe that these principles never were eradicated; that during the reign of the Roman Church in the kingdom they continued to exist, exhibiting themselves occasionally in such outbreaks as the letter of King Robert Bruce and his nobles to Pope John, or the uprising of the Lollards of Kyle, and finally culminating in the events of the Scottish Reformation. Those principles had regard, above all things, to the independence of the ancient Scottish Kingdom and Church. They exist still fresh and vigorous as ever in the Scottish mind; nor is it easy to say for how much of what now distinguishes Scotland ecclesiastically, she is indebted to the ancient Culdee Church. One thing is plain, that, notwithstanding the claims of the Church of Rome and its hierarchy to antiquity in Scotland, she can only claim four hundred of the eighteen hundred years that have elapsed since the planting of Christianity in the kingdom."

Mr. George Bancroft, in his recent History of the American Revolution, says that "Catholics are in general inclined to monarchy, and Protestants to republicanism." An able writer in the February "Catholic World" controverts this statement of the historian, and contends that if, during the Middle Ages, the Catholics often sided with the king, it was because they regarded him as a better representative of the popular will than the barbarian chiefs. "In this the Church has been on the side of liberty in its largest and truest sense. . . . There can be no question that since the beginning of the fifteenth century the interests of humanity, liberty, religion, have been with the kings and people, as against the feudal nobility. It is owing to this fact, not to any partiality for monarchy, even in its representative sense, that the Church has supported the monarchs in their struggles against feudal privileges and corporations." Moreover, a spirit of individual freedom has been from the first the inspiration of the Catholic Church. It springs from the noble maxim, We must obey God rather than man. "Every martyr to the Christian faith asserted it, in choosing rather to be put to death in the most frightful and excruciating forms, than to yield up the freedom of conscience at the command of the civil authority; and the Church shows that she approves it by preserving the relics of martyrs, and proposing them to the perpetual veneration of the faithful." It is not strange, therefore, as the writer goes on to say,

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that "There were numerous republics in Europe before the Reformation, as Venice, Genoa, Florence, the Swiss Cantons, and many others, not to speak of the Lombard municipalities, the Hause towns, and the Flemish or Belgian communes, all of which sprang up during Catholic times, and were founded and sustained by a Catholic population. Nearly all of them have now disappeared, and some of them almost within our own memory; but I am not aware that there is a single republic in Europe founded and sustained by Protestants, unless the United Dutch Provinces, now a monarchical State, be a partial exception." He proceeds to turn the tables in the following spirited manner: "Protestantism affords in its principles no basis for either civil or religious liberty. Its great doctrine, that which it opposes as a religion to the Church, is the absolute moral and spiritual inability of man, or the total moral and spiritual depravity of human nature by the fall. This is the central principle of the Reformation, from which all its distinctive doctrines radiate. This doctrine denies all natural liberty and all natural virtue, and hence the Reformation maintains justification without works, by faith alone, in which man is passive, not active, and that all the works of unbelievers or the unregenerate are sins. Man is impotent for good, and does not and cannot, even by grace, concur with grace. All his thoughts and deeds are only evil, and that continually, and even the regenerate continue to sin after regeneration as before, only God does not impute their sins to them, but for his dear Son's sake turns away his eyes from them, and imputes to them the righteousness of Christ, and with it covers their iniquities. There is no ground on which to assert the natural rights of man, for the fall has deprived man of all his natural rights; and for republican equality the Reformation founds at best the aristocracy of grace, of the elect, as was taught by Wickliffe and attempted to be realized by Calvin in Geneva, and by the Puritans in New England."

The "Christian Examiner" for January has a leading article by Rev. Dr. Hedge, on "The Destinies of Ecclesiastical Religion." He does not believe that the Church is about to retire from public life, deliver up its portfolio, its sacred books, and if recognized at all, exist as a pensioner of secularism. Among other illustrations, he gives the following: Thirty years ago he was a member, he says, of a club of young men, mostly preachers of the Unitarian connection, who were fired with the hope of a

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new era soon to dawn upon the world, who believed that the present Church rattles ominously and must vanish presently. But of that company almost all have themselves vanished, while the Church which they held to be moribund still survives. The writings of the members of this club, in the four volumes of the "Dial," Dr. Hedge regards "among the choicest treasures of my library;" and in the following sentence seems to give proof that he himself can now and then write in the vein of the "Dial." He says, "A church is the embodiment of a spiritual force, which, sallying from the heart of God, creates a vortex in human society that compels the kingdoms, compels the æons, in its conquering wake, and tracks its way through the world with a shining pyschopomp of saintly souls." As the writer adds, "It seems to me somewhat important to understand this," we have asked a learned friend to translate it, and have hopes of a reply in due time. Meanwhile, we quote the noble words which conclude the article: "Conservatism is wise, so it be the conservatism of intelligent homage to the past, and not the conservatism of worldliness and self-interest, or fear. But radicalism is wiser; I mean the radicalism of disciplined thought, not of impatience, of pugnacity and self-conceit. Wiser yet, wisest of all, is that historic sense which acknowledges the good in both these tendencies, but is too wide-eyed and self-possessed to be entangled with either; which sees that both are polarizations of a truth that neither quite comprehends; which recognizes the fact of tutelage, and knows that mankind must have spiritual leaders; and that, of spiritual leadership, the qualification and main constituent is not learning or philosophy or eloquence or any kind of intellectual eminence, but spiritual overweight, attained and attested by entire humiliation; that only to him who, being in the form of God, can take upon himself the form of a servant, will every knee bow."

"The Theology of Science" is the caption of a brief but suggestive article in a late Old School Presbyterian paper. The writer says, "Our theology is not so much what God is, as it is what *we* think God to be;" and after this important and often overlooked distinction, which sweeps away much of the sophistry of a well-known article of Macaulay, he uses the following illustration: "An architect, whose skill was famous in the days of Egypt's giant architecture, was required to gratify the pride of the king in the erection of a splendid temple; but upon the front of that temple was to be engraved, not the name of the builder,

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but that of the man who wished the name of the architect to perish before his own haughty pride. The granite pile was finished. Upon its front was seen, by all Egypt, in deeply-cut letters, a proud name, which for centuries was the only name associated with that splendid monument. Even the children of many generations, as they gazed upon the monument which carried their thoughts far back into the ages of traditionary mystery, had learned to reverence that name, and to attribute to its owner all the honor and glory of this vast and solemn structure in the valley of the Nile. But all was not granite that was called such. The seeming stone crumbles around the sacred name of the king, and with the crumbling there disappears some traditions which the people had held most sacred; no priest, nor altar, nor fleecy clouds of incense, could prevent the catastrophe, till down from the front there falls a plastered coating, revealing now the eternal granite, and deeply engraven therein the name of the architect which the pride of the king had suppressed. 'The word of the Lord is tried,' but tried more bitterly at times by the ignorance of its friends than by the science of its enemies. Time may mend *over* theologies, — some of the plaster may be rubbed off by attrition,— but the grand temple in which God has enshrined his Christ shall stand, not only unimpaired, but strengthened, and every discovery of true science, every advance in true philosophy, shall only be an advance upon the realms of spiritual ignorance; every height attained, every mystery unravelled, shall only, in the long run, establish the truth that, after all, Christianity is the philosophy of science, and science the grand postulate of Christianity."

Mrs. L. M. Child has been writing in the New York "Independent" in favor of giving to women the right of voting, and in reply to Professor Lewis on the same subject. The spirit of her articles will be inferred from the following quotation: "For obvious reasons the emancipation of women from their ancient fetters has been attended with peculiar difficulties. Every inch of ground they have gained has been yielded to them with timidity and reluctance; not, as a general thing, because men wished to oppress them, for, in this country, at least, they are treated more like spoiled children than like slaves. But from long habit men are afraid to trust women to think and to act for themselves. They are afraid they will turn the world upside down if they move without their guidance, and especially are they

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afraid that their precious *proteges* will themselves come to harm if too much freedom is allowed them." She quotes the good reply of Sojourner Truth to the coarse remark of a minister that "nowadays women and jackasses are allowed to speak." She asked the priest to remember "that the ass saw the angel while Balaam didn't."

The New York "Observer" has had an article rebuking those who, under the plea of scientific proofs, are attacking the authority of the Scriptures on the subject of the antiquity of man. The writer thinks that these alleged proofs amount to nothing, and that they are paraded less through a zeal for science than from a hatred of revelation. We shall be slow to believe that such a charge would be brought against Sir Charles Lyell, Bunsen, Agassiz, all of whom, with other profound investigators of this subject, have come to the conclusion that the race of man has lived longer on the earth than the accredited chronologists allow. These systems of chronology conflict with one another, and are, to a great extent, mere guesses, while it is at least an admissible position that the Scriptures did not intend to reveal the precise age of the race of man, and a diversity of opinion may therefore be allowed. The candor of such a position, it seems to us, would be more likely to overcome a hatred of revelation, if such exists, than the sweeping assertions of those who, perhaps, have not examined all the evidence in the case.

A writer in the Methodist paper, "Zion's Herald," argues strongly in favor of establishing the Methodist Biblical Institute in Cambridge, so as to have a participation in the advantages of Harvard College. He says, "The advantages the college offers to such a school have been pronounced as good as an endowment of one hundred thousand dollars; but this is too low an estimate. A million dollars cannot purchase them, and yet we can have them *for nothing*." He thus notices the objection drawn from the religious atmosphere of Cambridge: "As for Unitarianism, of which some are much more afraid than its proportions or its attitude seem to justify, it does not come to the undergraduate course, and in fact, has no existence in the college proper as an influence upon the student in any way. And in the social relations of the students among themselves, Trinitarianism is almost the only active religious influence there, and the Trinitarian Society, called the Christian Brethren, which from a small beginning has become a large society, would do credit to any col-

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lege or theological school in the land. Harvard College is not religious, neither is it infidel; but it is, and it is destined to be more and more, the great literary and scientific centre of the American Continent, as is Berlin of the European. In the century of the history of our Church upon which we are just entering in America, a part of our work will be among the most highly-cultivated people in the world; and this is a very important part, too, since this class produces the reading and does much of the thinking for all classes; and the man of God must combine the greatest wisdom with the highest grace."

The "Missionary Herald" for January has maps of sixteen missionary stations, and in its survey of the missions sustained by the American Board gives the following summary: number of district missions, 20; number of stations, 104; number of ordained missionaries, 140; number of female assistants, 168; whole number of laborers sent from this country, 315; number of native pastors, 62; number of school teachers, 290; number of churches, 194; number of church-members, 24,630; number of church-members added during the past year 1,119; whole number of pupils in all the schools under the direction of the Board, 10,901. It must require the highest order of ability to manage the complicated interests of so large an enterprise, which cannot be regarded otherwise than as one of the noblest movements of Christian earnestness and activity.

The two New York gentlemen, Prof. Morse and Mr. E. Stiles Ely, who have given ten thousand dollars each to establish a yearly course of public lectures in New York City, on the Evidence of Christianity, deserve great praise for their good intentions and liberal spirit; though it must be added that defences of Christianity under the stimulus of such gifts seldom amount to anything, as witness the famous Bridgewater Treatises. The Rev. Albert Barnes' course of lectures on this foundation embraces such pertinent topics as the following: The Historical Evidence of Christianity as affected by Science. The Evidence in the Nineteenth Century that Miracles were performed in the First; The Relation of Christianity to the Present Stage of the World's Progress in Science, Civilization, and the Arts.

A correspondent of "L'Independance Belge," writing from Rome after the withdrawal of the French troops from that city, praises the remarkable self-control, patience, and moderation of the Roman people. The papal clerical party had been predicting

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scenes of violence and anarchy. They seem to look upon the opposers of the Pope's temporal power as so many caged wild beasts, who would spring upon and devour their keepers the moment they were unchained. Up to the last accounts, Rome had been as quiet, life and property as safe, as ever under French bayonets. The whole case illustrates something more than the wisdom of trust. It is a new lesson in regard to Italian national character, which has too long been regarded as impulsive, passionate, vindictive, while the last few years have displayed in the most conspicuous manner the self-restraint and forbearance of the Italian people.

At the late anniversary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held in New York, Bishop Thompson, a missionary in China, gave some important statistics in regard to the labors of the Methodist Church in that country. The Christian religion, he said, was now fairly domiciled in China; we have there, he added, a force of thirty-six missionaries, and had a missionary property worth $36,000, a church-membership of over one hundred and fifty-four persons, a mission press which prints over two millions of pages every year, a hospital for foundlings, a school for boys, and a school for girls. With scarcely less interest have we read what he stated as to the general character and condition of the Chinese. They had a common-school system, he says, long before the Christian era, and are without a pauper peasantry or slavery of any kind in any portion of that vast empire. They are a highly literary people, and their literary examinations assembled thousands of candidates for literary honors. They are the Anglo Saxons of the East.

The editor of the New York "Methodist" has an article in a recent number headed *Getting near to Nature*, and expresses thoughts much more healthy and sound than those we often meet in the religious press. He says, "A few days ago we received a letter from a thoughtful young man complaining that with all his longing and striving he felt himself 'no nearer to Nature.' This phrase, by no means strange or striking, came home to us with peculiar force, and has been ringing in our ears ever since. It is indeed a grand thing to get near to Nature, to hear her breathe her secrets, to feel the throb of her great and tender heart, and to be assured that as her fellow-creature we have, so to speak, her confidence. The hard and coarse aspect of the material creation softens; what before seemed only sterile and blank comes

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to sparkle with suggestive thoughtfulness; what before was silent seems to talk like a gentle child, to sing like a bird, or perhaps like an angel; what before had been only an unnoticed stranger becomes a friend full of both power and will to comfort our hearts and to fill us with sublime aspirations. We often wonder whether men of hard money and ledger and day book, whose eyes are holden from the world of the beautiful, can possibly be Christians, or, if they are, what sort of Christianity theirs can be. In many respects they are inferior to thoughtful heathen. The pagan, who has lords many and gods many, has often been far from blind to natural beauty, and has been a true priest of Nature despite his false theology. He at least had a heart in him, and this, it seems to us, is all that Nature asks of those who are admitted to her company. But this somewhat important organ appears to be either wholly wanting or alarmingly small in the class of Christians we are dealing with; and age, which with a higher type of manhood is a process of ripening and mellowing, with these is a mere hardening."

We are glad to see frequent and earnest words in the religious press on the duty of Christians in relation to great political questions. "The greatest error perhaps committed by the Christians of the United States," says one of our exchanges, "has been the surrender of the whole field of politics to unscrupulous and immoral men. From this error has proceeded the enormous growth of insincerity, demagoguism, and of corruption in our political life. It will cost a long and painful effort to recover the moral power which has been foolishly sacrificed, but the effort must be made."

A correspondent of a Paris paper, writing from Florence, concerning the difficulties in the way of a settlement of the Roman question, alludes to the subject of the great number of bishops in the papal dominions as one of the points which the Italian Government is determined to have reformed. Many little places of not more than five or six thousand inhabitants, as the writer says, have been erected into separate dioceses, so as to form as many bishoprics as possible. The consequence has been, as he proceeds to say, that the highest honors of the Church, such as the cardinalship and saintly canonization, have fallen with disproportioned frequency among these petty bishops, and the chances of ecclesiastical distinction are, as he estimates, eight times greater among them than among any other portions of the Church.

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He has no idea that in proportion to the population Paris, Lyons, Brussels can furnish only one eighth as many "candidates for Paradise" as Rome; "ce n'est pas veritablement rendre justice a la saintete du genre humain dans sa masse."

We find in a large number of our exchange papers an outburst of indignation at the alleged tyranny of the Roman Government in banishing from Rome the American Protestant Church, which has for a few years been there tolerated. We have very distinct recollections of meeting some forty or fifty fellow-worshippers in a parlor of the American Minister's house, — a concession which was granted as an experiment. We, of course, are ignorant of the causes which led to its retraction; but we can easily conceive that in the death-struggle of the Papal Government this may have been found somewhat dangerous. Rome has never accepted the principle of free discussion and a fair field for all. We profess that; and yet are there no towns with us where the dominant sect has used every art to exclude some intruding denomination? Let him that is without sin cast the first stone. If the stones fly fastest from those who have the least right to throw them, all this has happened before.

"As a living word of gentle Love will open the rock of a rude heart, the smallest spark may be kindled into flame by one whose own life is full of light, if he will fan the smoking flax. Christ is the great quickener of Faith because it possessed himself entirely. His life is the pattern of a life of Faith. The Christian means of strengthening Faith is to see its power in our Lord. Only, remember that even when we are drawn towards Christ, it is still the attraction of God that we obey. It is our Father's Spirit that we recognize in his truer Son. We are drawn towards its fulness because, in a measure, it is living and moving in us."

"SELF-EXAMINATION will never bring a divine glow upon any of the springs of our spiritual life; the only examination that can transfigure us is the knowledge of ourselves that comes from the Light of God shining into our darkness; only when we look into *his* face do we know how poor we are, and yet how infinitely rich."

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RANDOM READINGS.

A NEW THEOLOGICAL CATECHISM.

THE progress of the theological world has made such a work quite indispensable. Let us see from some of the material which is rapidly accumulating about us what sort of questions and answers we are to have.

Q. Who is a "conservative"?

A. He who "confesses with his mouth the Lord Jesus." (Rom. x. 9.)

Q. Who are "fence builders"?

A. Those who in forming unions of Christian churches believe that such unions can profitably include only persons who recognize the Leadership of Christ.

Q. Who are fetish worshippers?

A. Those who "express the fundamental Unitarian faith by the single article of the Lordship of Jesus Christ." (January Number of the Radical.)

Q. Are there any such worshippers in the midst of us?

A. "We have a fetish now regularly installed in the Unitarian Church." (January Number of the Radical.)

Q. What are those "expressions of belief which conservatives are ready to emphasize and strengthen and which wound the consciences of their opponents"?

A. "Disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ" and "the kingdom of his Son." (Preamble of Unitarian Conference.)

Q. Ought we not to try to soften such expressions?

A. "We by no means say that all has been done which ought to be done to satisfy the consciences of the radicals."

Q. Ought we to renounce our Christian confession in order to retain those who cannot make it with us?

A. "No adherence to any mere form of words should be suffered to exclude them."

Q. What would seem to be in the way of union?

A. "Let us sacrifice our pride, if need be."

Q. Is there any difference between uniting to put out a fire and uniting to diffuse Christianity?

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A. None worth contending about. "Work, work, and differences will be forgotten." "It is quite time that this whole fence business was given up."

Q. What is the surest token of "moral earnestness and spiritual fervor"?

A. "To forget all dividing lines and confessions of faith."

Q. Does it make any difference whether a preacher of the gospel is *near* the kingdom or *in* it?

A. "The real question is not whether a man has reached our goal, but is he upon the road."

Q. What is a refusal to unite with one who does not "confess the Lord Jesus" equivalent to?

A. "Casting off one who falls short of *our* standard of faith."

Q. What does "the moral sense" in these times disown?

A. "The supremacy of Jesus Christ." (Radical for January, 1867.) E.

COURAGE AND TRUST.

Is the future uncertain or dark before you? Do not waste the strength of to-day by vain forebodings of evil. "Leave events," calmly and trustfully, "with God," when they lie beyond your own co-operation or control, and act earnestly, hopefully, in the present moment, whether the nearest duty be some heroic deed or the lowliest of all service. It is of little consequence which it be, so long as the same lofty purpose may dictate either. Use the measure of power that God has given you, trusting that it will always be equal to the hour, or if bodily strength be not given according to apparent need, believing that He who knoweth all things and "doeth all things well" has some unseen work, some higher service, for you to perform, the results of which will not be lost, though they be wrought out only in the most secret recesses of the heart. Be up and doing, if it be in your power, and thus let action help to dispel the clouds of anxiety and sorrow. Blessed are you if you have this resort! But if inactivity of body be your doom, strive to keep the mind and heart employed on profitable and cheerful subjects. It will often be very hard, sometimes, perhaps, impossible; but the effort should be made, and even should it often prove unsuccessful, the mere endeavor,

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though apparently vain, will be better than unresisted despondency. There is nothing so hopeless as a voluntary surrender of one's energies to the pressure of adverse circumstances. Trust in God is, indeed, "an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast;" but it must be united with fidelity in the use of the powers he has given us. "I dinna arguy," says the Ettrick Shepherd, "that it is wrang to trust in Providence; only Providence is no obliged to help us, if we winna help ourselves." Strive to be master of yourself and your surroundings, and hope even through darkness to work your way to the light. †

LETTER FROM A SUBSCRIBER TO THE PROPRIETOR.

Dear Sir, — Please find enclosed five dollars for your Magazine. I feel much indebted for spiritual enlightenment and the consolations of genuine truth, to the former publications of Mr. Sears and the brave, noble words of Mr. Ellis and others. Their manifest endeavor to bring us back to eat of the "*bread of heaven*" ("*And Jesus said, I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if a man eat of this bread, he shall live forever*"), also to acknowledge Christ as "the way, the truth, and the life," have refreshed me, for in this day of definitions and religious adjustment, I desire to stand with those who would "exalt the Lord" and not with those who would debase him and exalt themselves, for this to me is the great controversy of to-day. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men to me."

I confess I have but little faith in the endeavor to resurrect an old ecclesiastical or religious organization. They are always *merely human*, and of necessity doomed to ultimate death and dissolution. It would be an anomaly in history. No dead church was or ever can be resuscitated. Give us, I beseech you, "new bottles for the new wine, that both may be preserved."

And yet your present method must do much good work. Such living truths cannot be uttered without results, they will speedily execute a decisive "judgment," which is neither more nor less than a disintegration and dissolution of incongruous parts; and ultimately a new crystallization will follow. Let the good work go on; no evil can come therefrom.

Yours truly, * * *

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TO OUR AMERICAN COUSINS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SCHONBERG-COTTA FAMILY.

One people in our early prime,
One in our stormy youth,
Drinking one stream of human thought,
One spring of heavenly truth;

One language at our mother's knee,
One in our Saviour's prayer, —
One glorious heritage is ours;
One future let us share.

The heroes of our days of old
Are yours, not ours alone;
Your Christian heroes of to-day
We love them as our own.

There are too many homeless lands,
Far in the wild, free West,
To be subdued for God and man,
Replenished and possest;

There are too many fallen men,
Far in the ancient East,
To be won back to truth and God,
From cramping bonds released;

There is too much good work to do,
And wrong to be undone;
Too many strongholds from the foe
Yet must be forced and won, —

That we whom God has set to be
The vanguard of the fight,
To bear the standard of his truth,
And to defend the right,

Should leave the mission of our race,
So high and wide and great,
On petty points of precedence
To wrangle and debate;

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That blustering words of little men
(With poisonous venom rife),
Who must be angry to be heard,
Should stir us up to strife.

Nay! side by side in East and West,
In wild or heathen lands,
One prayer upon our hearts and lips,
One Bible in our hands,

One in our earliest home on earth,
One in our heavenly home,
We'll fight the battles of our King
Until his kingdom come.

THE CHILDREN'S MISSION TO THE CHILDREN OF THE DESTITUTE.

We have enjoyed the privilege, under the guidance of our esteemed Christian brother, Joseph E. Barry, of inspecting the beautiful new building which has just been erected by the friends of this enterprise. "See what the children can do!" was our rising thought. Not that their little hands laid the stately walls, nor even that their little purses paid for them. But they have been skilfully reared on a sure foundation, and handsomely paid for; and this never would have been but for the children. From the "golden word of a little girl" this beneficence had its rise; and little hearts have since cherished, and little hands in Sabbath-school bounties have aided to sustain it. It is true that wise heads and adult hands and loving hearts of manhood and womanhood, and deep purses of veteran philanthropists, have had a large share in the work, but did not the children incite them? It was once demonstrated that a child ruled Greece, by these logical steps: First, the child ruled its mother; the mother her husband; and the husband ruled Greece. By the same argument we may prove that the children erected this noble and beautiful building, which has sprung up like magic in the cause of this mission. The children, not dictorially, but lovingly, influenced and led the hearts of adults to put strong hands to this

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work. And the children helped, too, with their own hands. We will cite one instance. A little destitute boy felt such an interest that he put by, from time to time, his little gains from chance menial service, such as blacking boots, or traffic in papers, till he had got five dollars; and that he brought to Brother Joseph E. Barry and wished him to spend it for brick, that he might feel that there was a permanent part of the building which his money paid for. Brother Barry, knowing his poverty, was not willing to accept till he had seen his mother, who told him it would make the child too unhappy to disappoint him. Not long after this, Brother Barry saw the child entirely destitute of shoes, and ministered to this necessity. Now, the honored president of this mission and three others gave five thousand apiece toward this building, — a princely munificence; but can it make the five dollars of the little boy forgotten?

The building costs fifty thousand dollars, and is all paid for. It is eligibly situated on Tremont Street, not far from the Common; and the land cost four dollars a foot. It comprises two departments, the mansion house and chapel, with ante-room, hall, office, and appurtenant room. In all, there are twenty-two rooms and six bathing-rooms. The most important rooms are neatly and tastefully finished with chestnut, the others with stained or grained wood. Although the house is paid for, it is not yet furnished. Some churches and some individuals have agreed to furnish a particular room; but others wait for the like benefactors to come. The so-called orthodox have participated very little in this enterprise of doing good "to the least of the brethren" of Christ, though they have a similar enterprise in New York. One Orthodox brother, however, gave a hundred dollars, with a request to "tell it not in Gath." The lodging-rooms, when furnished, will accommodate sixty children. It is only designed as a temporary home, till eligible places can be found for the children, either here or at the West.

The institution now expects a more expansive scope; but it has already accomplished much. Five hundred children have been connected with its schools during the past year, under the guidance of forty teachers. It has sewing schools, evening schools, boys' meetings, which are made attractive to keep from theatres and bad resorts. A hundred lectures, in a familiar vein, were given to these children during the past year. Regularly employed in the mission are Joseph E. Barry, Elizabeth

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D. Barry, David A. Russell, Miss F. A. Ewer, and Miss A. M. Hathaway. The others are volunteers. Some of the richest ladies in Boston come and teach these children, and occasionally encourage the best children by an invitation to their houses. There are religious services and Sabbath-school on Sunday, and neighborhood prayer-meetings on the evenings of week-days. Every now and then the mission-hive swarms, and a band is conducted to new homes in the West. Surely, Christ is in this work, and will say to those who, from sincere and pious motives give themselves to it, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

But this enterprise is only begun, — though nobly and beautifully begun. Children and parents, a parlor organ is wanted immediately for the religious service. A capital is wanted to carry on this business, like any other; and that is an endowment fund. Come and see this building, or look at it in imagination, and dwell there in heart, and we are sure of your enthusiastic response to this appeal.

THE JOURNAL OF MAURICE DE GUERIN.

The readers of Matthew Arnold's Essays in Criticism are familiar with the name of Maurice De Guerin, and will be glad to know that his Journal, with a Memoir, by Sainte Beuve as edited by G. S. Trebutien, has been translated by Prof. Edward T. Fisher, of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, and published by Leypoldt & Holt, New York. A second volume, containing the "Letters and Literary Remains," is in course of preparation. The Journal, the advance sheets of which have come into our hands, fully justifies what Arnold has written of the author. The very spirit of Nature flowed in upon his soul, and led him into her truths. Shrinking from the faces of men, he recovered himself in that presence. He found, what others too often only talk about, poems, if not sermons, in the stones and the trees and the running brooks. They were all in league with him, and unfolded to his pure discerning their inmost sense. The veil between was taken away. Not a healthy life, nor a long one, and troubled by many conflicting winds of doctrine, as might have been supposed of a pupil of Lamennais he yet lived in faith and hope and love, and

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sought only to rejoice in the truth. We can commend this admirable translation, which indeed bears no mark of being a translation, to our readers in no better way than by putting within their reach a few paragraphs.

"O purity of the fields! I was constantly ascending from Nature to God, and descending from God to Nature. . . . . Nothing impure entered my soul, and I felt the powers of my mind growing; for when the inward man is pure, his thought rises unfettered, ever approaching the source of all intellectual strength. I was beginning to rise above my discouragements and to acquire that beautiful and noble trust of a heart which feels itself at one with God, and which cannot be cast down so long as it rests in this faith."

Or take this upon

THE USES OF SUFFERING.

"Such souls have no wings to rise to heaven, and the Lord, who nevertheless wishes that they should come thither, sends them aid. He piles around them the thorny fagots, and causes the fire of anguish to descend; the wood consumed, it springs to heaven in the form of a white vapor, like the doves that used to take their flight from the midst of the dying flames of the martyr's stake. It is the soul which has consummated its sacrifice, and which the fire of tribulation has made so ethereal that it may soar to heaven, like a smoke. Wood is heavy and inert; but add the element of fire, and even a part of that rises to the clouds."

He died at the early age of twenty-nine. May we not take from his Journal the single entry for one of its days, and say that it was sadly fulfilled in his *earthly* destiny, only, indeed, to be controlled by the Law of the Immortal Life? It is as follows:

"*Gustans gustavi in summitate virgæ, quæ erat in manu, paululum mellis, et ecce morior!*" (1 Sam. xiv.)

It is necessary for us always to remember that we are not saved by anything derived from earthly parentage. It is the birth by the Spirit of God that gives the title to the heavenly inheritance; hence the difference between the first Adam, who was made a living soul, and the second Adam, who is the quickening spirit.

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TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

WHAT is the object of a teacher of a Sunday-school? Is it to teach a certain creed? to induce a child to learn so many chapters in the Bible by heart? to make him acquainted with a great number of books and facts? to teach him to sing hymns, and repeat prayers? to keep the child orderly and quiet for a certain portion of the Sabbath-day? Surely, when all this is done, the object of a teacher is not, or may not be attained.

What, then, is the true object of a religious teacher? It seems to me it is to awaken his religious nature, to touch his soul, to make him feel and recognize the fact that he is an immortal spirit, that he is to live forever. Nothing is more natural to a child than life; he turns away from death as foreign to his experience; he knows it perhaps as a fact, but as it relates to himself or those he loves, his heart does not believe in it. All is life within and without him; his young, happy spirit protests against death. Is not this one part of a child's nature which Jesus had in his mind when he said, "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child he shall not enter therein."

Children often lose this faith in life, with which God has endowed them, in consequence of the paralyzing influence of the cold instructions of their teachers, and still more from the want of a true faith in life, never-ending life, which they witness in their elders. The efforts of religious teachers, then, should be directed to this great object, to strengthen and enlighten in a child's mind this tendency to believe in immortality.

All religious instruction, of course, rests upon this mighty truth, that we are all spirits, that the soul is more real and enduring than the body. This belief in eternal life seems almost an intuition in a child's mind; we must reverence it, we must aid and strengthen it, by the highest reasonings that their minds are capable of receiving; we must set before them all the evidences which the beautiful and glorious works of the Creator furnish of his omnipresent love and power. We must teach the child the divine harmony which exists between the voice within and the voice without him, and that both are ever singing the great song of immortality; then has he begun to be a prepared student of the written Word and of the living works of the Infinite Spirit.

E. L. F.

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THE TOLL-MAN'S FAMILY.

A TRUE STORY.

In the town of Dessau, in Germany, there was a long, wide bridge over the river Elbe. The ends of the bridge were much lower than the middle. The toll-man's house was placed upon the highest part of it, in the centre. In the spring of the year, when the ice was breaking up, there arose a great storm, and the river with the broken pieces of ice, came roaring down so violently, that the ends of the bridge were soon carried away, and nothing was left but the middle arch of the bridge, with the toll-man's house upon it, which looked as if it were upon a little island, in the middle of the river. The force of the river was so great that it was impossible that this arch should stand long, and the poor toll-man feared that his house would soon be carried away by the waves, and his wife and children all drowned. There were a great many people on the banks, pitying the poor man's fate, and he and his wife and children screamed to them for help, but the storm was heavy, and the ice made it dangerous, and they were all too cowardly to go out in a boat to try to save the poor family from drowning. Among them was a rich count, who held up a large purse of gold, and offered it to any one who would go and save the toll-man and his wife and children; but no one would risk his life for money. At last a poor man came along in a wagon, and as soon as he saw the danger the poor people were in, he set off in a little boat, and never minded the storm. He got safely to the toll-house; but he had to go three times, before he brought away the whole family. Just as he was landing the last load, the arch gave way, and the house was carried down the river. The poor father, and mother and their children were too happy to speak, when they found they were safe.

The count then offered the poor man who saved them the purse of gold. "No," he said, "my life was worth more than money, and I do not wish to be paid for doing right." The count urged him to take it; he still refused it for himself, but said to the count, "I wish you would give it to the poor toll-man, who has lost all his clothes and furniture, and who has so many little children to feed.

E. L. F.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

The Women of the Gospel, the Three Wakings, and other poems. By the author of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family." New York: M. W. Dodd.

The sentiment of these poems is uniformly tender and beautiful; the versification is quite unequal, — sometimes flowing on worthy of the sentiment, and sometimes breaking down altogether. It is difficult to conceive how the same hand could have composed some of these fine lyrics with the slovenly stanzas which occur now and then. The best pieces are rather tuneful than poetical. The Introduction, "To our American Cousins," shows the sweet Christian spirit of the writer, of which all her pieces are fragrant. See the Random Readings. S.

Records of Five Years, by GRACE GREENWOOD, is a volume of way sketches, published by Ticknor & Fields. The sketches are given under two divisions, "In Peace" and "In War." Under the former, we have charming pictures of domestic and country life, and of country scenery; under the latter, records of the war and of camp life, in which the author speaks from personal experience and observation. The sketches are sometimes eloquent, always patriotic and bright. S.

Outward Bound; or, Young America Afloat. A Story of Travel and Adventure. By WILLIAM T. ADAMS (Oliver Optic). Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1867.

The Giraffe-Hunters. By Captain MAYNE REID. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.

We give above the titles of two books by two of the most acceptable writers for boys; in time, we hope, for some who have been a little belated in making their New Year's purchases for the young people.

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The Life and Works of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. From the German of Adolf Stahr. By E. P. Evans, Ph. D. Professor of Modern Language and Literature in the University of Michigan. In Two Vols. Boston: Wm. V. Spencer, 203 Washington St. 1866.

Lessing's story is deeply interesting in itself, and every reader of these two volumes will add that Adolf Stahr has told it well, and has found in Prof. Evans a most satisfactory interpreter to the people who speak English. A brave, honest-hearted scholar, eager to receive and to give the Truth, with a born dislike of all pedantries, a student of books, but only for the sake of the realities which they contain, a passionate lover of good learning, but not in a selfish and luxurious way, mature even in his boyhood, — planning literary revolutions in his poor garret at the age of twenty, — and fulfilling in age the promise of his youth, not dominated by antiquity, and yet recognizing its just claims, and seeing clearly that the new grows out of the old, and permitted to anticipate so much of what has come out in some quarters since his day as altogether new that there is reason for saying, "to go back to Lessing is — to make progress!" Compelled to separate himself widely from the tutors and friends of his childhood, and to protest against much unreasonableness on their part, yet ever preserving the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, Lessing's life richly deserves to be unfolded and depicted; and to set it before the eyes of the young men of Michigan University and of other universities was and is a good work. E.

Diamond Editions and Globe Editions cannot be recommended for *continuous* reading save by persons in the pay of unscrupulous oculists, but they have their place in the pedestrian's pocket, and their hour in the intervals of labor and travel.

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVII. APRIL, 1867. No. 4.

THE WORD MADE FLESH.

BY J. H. MORISON, D. D.

REASON or intelligence utters itself in speech. The word becomes the medium of expression between one intelligent being and another. But as, by a natural law of association, we speak of the cup when we mean that which is contained in it, so the Logos, which primarily meant the word or outward form by which the inward thought is expressed, came to mean, also, the inward thought or reason itself. God, in his absolute and eternal essence or being, lies beyond the reach of our human intelligence. No man can see God and live; that is, no mortal man can see and know him as he is in the silent and absolute depths of his being. But God puts forth his reason, the Logos, and by it creating worlds, reveals himself to his intelligent creatures. Glimpses of this doctrine of the Logos as an agent in the creation of the world appear, it is thought, in the ancient Jewish Scriptures. "And God *said*, Let there be light; and there was light." "For he *spake*, and it was done." "By the *word* of the Lord were the heavens made." The same idea is supposed to be expressed in Proverbs viii. 22, 31, where Wisdom is used instead of the Word.

In the Old Testament, however, the Logos or Wisdom is used only as a personification of the act or thought by which

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God puts forth his creative power and reveals himself. In the wisdom of Solomon, the same expression runs through a longer description with, perhaps, greater vividness. Still, it is only a figure of speech, a strong personification of a divine attribute.

But, at last, about the time of the advent of Christ, the Logos had come to be regarded as a separate and personal being, an emanation from the absolute and eternal God, acting as his agent in the creation, and as a mediator between him and his intelligent creatures. Germs of this doctrine, it has been thought, are to be found in the writings of Plato, who lived nearly four centuries before our Christian era. But his speculations on the subject are very obscure, and it required the ingenuity of mystical writers who had been trained in a very different school from his to find in him any distinct traces of a personal Logos.

In Alexandria, a city founded in Egypt three hundred and thirty years before Christ, the Greek mind, with its wonderful subtlety of thought and speech, was brought into contact with the Oriental mind. Before the end of the first century of Christianity, one half of the inhabitants of Alexandria were Jews. Many of these Jews must have become thoroughly acquainted with the Greek philosophy, which they could hardly be without being profoundly impressed by it. Their whole mental training and their way of looking at theological subjects must have been seriously affected by its methods and its doctrines. We see decisive marks of this influence in the writings of Philo Judæus, a learned Jew, born about twenty years before Jesus, and residing, for the most part, in Alexandria. With him; the Logos is no longer a personification of wisdom or reason, but an actual person. He regards it, however, not as the supreme God, but as a second or inferior deity. In commenting on the passage, Gen. ix. 6, "for in the image of God made he man," he says, "It was not possible that anything mortal should be framed after the image of the Most High, the Father of the universe; it could only be formed in the image of the second God, who is his Logos. But he who is superior to the Word holds his rank

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in a better and most singular pre-eminence, and how could the creature possibly exhibit a likeness of him in himself?"

We are not to suppose that speculations of this character were confined to a single writer. The old beliefs of the world were dying out. The old formulas, whether of religion or philosophy, were losing their influence and undergoing important modifications. New ideas were eagerly sought after. In the dissolution of the old civilization with the sentiments which had been its life, there was an awakening of the human mind, a vague expectation of some mighty change, such as usually precedes and hastens on the inauguration of one of those momentous periods which revolutionize the central ideas and habits of the world. Especially must this have been the case in all the great centres of intelligence, where the most enterprising and intelligent men of the East and the West were brought into active personal relations. The sharply-defined monotheism of the Jews, the profound mysticism of Eastern Asia, the wonderfully-ingenious and subtle philosophy of Greece, there met face to face, acting and reacting, till they had, in some important particulars, seriously modified each other's ideas. To the Jews these were vital questions, and must have excited among them anxious and general concern. There was a brisk commercial intercourse between Alexandria and Asia Minor. Ephesus, where St. John resided during the latter portion of his life, was a great commercial centre, where men came together from distant places, acting as an intellectual stimulus to one another. Christianity itself had given a powerful impulse to the human intellect wherever it came. The very state of mind which led men to examine its claims created a new interest in other religious views, and led the way to all sorts of speculations on religious topics. The writings of Paul everywhere indicate an unsettled and excited state of mind in regard to these matters. The enterprise which carried Christianity through the whole civilized world in less than a century, and which caused its disciples to be numbered by millions before St. John had ceased from his labors, indicates something of the eagerness with which religious discussions and speculations were entered into.

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New views, therefore, on a subject vitally affecting the character of the new religion would spread rapidly and awaken a general interest, especially in Asia Minor. Philo Judæus probably wrote from thirty to fifty years before the Gospel of John was written. The Jews and the more enlightened among the Christians at Ephesus would have an opportunity to become acquainted with Philo's views before the publication of the Fourth Gospel. The doctrine of the Logos especially, affecting, as it did, the fundamental doctrine of the Jewish faith, must have excited a strong and earnest feeling.

Here, then, in the time of the apostles and among the Jews, we find a doctrine of the Logos. The earliest Christian writings that we have from a period subsequent to the apostolic age have this same doctrine in a further stage of its development. The recently-discovered work, which Bunsen supposes to have been written by Hippolytus, Bishop of the Port of Rome, quotes, from writings belonging to the first half of the second century, passages which show how firmly the doctrine of the Logos had taken hold of the Christian mind, and how seriously it entered as an important element into the controversies which had sprung up in the Church even at that early period. The same inference is forced upon us by the writings of Justin Martyr, who died A. D. 167.

These facts are enough to show that a doctrine of the Logos, growing, probably, in the first instance out of the attempt to adapt the Jewish theology to the philosophy of Greece, and, encouraged by the Greek culture which then entered so largely into the education of the civilized world, prevailed extensively, and must have been eagerly discussed by leading minds in the churches of Asia Minor, for at least a quarter of a century before the death of St. John. It claimed for itself a place in the Jewish dispensation, and under the sanction which it assumed for itself from that ancient and honored revelation, with all the boldness and subtlety of the philosophy in which it had its birth, it forced its way into the speculations of ingenious minds, and threatened seriously to impair the simplicity of the gospel of Christ. A subordinate

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being in the similitude of God, not the eternal Father who alone is God, but a second and inferior deity, sent forth by the supreme God, as an emanation from himself, creating worlds, and, as the Word, revealing the mind and the will of God; — here was a doctrine of the Logos, which, probably, met the aged apostle in his daily intercourse with the more cultivated and intelligent members of the churches which were under his charge.

With some such view as this uppermost in his mind, he struck the key-note in the proem to his Gospel. Men's minds were distracted by discussions and speculations about the Logos. The thought of the writer seems to be this: You are perplexing yourselves with your speculations about the Logos, this second deity, an emanation from God, living and acting apart from him. But there is no such distinction of persons. The Logos does, indeed, exist, but its existence had no beginning. For in the beginning was the Logos. It was no emanation from God, for the Logos was with God. It had no distinct, personal existence, for the Logos was God. He was in the beginning with God. All things were created through him, and without him was nothing made which was made. In him was life, and the life was the light of men.

The emphasis of the passage rests upon the fact that the Logos is no separate person, no inferior God, limited in duration or extent of being, but, as the supreme Intelligence or Reason, the Logos was in the beginning with God and was God, by whom all things, without a single exception, were created, and in whom was the life which is the light of men. And the light, which is in the Word or the supreme Intelligence, is shining in the darkness, and the darkness did not take it in. There was a man sent from God, named John; he came to testify respecting the light, that through him all might believe. He was not the light, but came to testify respecting the light. The true light which lighteth every man was coming into the world. He [the Word] was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world did not know him. He came to the things which were his own, and they who were his own did not

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accept him. But to as many as received him, he gave authority to be children of God, — to those who had faith in him, they being born not of any peculiar race, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but born of God. And the Word was made flesh and tabernacled among us, full of grace and truth, and we saw his glory, — a glory as of an only begotten Son from a Father. . . . From his fulness we all received, and grace for grace; that is, continually new accessions of grace.

The Word was made flesh. No thinking man understands this literally so as to believe that the divine Intelligence, which is God, was actually converted into flesh. But the Word, the divine Reason, which is God, entered into a human being, and dwelt there as in a tabernacle among men. Hitherto the writer has been speaking of the Word, as the supreme Intelligence, creating all things, the life and light of men. But at this point the personality of the Word is veiled in that of the Mediator in whom he dwells, and through whom he is to reveal himself in the fulness of his divine grace and truth. "And we beheld his glory, — a glory as of an only begotten Son from his Father." At this moment the point of view is changed; Christ is the image foremost in the mind of the writer, who speaks of beholding the glory of the Word, as it appeared in Christ, referring, probably, to the scene when Peter and James and John "were with him in the holy mount" (2 Peter i. 18), and, for once, "saw his glory" (Luke ix. 32), when the Word, in which is life and the light of men, transfused its radiance through his earthly form, and "his face did shine as the sun and his raiment was white as the light" (Matt. xvii. 2), and from above was heard a voice saying, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye him." Well might he who had witnessed these out gleamings from the divine light within, speak of beholding the glory of the Word, and viewing it there in the person of Christ, well might he call it "a glory as of an only begotten Son from his Father."

Here, as seen from its heavenly side, is the Incarnation, the great doctrine of the New Testament. The divine Rea-

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son, the Logos which was with God in the beginning, and which is God, dwells in the flesh as in a tabernacle among men, and full of grace and truth so manifests himself to the world in Christ that all who have faith in Christ receive of his fulness, and as they live in him, find themselves enriched with continually-renewed accessions of grace. To Jesus, by the indwelling presence of the divine Reason, the Word, uttering itself to him and through him, is given the Spirit without measure. "In him dwelleth all the *fulness* of the Divinity bodily, and ye are *filled* in him who is the head of all rule and authority." For "God was in Christ," — not God was Christ, but "God was in Christ, — reconciling the world unto himself." This view of the Logos gives the key-note to the expressions in the Fourth Gospel, which ascribe such dignity and power to Christ. "Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for the meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you: for him hath God the Father sealed." "I am the bread of life." "And I have given them the glory which thou hast given me; that they may be one even as we are one; I in them and thou in me." Here is the view of Christ which runs through the Fourth Gospel. In him is God manifesting himself. "He who hath seen me hath seen the Father." In him is the Logos, the divine Reason or Intelligence, which is God, uttering or revealing himself. It is nowhere asserted that he is the Logos. But "the Logos was made flesh, and was tabernacled among us, full of grace and truth, and we saw [in Jesus] his glory, — a glory as of an only begotten Son from his Father. John bare witness of him." "And of his fulness have all we received." Does this language necessarily imply that the personality of the Word is the same as the personality of Christ, or, taking the passage in its relation to what is taught elsewhere in the New Testament, are the conditions of the language, which nowhere asserts the identity of the two *persons*, best fulfilled by regarding the Word as dwelling in him, God *in* Christ, and through him, as the great Mediator, carrying out his own great work of grace and reconciliation?

What does the New Testament teach respecting the per-

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sonality of Christ? Was he God himself, or a human Mediator through whom God revealed himself? Was he the supreme Intelligence, or was he a man, so entirely subordinating himself to the indwelling Word, his faculties so filled and quickened and moved by it, that his thought was God's thought, his word God's word, and the divine grace and truth were flowing out through him, from his fulness, a quickening and increasing power of life and light to those who had faith in him?

Jesus, though "conceived of the Holy Spirit," was born as a little child. Extraordinary manifestations from heaven attended his birth. "Mary pondered these things in her heart." She and her husband evidently had for him the care and anxieties which other parents have for their children. Like other children, he was subject to his parents. Like other children, he increased *in wisdom, and in favor with God* and men, which could not have been, if he had been himself the Logos, which was in the beginning with God, and which was God. No particulars of his early youth have come down to us beyond the single incident of his interview with the learned men in the temple when he was twelve years old. In this account, we find that he had already come to the consciousness of a peculiar relationship to God. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" This question, like a sudden flash of light, reveals to us a profound religious experience. But we are not told how his consciousness of God's presence grew upon him, or how, as he increased in wisdom and in favor with God, he received the Word more entirely into all the springs of life and thought within him, till all his faculties were filled with the divine life, and moved spontaneously in harmony with the divine mind, and the life he lived was the life of God, and the words he spoke were the Logos, or divine Reason, uttering itself through him. We see not how these results were reached. But intimations of progress and attainment are given. He who came not to do his own will, but the will of Him that sent him, entirely subordinated his own will to the will of God. But what can more distinctly prove his separate personality, if not his humanity,

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than the fact that he did thus subordinate his own will to the will of God? Nor was this great end attained without time and effort. There could have been no such effort possible even for a moment, if he had himself been the Word which is God. Yet we see him struggling, always successfully, but still struggling, to bring himself into harmony with the divine will. In the Wilderness, at Gethsemane, and perhaps for a moment amid the pangs of the Crucifixion, are signs of at least a momentary jar, and of a struggle to bring himself back into harmony with the spirit and the will of God. Through these momentary efforts, his human personality distinctly and surely reveals itself. But, so far as we can see, with these rare and affecting exceptions, he so lived in the bosom of the Father, he in God and God in him, that no discordant wish or thought came in to separate him from God, and he could say in spirit and in truth, "I and my Father are one."

Thus the Word was made flesh, — had come into full and entire possession of the mind, the will, and the body of Christ. His human faculties, body and soul, had voluntarily submitted themselves entirely to the indwelling Word which is God, till all separate personal wishes had ceased, and he identified himself with God as the informing presence by which his whole being was guided and made alive. Whatever he did, it was with the consciousness that God was acting by him. When he spoke, it was with the consciousness that God was speaking through him. "The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth within me, he doeth the works." "If I judge, my judgment is true: for I am not alone, but I and the Father that sent me." "That ye may know and believe that the Father is in me, and I in him." And this indwelling presence makes itself felt in him. It enables him to do "works which none other man did." The love and the majesty of God show themselves through him. When he weeps over Jerusalem, it is the tenderness of God's protecting love and the calm, but reluctant severity of his judgments, mingling themselves with the sense of justice and the human compas-

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sion of Jesus, that give such majesty and sweetness to his words. In his stern but sorrowful denunciations of the wicked, — looking on them in anger, being grieved because of their hardness of heart, — we feel, as he did, that the judgments of God are uttering themselves through him. And when he asks us, weary and heavy-laden, to come to him and he will give us rest, we feel that, when in meekness and lowliness of heart we come to him, the infinite love and mercy of God are flowing out through him, so that we receive of his fulness, and are refreshed by continually-renewed accessions of grace. He speaks to us from a human personality. He was a man of sorrows. He calls himself the Son of man oftener than by any other name. Yet his human faculties are taken up into the divine, and made at one with them. His human personality is filled out, illuminated, till it becomes radiant, majestic, divine, through the Word which dwells in him as in a tabernacle among men, and the Son of man becomes also the Son of God.

How beautifully do these views, taken from the Gospels, harmonize with what we find in the Apocalypse, where, in prophetic vision, the same divinely human personality is projected into other worlds! "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with me." The infinite patience of God speaks to us here. Others would knock and pass on; but there he stands, knocking at your heart and mine, till, as represented in the Pre-Raphaelite picture, it would almost seem as if his youthful features had grown old. So, in the same passage, when he adds, "To him that overcometh, will I grant to sit down with me in my throne," he reveals to us the indwelling majesty of God's presence, — only, however, that he may immediately afterwards associate himself with us as our brother in our trials and conflicts, — "even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

There is something inexpressibly affecting in this view of our Saviour as the Son of man, showing his sympathy with us in our weaknesses and sorrows, and revealing, also, the ca-

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pabilities of our human nature, its possible refinement, elevation, and enlargement, when, by the inflowing of a divine life, it becomes itself divine. The humanity of Christ, that humanity taken up into the divine nature and made one with it, is what gives him his peculiar power over us as the Son of God. "For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." 1 Tim. ii. 5. All the creeds of the churches agree in assigning to him a human nature. Whatever else he may have been, they all agree in this, that he was a man. He was born of a woman, a real child of flesh and blood, craving, as we have no reason to doubt, the caresses and endearments of a mother, — a real child, in mind as well as in body, growing, not in stature alone and in favor with man, but in wisdom and in favor with God. There was the growth not only of a human body, but of a human soul.

"How, then," it may be asked, "was the Word made flesh?" This is a question that can be answered minutely on no possible theory of the Incarnation. How a plant is produced, how an egg becomes a living bird, how a human being — body and soul, yet one being — is born, are questions which no man can answer. "So is every one that is born of the Spirit." How the higher spiritual life is brought into our souls with its quickening influences, is a question involving considerations which lie beyond the reach of our knowledge. In like manner, we cannot tell *how* "the Word was made flesh" and dwelt in Jesus as in a tabernacle, so that they who were brought into the closest relations with him beheld in him its glory, — a glory as of an only begotten Son from his Father. The reality of the fact does not depend on our ability to explain *how* it became a fact.

According to the New Testament account, Jesus was really a man. He grew up, in mind as well as body, from childhood to manhood. He was tempted — really tried by temptation — as we are. He was wearied with his labors as we are. And he overcame trial and temptation, as he would have us overcome them, by actually struggling and praying against them. There is nothing spectral or unreal about him in his relation

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to our humanity. The agony of Gethsemane was a real and terrible wrestling with his human faculties, to bring them into harmony with the will of God. He ate and drank, because he was hungry and thirsty. He rejoiced with a real human gladness, and was bowed down in sorrow by a real human grief. Like those who are now his disciples on earth, "he learned obedience by the things which he suffered; and being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation to all that obey him." "And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, . . and every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

Because he was thus a man, subject to our human infirmities, and yet obedient unto death; because he suffered and wept and prayed and struggled, and thus overcame, therefore it is that God hath exalted him to be a Prince and a Saviour. By the perfect subjection of himself to the will of God, he became one with God. By his perfect obedience, the Word was made flesh, and dwelt in him full of grace and truth. Therefore it is that in him, as in no other man, we recognize the presence, the love, and the truth of God. When we are brought into sympathy and union with him, we are brought into communion with God, and understand the words in which he identifies himself with God. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." "Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." As when in Bethany the alabaster box was opened the house was filled with the odor of the ointment, so, when the mind of Jesus is opened to us, the Spirit of God diffuses itself around us, and we are enfolded in the presence and the atmosphere of his love.

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A WINTER THOUGHT.

Far abroad, o'er hill and plain,
Shine the snow-drifts pure and white;
Faintly, through the misty pane,
Gleams the rising sun's pale light.

Gazing through that wintry screen,
Strange the view that meets the eye;
Tints of crimson, violet, green,
Those pure snow-drifts seem to dye.

But ere long the brightening ray,
With a clear, revealing glow,
Melts that frosty veil away;
Spotless shows the sky-born snow.

Thus it is with us who view,
Through a sense-beclouded eye,
Those white paths of stainless hue,
Where God's passing footprints lie.

Fancy, doubt, and fear, perchance,
Strangely tint those spotless ways,
As, with feeble mortal glance,
Darkly through a glass we gaze.

But when full, eternal light
Drives these earthly mists away,
We shall see their heavenly white
Shining in celestial day.

L. E. S.

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READERS OF THE BIBLE.

THERE are not only two classes of biblical critics, but, also, two classes of readers. One class finds in the Bible only such meaning as is contained in other moral and religious books. Another class finds meaning so deep as to suggest divine sources of its truth and divine inspiration for its writers. One can easily empty its language of all mysterious and miraculous import. The other, while reading its plain letter, sees it filling up with ever new and fresh and greater significance, as if some hidden spirit poured through it a current of supernatural wisdom and life. The readers of this latter class see new truth forever breaking out of the old words, and the Bible is always becoming a vital power, a reality not of the past, but of the present, a strong influence in every day's activity, a voice of the holy, eternal Spirit, gathering volume and force as it speaks to successive generations and through all the ages.

We belong to this latter class of readers and believers. To us the Bible grows as we read it. We are always drawing new vitality and strength from its promises. Its words seem like fountains of living water springing up into everlasting life. The beatitudes turn to immediate joys. The Comforter given first to the disciples in their sorrow is given still to every sorrowing heart. There is no explanation of such spiritual phenomena except what Jesus himself gives, that his "words are spirit and they are life." Deny them we cannot, because they fall within our own practical experience. The Bible is more than letter, and contains more than literal meaning. How else is it that we read and reread the same passages, and find, with every new perusal, new and grander truth? Who can ponder and muse over any other sermon as he can over that which Jesus uttered on the Mount? Where is there such an epitome of human experience of sinning and repenting as we find in David's Psalms? Where else can we turn to find our own varying conditions and moods so fitly and fully portrayed? What

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other penitential and devotional writing will bear so much, so frequent reading? What criticism has passed on the words of Jesus! What study they have borne! How they hold their place in the heart and in the world's reverence! And then how marvellous that those who meditate most upon them cling the firmest to them! And, stranger than all, inconsistencies of the letter never confuse the spirit of the Word.

To explain and account for such facts as these, we must admit, in its fullest measure, a spiritual sense in the letter of Scripture, that the words of Jesus are all that he claims them to be, — "they are spirit and they are life." Our Bible cannot be read truly, or fully understood by grammar and lexicon, but only by the enlightened and witnessing spirit. Saintly souls, like Tauler, Fenelon, and George Law, have always found in that book more than practical moralities or forms of doctrine. And, on the other hand, they have never been troubled by the high things in it. They have never wished to deny its divine revealings, or throw a doubt or suspicion on the most spiritual and subjective of the Gospels. What they have felt of the divine life has proved to them the divine humanity of Christ. They have understood so well their relations to God that they have been able to find in those parts of revelation that we call supernatural only the amplest verifications of their own higher experiences and hopes. Now and then, a preacher, whose heart has been melted and whose lips have been touched by the heavenly fire, so opens up this hidden and inner sense of the Word that his hearers listen as if the apocalyptic seal had been broken, and for the first time in their lives, the truth had been revealed; for the first time they felt what wondrous meaning and beauty and power there was hidden away in that dark and dull old book, the Bible. We remember such an expositor* among the pastors of the last generation, who, out of a consecrated and poetic imagination and a deep religious experience, used to comment familiarly and with special delight and interest on the Psalms, and seemed to

* Rev. W. B. C. Peabody, of Springfield.

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bring the Psalmist and all Judea in vivid representation before his hearers. He blended the scenery of the country with the emotions of the writer in his own pictorial speech, and so wrought out the most complete and successful expository sermon. He had found his own life history, his struggles, his inmost trials, his repentings, and resolves all portrayed in these personal songs of David, and, therefore, knew how to interpret and reanimate his words. It is the secret of Robertson's power and success as a preacher. He was a living soul himself, and he made the Scripture *alive* in his sermons. He found life underlying the letter of his text, not merely a morality or a dogma.

Of similar character are the later sermons of Dr. Bushnell, only more profound and vivid and eloquent. They are great discussions of truths that lie beneath the letter and beneath all dogmas. They bring up new meanings out of the still, spiritual deeps of revelation and life. Whoever reads them cannot help finding greater things in the Scripture than he ever dreamed of before, — things so true, so vital and satisfying, that he feels a new faith awakening within him, and he rises up convinced and sure that he has heard no uncertain sound, but the veritable voice of God. There is an end to doubt, to fear, and all our vague uncertainties, when the Spirit of the Lord so answers to our spirits, confirming our better hopes, and turning our heavenly aspirations into well-defined heavenly realities. It is in this way that we can meet and combat and triumph over the materialism and scepticism of the age.

It is by reading the Bible spiritually that we are to be delivered from the bitter, vexing controversies and doubts of the critics. The contradictions and inconsistencies and scientific errors of the Scripture are all literal. Belonging to the *letter* so exclusively, they seem entirely superficial, while the *spirit* is single, evident, harmonious. Is it not the letter, and only that, which troubles us in our science and our doctrine and general beliefs, while the spirit reassures, reconciles, and satisfies us? As we read, it is "the letter that killeth; the spirit giveth life." In Genesis it is not half

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so important to know the number or length or character of the days of creation as it is to know that God is the Creator, and that there was no chance or accident about it. That is the religion of the history. It is not half so important to know that the genealogies of Jesus in Matthew and Luke agree as it is to know that the Christ of all the evangelists is one and the same in spirit and life, that there is a perfect spiritual harmony among all his biographers. So there are discrepancies in the different accounts of the resurrection, but perfect agreement about the fact. As a question of religion and a matter of our deeper souls, what do we care to know concerning the *how* and *where* of this great event? We are wholly intent to know "if the Lord be risen indeed;" and once in all the silent ages a voice has broken from the sealed lips of death, and a sign has been made in answer to our spirit's prayer, so that we can see and be sure that he who is man's Exemplar has won the victory over the grave. Let us read the words of Christ, not dogmatically or scientifically, but as spirit and as life. By the light let in from a higher truth, we shall see the lower come into consistent and harmonious relations, and the difficulties and the darkness vanish away. Then we shall give up our reverse methods, trying to measure man's heart by his intellect, to contain the greater in the less, by a farthing rush-light to discover the stars of heaven.

That the Bible has a spiritual as well as a literal sense is almost self-evident, and corresponds to the twofold character of man as soul and body. So all the forms of nature are intelligible only as symbols of higher and more permanent existences. These things that we see about us are types of invisible realities out of which this material world was created and shaped and made alive. Revelation only follows universal analogy. How to find the *way* into this deep, inner truth may not seem so clear as the *fact* of the truth itself. Those refined and pure souls who have gone down into the holy places of life, and have found the divine secret, and have been nourished by the very "bread that comes from heaven," may not be able to trace step by step the path by which they

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have come. They know full well what divine truth they have gained and what divine joy and peace they have entered into. But beyond their seeking and prayers they know not how the hand of God has led them along their way through darkness and suffering and fear. They are only sure that they stand at last on solid ground, that they live among the eternal verities and no longer among shadows. In all human experience nothing is more certain or more fully proved than the spiritual life; as little can we doubt that there is also a *way* to it distinct and marked all along by the plain footprints of believers and the clear lights of heaven. There is "a *law* of the spirit of life." St. Paul confidently affirms it. The New Church has its ready and decisive answer. Its doctrine of correspondence is not a theory or a symbolism but a science as exact and reliable as any science of numbers. Therefore its disciples have a language inspired and infallible, by which they can read the Bible here on earth as the angels read it in the light of the skies. While we are not ready to admit this high claim of the Swedish seer, we acknowledge that such a law, in its character and exactness, is just what we desire and seek, and sometime expect to find. If we have a revelation from God, we have, also, a way which he has marked out, all luminous with the light of his countenance, that leads direct to its deepest spiritual meaning. But we are quite ready to admit that the chief antagonist influence to the scientific doubt of the time and to our prevailing materialism is the philosophy of Swedenborg, large enough and spiritual enough to answer all our scepticism and explain all our problems of destiny and life. This gives us a key to both the mystery of the Bible and the mystery of nature. The acknowledged and accepted creed of the few, it works as a leaven of faith through all the thought and speculation of our scholars and preachers and readers. So far it is a silent force revealed only in the new tone and shaping it gives to our old theological doctrines, and to all our scientific inquiries. Its inward character is the best prophecy of future success.

Finally, we do not object to the troublesome doubts and

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practical difficulties and stupendous mysteries, all unaccountable and bewildering, that beset the lives of men who dwell so much in the outward, in themselves and in their goods. May their scepticism increase till it turns and drives them to God, to search into their great spiritual natures and the spiritual realities which alone can explain themselves, their being, and the world in which they live. Let criticism do its work. Let science evoke its own truths. Doubt is an element in all true inquiry; but it is neither the normal nor final state of man. In other courses run the great currents of human thought and feeling, and you cannot arrest or turn them back. Even the sceptics will continue to "search the Scriptures," and oftentimes in their searchings they will strike down deep enough to come to the living waters. The strongest tendencies of the world are in the direction of faith. There are more longings for God and heaven a thousand times than there are denials or suspicions of these divine realities. The sceptics themselves, down in their holy and pure affections, are all believers,— by their intellects writing their material philosophies, and in their hearts praying for the great revealings of the Spirit to give them rest and peace. D. C.

"Conscience is the magnet of the soul. It has a divine polarity. Amid the tempests of passion, in the dark hours of trial, that only lie just this side of despair, when a host of fierce temptations beleaguer, then consult this Divine Monitor; and though its tiny needle may tremble amid the attractions of earth, yet, if uncorrupted, its pole-star will be the throne of God."

"God can *speak* whatever he will into existence, but man must *work* into existence whatever good he desires. And hence the necessity, not merely of a general aim or resolve to effect a noble object, but of learning or devising the means by which it can be attained."

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LUCK OR PROVIDENCE?

LIFE OF LESSING.

In an exceedingly interesting biography of the famous German scholar, Lessing, an excellent translation of which has just been placed before readers of English, my eyes have fallen upon the following passage: "Through Lessing's entire life there prevails an adverse influence which can be comprehended in the brief expression, *He had no luck.* Whoever reads with attention his letters — the chief source for a knowledge of his life and character — will meet more than once his complaint of this fate, although under the disguise of that wonderfully affecting humor with which his strong heart strove to control his disappointment. We are yet far from that epoch of his life when the demon of disaster was to strike him fatally in the only part where the energy of this giant was vulnerable."

I need not say that this is not the language of Christian faith, and yet so easily are men betrayed into such words that I make no doubt the writer of them would be surprised to be told that he had written anything specially unchristian. It is the commonest thing in life to have a creed and to make no use of it, to affirm, as in this instance, sacred providences, and to talk of happy or unhappy accidents. Our faith needs to be so deepened and purified and instructed that it will be impossible for us ever to be betrayed into such irreligious utterances. Not a sparrow falls to the ground, said the Saviour, without your Father. The very hairs of your head are all numbered. Even Solomon said, "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposal thereof is of the Lord." "In Him," said St. Paul, "we live and move and have our being," and, "He is not far from any one of us," and again, "All things work together for good to them that love God." God is present with us in all the fulness of his power and love, ordering our steps and appointing our lot, in hours which are the darkest and even when all the waves and billows of the

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stormiest sea are breaking over us. He builds up and casts down. He wounds and makes whole. He gives and he takes away. He is no distant God, nor yet is he a mere looker-on in his own world, watching the course of Nature as we call it, and how, as her laws are carried out to their issues, some are blessed and some are cursed, whilst sometime the blessing falls upon the foolish, and the curse upon the wise. The word of faith which we preach proclaims an ever-present, an ever-working, an ever-loving Father.

Perhaps it would more surely gain and more steadily keep hold of our souls if we could always bear in mind that it is a word of *faith*. It is a spiritual and moral persuasion. It is from within us and from above us. It does not come so much from any observation of the way of the outward world, — from any comparison of good fortunes with evil fortunes, as from the precious thoughts of a fatherly God in our own souls, that inspiration of the Almighty which gives us understanding. The apostle exhorts us to add knowledge to our faith; but we must begin with *faith*. Often faith suffers great loss at the hands of those who wish to attain to it through knowledge, and are tempted to deal dishonestly with facts in the hope of sustaining their religious theories. They gather up what they call providences, even special and particular providences, at the risk of stamping as unprovidential all that has not come about according to their partial conception of the divine plan. We must steadily decline all such vain attempts to know before the time, or to interpret the whole circle of being from the little segment of it which comes under eyes that were opened only yesterday, and shall be closed to-morrow.

And yet when we have once settled it that Providence is rather to be believed in than to be known and understood, there are some thoughts concerning this wondrous way of love that may a little enlighten and shape our faith. And first it will help us to bear in mind that the fixity of law — nay, even its rigidity — need not exclude the Law-giver or compel us to declare that his loving hand is shortened. What we call law is but the orderly action of Almighty Power. God

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is in it all. Nature is not God, but God is in nature. Humanity is not God, but God is in humanity in all its wondrous goings forth and many and strange vicissitudes. God uses the Law and dominates in using it. It is not like a horse running riderless, like a huge machine plunging on through infinite space, now killing and now making alive, possibly doing good to the greatest number in some general way. It is the wise working of the Divine Will, and the sharpest weapons, those that draw blood and separate soul from body, are in the hands of God. Again it may help us to deepen our faith in Providence, if we will bear in mind how much more wonderful Law may be than Miracle, steadfast Order than occasional interposition. We look for God and his love in some departure from the common course, some staying of the descending stroke, some coming of the angel in bodily form to trouble the water. It is our infirmity. How much more worthy of Omniscience and Omnipotence to take that very settled way and so pervade and possess and consecrate it that no way could be better, no way so good, to get meat and sweetness from what looks like a hungry and withered earth. God hath no need to change our conditions, no need to send the twelve legions of angels and more, which, said the Christ, were ready to go forth from the Father at his word. What matters it to that Infinite Spirit whether it is the sunlight or the tempest, or wealth or poverty, or health or sickness? It is the Hand, not the tool, that accomplishes the wonderful result. I have heard of a singularly skilful carver of figures in Switzerland who is totally blind and works wholly by feeling, so exquisite is his touch. Anything serves God, as they find who have found him and had sight of him and speech with him. Are they sorely afflicted? Blessed affliction, for it revealed God. He did not take away the thorn, but he did give the sufficient grace which but for the thorn it may be they would not have asked.

All things do not and cannot happen alike to all, simply because all are not alike. Once more, God's ways are not our ways, because God's ends are not our ends. We propose to be happy, and because we are unhappy we complain that

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we have no luck. God proposes blessedness for us, not always happiness, and the preparation for that may not be outward success and instant comfort. We are striving to build up a fortune, God is seeking to create a character. We set our hearts upon the lesser thing, God does not hesitate to sacrifice the lesser to the greater. He will have true sons at any cost. We say the fates are against us unless the world goes well. He saith, The world passeth away and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever, and a mightier than any might of fate is with him.

So our sober thought comes to aid our Christian faith. But, after all, it is only feebleness coming to Strength in some less favored hour, as the little child might go to luckless Samson when his locks are shorn and his eyes put out and lead him forth from prison and from torture. Let the giant take to himself his own might and reign! Be not Little-faith in the Allegory, but Great-faith! Let us be those true children of God who are *saved* by faith, who *walk* by faith, who, in their purity of heart and their singleness of vision, see the Lord ever at their side. Hidden from the wise and prudent, the Holy Presence and the Helping Hand are revealed unto the babes in Christ, who can see even in the angel of destruction no "Demon of disaster."

"Then let the rivers swell around,
And rising floods o'erflow the ground;
Rivers and floods and seas divide,
And homage pay to Israel's Guide.

"Then let the fires their rage display,
And flaming terrors bar the way;
Unburnt, unsinged, he leads them through,
And makes the flames refreshing too.

"The fires but on their bonds shall prey;
The floods but wash their stains away,
And Grace Divine new trophies raise
Amidst the deluge and the blaze."

E.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

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HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

No. LXIII.

O WUNDERGROSZER SIEGESHELD.

Ernst Christoph Homburg. 1658. Mel. Wie schon leuchtet der Morgenstern.

O GLORIOUS Saviour, conquering King,
Destroyer of Death's doom and sting!
To-day behold thee seated
At God's right hand of majesty:
Thy foes thy suppliants forced to be,
To endless rout defeated.
Might, thou, Light, thou
Conquest bearest, Empire wearest;
Death and living
Subject to thy will and giving.

Thee shall the choirs of Cherubim
And all the holy Seraphim
Extol with praises, praises:
Who gifts to men dost scatter down,
While upward, to thy seat and crown,
Thy look immortal gazes.
Sing ye, Ring ye
Strains transcending, Lowly bending.
We are nighest
As the risen rises highest.

Thou art the head, the members we,
And down from thence flow full and free
Light, life, and consolation.
The Holy Spirit's wondrous might,
That works in us the good and right,
Will be, for us, salvation.
Reach me, Teach me,
Firmly pressing Word and blessing.
Fit me duly,
That my heart may serve thee wholly.

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Oh, lift us, Lord, where thou art gone,
Help, that we all may on and on
Thy heavenly footsteps follow.
Lead us to seek what pleaseth thee;
Of this low world, to scorn and flee
The wishes base and hollow.
Cheer us, Clear us,
Help-supplier, Sanctifier!
All pains ended,
Join my soul to Thee, Ascended.

N. L. F.

MY MINISTER.

THERE are three pictures hanging in my room bringing before my vision the same being, which are dear to me as successive revelations of my friend, rather than on account of their artistic merit. In one corner, where the sunlight falls athwart the golden hair and peaceful forehead, the infantile, far-seeing eyes, and the gentle baby mouth, is Murillo's head of the Christ child.

On the broad space of one side of the walls rests Correggio's St. John the Evangelist. My sewing-chair and work-table are placed opposite, so that I cannot raise my eyes without gaining that strength for which I take my daily seat within view of it. When the task is long, or the temper undisciplined, I glance up at that glorious face, in the full vigor of manhood, the posture relaxed into the strong repose of energy, the firm line of the nose, the open, clearly-cut, decisive mouth, the calm, demanding eyes, waiting for that inspiration to flow in upon the soul, which it knows will come, as it always has come, while every finger clinches the roll and pen, that not one moment should be lost in the Master's service, nor one tone of his harmony missed.

Over my fireplace, my gaze rests on Annibal Caracci's beautiful head of the Saviour. I forget that the painter has made him, as he was, a young man, I only see that benignant,

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sad countenance, the joy showing forth from the light within, and the gentle calmness speaking of love for man, because there was an ever-increasing communion with God. I see all this in the same living, aged face, whose work for life was shadowed forth in the infant's head. Can you not weave out his inner life, these three threads being given? Let me tell you.

I am now old, or what the world calls old. Ask me my age, and I should answer, that when I think of eternity or the unattained possibilities of earth, I am young. Nor am I old enough to recall my minister in his bright babyhood. When I first saw him, he was running up a bank, flushed with the exercise of rowing, to greet his mother. There was in his face the warmth and coloring which artists love, and the unsuspected, struggling yearning for something which even the mother's love could not give, that made Murillo's infant the type for me of the earthly beauty and childlike faith of this young man. He was then in the last year of college life. Friends had asked him, as they ask every one, "what was he going to do?" (No one in America is allowed to *be;* yet some dear old mystics never conjugated the verb to *do.*) The last four years of college life — four years when a boy's mind should be left unbiassed for the free choice of his profession — inquiries had been unceasing. His mother knew that he trusted to God's hand to guide him, and the public that he was "class chaplain," from which they inferred the necessity of his being a minister. No one enjoyed Class-day more than he; yet on Commencement night, when all was over, kneeling low down by his mother's side, as was his wont, he looked up at her, with earnestness swelling into tears, and dropping his head on her shoulder, said, —

"Mother, let me go; let me work out, in mine own imperfect way, my loyalty to God; let me find out whether he has given me the powers to serve him in public as a chosen servant; let me learn to love and be loved by those whom it is pleasant to love, and by those whom it is hard to please; let me see whether I can bear discouragement, whether, if I am true to my own aspirations, they can become achievements; let me

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know God and Christ from my own soul, before I learn of them from theological dogma; let me prove myself a man, that I may be a minister. Mother, spare me for five years, then I shall be more worthy to be your son or more unworthy to be God's servant!"

The mother drew him closely to her, and with spoken blessings and prayers bade him go forth, though with many a fear that the toil of his hands and the work of his brain would prove too much for the young disciple. He left them all, — friends, home, comforts, — and in the far West sought a small town, where by hard labor he could support himself, and where it would be a harder struggle yet to keep his heart unsoiled and his love for humanity fresh. There he toiled for five years, now and then coming home, with weather-beaten brow and toughened hands, with a gaunt, sinewy frame, with a manly politeness devoid of polish, a wearied, anxious look, and ever-deepening eyes. The mother foresaw not the end, though perceiving the conflict.

Rough farmers at first laughed to scorn the young man whose physical strength was hardly equal to their own, and who, his day's work being over, wished to pass the evening in talking "as a woman would," they said. These men themselves were seldom at home, and considered his entrance into the bar-room of the tavern (which to the little village was both bar-room and "down town on change") as an intrusion, whilst acknowledging that there was something in the unaltered pleasant manner and the hearty interest in all their plans which relieved his casual reproof. The women at first liked him, and then grew bitter, as they saw his saddening glance at some want of womanly conduct. It was hard, uphill work, — distasteful work.

A year passed, and to his clear, judging mind, neither overvaluing nor undervaluing self, he felt that his actual duty had been done; so much for inward reward; for outward encouragement, that he had lived down scorn, and that among those for whom he strove, blasphemy or coarseness was never heard. That New Year he took heart, with heavy sobs such as men know, and through prayer, duty was

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resolved into love for man. That element had been lacking; he had striven because it was right to strive; had prayed, but prayed that his desire to do good might be granted. Now, a tired man of twenty-two, he fell asleep on his knees before his Maker, having wrestled till the lurking ambition was gone, and love of man was his beacon-light.

The second year saw bright results. The town wondered why such a person had chosen to settle among them; but as he had, they would make the most of him. Welcome at the tavern, still the only spot where the men could be found, and where often eager discussions on every-day moral subjects now occurred; welcome as an assistant in a day's extra labor, welcome as a friend on a lonely expedition, welcome at the homes by the mothers and daughters, who involuntarily felt that they were more refined and womanly when he was present, and so liked him, because liking themselves, better; welcome everywhere, he was beloved, because he first loved them. Often, when his love alone was insufficient, the whole nature of the man being roused by some unbounded license in crime, he girded on his old armor of duty, upon which love cast bright gleams, and denounced the crime, and led the sinner to a repentant life. "Happiness" he had long ago cast aside as a poor word and a still poorer desire. Serenity was his aim.

The third New Year that left its mark upon him in that distant plain had led him beyond the love of man to the love of God. Through two years more of preparation and sanctification, he labored, because he loved God, knowing by his own joyousness that God loved him. When the five years of voluntary absence were over, he left in every inhabitant a friend. A small but living church had been formed under his direction, led by a man who preached in the fervor of his own spirit, and so expounded the Bible words and biographies that they became the daily maxims and bright examples by which these rude people tried to live. The bar-room was the reading-room; the home, the favorite place of abode for its wearied master, while the women had learnt that personal propriety of dress and manner could

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make their husbands lovers again. He had been the children's instructor in the Sunday-school, had prayed in their meetings and by the bedside of the dying, had visited the sick and given spiritual strength to those who had the physical ability to perform. He had been all a pastor could be, while leaving the more official act of preaching to one who came at his request. With such results, great indeed outwardly, but to him greater in the inward mastery of his own soul, in the progress from moral duty to love for man, and then to love for God, he returned homeward to train his mental powers, that neither in thought nor deed, nor in knowledge of and adaptiveness to the needs of men should he be wanting.

"Mother," he said, as he knelt by her side, — "mother, part of the victory is won, pray for me now that the intellectual power may not be wanting, — pray, oh, mother, pray that it come not to me in the form of ambition."

The mother did pray for her son as women pray who have found that heavenly love must gild the earthly. Her life had not been unhappy. She had married through the force of insignificant circumstances, which she could have otherwise controlled. Her husband had left the household arrangements to her, believing that the management of domestic affairs belonged to her, in virtue of her low estate as a woman, and not from peculiar adaptiveness to her sphere. She was too loyal to even suspect that she might have loved some other man more strongly. When children were born, her longings were satisfied in the imperfect way in which the heart is filled with an anxious, loved occupation, while her mind, never creative, but appreciative, still thirsted. Life, for she was too unconscious for the teachings of self-examination, had taught her its lessons, and made her very pure and holy. She was one of the numerous wives who are no dearer than sisters, without the sister's outside influence. The wife is presumed capable of feeling, the sister of smartness and ability. Many men would be better husbands if proud of their wives, and Mr. D—— was one of that class. He had a kind of instinctive love for his wife,

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but not discerning her timid feminine powers, there stopped in his affections. She was to blame, inasmuch as to no man more than to her husband should a woman prove herself an independent, thinking being. Her son loved her with the reverence which the Catholic gives to the Virgin, though never bringing his intellectual powers into collision with hers. He was the only living child, to his father a mystery, to his mother a delight and comfort. They had given him a college education, which was all their small means afforded. While in the West, he had gained enough to help him through the three years of the Divinity School, where he now went, and where he studied as one who felt that whatever he wished to become, must be obtained by self-determination, not by force of inheritance. The fervor and ease in direct appeal, acquired in his Western experience, helped him in the chapel exercises, his knowledge of life making his views clear and emphatic, and his distrust of his own scholarship leading him to seek far and wide for reference, authority, and criticism. Never afraid of facing the truth, he probed the heights and depths of Radicalism and Orthodoxy, the ever-living, ever-changing left and right wings. He thought that successive ages might produce a Unitarianism beyond the standpoint of Channing, but not beyond the teaching of Christ, who contained in his nature life and instructions, actualities and possibilities, that heaven alone could reveal. The Father he approached with fearlessness, loving him so much that distrust of self vanished, and feeling that even if Christ had not revealed the Father to him, that Father could never have left him to cry out from the depths of his soul for a God who should take him under the shadow of his wings and hold him in the hollow of his hand. He sought society, remembering the courtliness of Paul, and the apostle's desire to be all things to all men. And he succeeded (for my minister's whole life was a struggle) in being master of that indescribable, high-bred manner indicative of the best blood of past generations and the Christian's humility. No knight was ever more courteous, or reformer more stern.

Thus, with no prominent talent, but with strong powers,

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with no exuberant imagination, but with clear, exact thought, with entire self-abnegation and utmost devotion, he preached his first sermon in B—— to men and women who perceived that this "young minister" was one who had grown old in enduring the stern thing, life, and who could help them by his own conflicts. People *worshipped*, the good, old-fashioned word, when he preached. The most humbling, trying part of a minister's life now began, the acknowledgment of himself as a candidate for approval or rejection, often forgotten in the pulpit indeed, in the reverence due to the Almighty, but to which still clung the bitter after-taste of a bargain. My minister was now twenty-nine, and was willing to accept the responsibility of a parish. Earlier in life he would not have undertaken it, nor did he now need the preparation, advocated by a few, of residence in some pastor's home, to learn the clergyman's methods and duties. That knowledge he had gained three years ago, at no loss of individuality. Each minister and each parish has its own ways of action. Comparison is invidious and is ruining our churches, imitation unsuccessful; what suits the educated and self-reliant members of one congregation answers not for another, where the people are self-made and would often win a place for themselves by the aid of friendly church intercourse. In the "Rooms" on Mondays, his heart sickened at the personal remarks and the bitter disappointments of unsettled ministers. None were pleased; some remembered not that their very youth was against them, that mature growth, not its promise, was wanted; others forgot that though age had taught them the excellence of moderation, the religious public demanded excitement; while many more, relying on the fond praises of wife and friends, never entertained the thought that their magnetic power might be confined to the home circle. Sadder still was it on Saturday, to see the look of poverty pass across the countenance and down the well-brushed coat of those who needed the Sunday's pay for daily bread, and obtained it not; or the glance of surprise at some more fortunate man than they who had an engagement, strange as it appeared. Wishing to begin

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lower in the social scale of desirable parishes than many deemed wise, who would not hide their light under a bushel, he soon obtained two or three conditional calls, which were not balanced one against the other, but each decided on its own merits, so that those congregations who lost him felt it was the double loss of man and minister. The society he chose was fifty miles from B——, in a quiet farming town, with about a hundred families on its list, including some in whom the cultivation and literary tastes of his own nature would find response; others, whose keen money-making shrewdness showed no recollection of the last half of the command, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's,"— women who would pry into his personal affairs, and send him as recompense handkerchiefs by the dozen, — young girls who made dressing-gowns, dressing-cases and dressing-slippers, — married ladies who knew just what he required, from the needs of his soul to the kind of lamp he had better burn, — committee men, who spent the church money on the best communion wine, and allowed an aged church-member to want, — deacons who knew the society from long acquaintance better than he ever could by his riper intuitions. Such a parish he accepted for eight or ten years. One of his theories was, — that each minister should be settled over two parishes during his life, — one where he ripened, another where the results of this slow maturity might scatter its influence broadcast, and where he should remain till age made his resignation an honor to his fortitude.

Here I first met him in the full freedom of friendship. Here he taught me not to lean on him because he was my minister, but to accumulate a reserved capital of spiritual strength, which should meet every demand. Here his mother often came, and was treated by him as if the Saviour's words, "Behold thy mother," had been addressed to him. Every hour had its special work; if disturbed, the interruption was considered as another way of serving God. He studied and wrote diligently. The world began to encourage this rising young man, whom it was so impossible to patronize. His pastoral life was the more perfect pattern of his

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Western experience, while every month evinced steady progress in his thought and clearer apprehension in his hearers. Young girls had a disagreeable feeling that he only cared for them as a Pantheist might, they said; that they were one manifestation, and a poor one at that, of eternal existence. His influence over the young was very great, as teachers' meetings, Sunday-school and Bible classes testified. Differing from many young ministers, he never danced, not because it was wrong in itself, hardly because he feared the pain it might occasion to some old-fashioned parishioner, nor because it was wrong for others to dance; but having passed the period of early youth, he had grown beyond a transitory pleasure, which was never a physical exercise, to a holier life. As the soul developed, it purified its enjoyments, and thinking of his Master, he went to the feast as prayerfully as to his home, never doing what one who entered into sympathy with life's merriest harmonies had not done. Let me hasten over this period.

(To be concluded in next number.)

"We live the interior life too little; we scarcely live it at all. What has become of that inward eye which God has given us to keep unceasing watch over our soul, to be the witness of the mysterious workings of thought, the ineffable motion of life in the tabernacle of humanity? It is closed, it slumbers; and we open wide our earthly eyes, and yet understand nothing in Nature, not availing ourselves of that sense which would reveal it to us, reflected in the divine mirror of the spirit. There is no contact between ourselves and Nature; we have knowledge of the exterior form alone, and none at all of the meaning of the hidden language, of beauty considered as eternal and partaking of God, — things which would all be limpidly outlined and mirrored in a soul endowed with the marvellous introspective faculty. Oh! this contact between Nature and the soul would engender an unspeakable delight, a prodigious love of heaven and God.

"To descend into the soul of man, is to cause Nature to descend into his soul."

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We are satisfied that even those who have already once read in the "Christian Register" the timely and direct Sermon of Dr. Putnam on "Making Haste to be Rich" will be glad to read it again, and having read, to retain it in a convenient form. "Not to copy from one journal into another" is a good rule, but, like most good rules, it admits of an occasional exception. How much need there is and will be for the preacher's wise and earnest words State Street and some other streets very well know. E.

MAKING HASTE TO BE RICH.

A Sermon preached by Rev. George Putnam, D. D., at Roxbury, March 10, 1867.

"He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent."—Prov. xxviii. 20.

It is a necessary and legitimate exercise of the human faculties to make gain and increase one's store of worldly goods. He who possesses one loaf may well strive to add another. Hands and brains are well employed, first, in gaining a livelihood, and then a small estate, and then in increasing that to a larger one, and so on indefinitely. This is according to the order of Providence and the constitution of man. It develops the resources of nature, and the physical and mental energies of men, as the Creator obviously designed; it tends to moral health and growth, and is more favorable to all the virtues than worldly sloth and indifference. This strong and universal desire for a share of the world's possessions was not put into man to be frowned down by the moralist, or suppressed by the influence of religion.

It is, however, liable to abuses and excesses that are pernicious and criminal. In order to be safe and wise, it must be strictly limited by moral conditions, and no small share of the depravity and wretchedness of the world arises from the disregard of these needful limitations.

Our text indicates, as well as the nature of the subject admits, the line of distinction between the right and wrong in this matter of making gain and seeking riches.

Observe, at the outset, that the terms rich and poor are entirely relative. He who has one little room to live in, how-

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ever mean, is rich compared with the man who has none, though poor compared with him who has two. Anybody who has the means to live decently appears rich to the multitude who are below him. The great man of the village, whose wealth seems boundless to his neighbors, is almost a pauper compared with the city capitalist; and that capitalist himself, with the wealthiest of his compeers in this country, looks small and poor when compared with the great feudal property holders of the Old World. It is all relative.

The text, I say, indicates the important distinction. It does not denounce the desire or effort to get rich according to one's ability and opportunity; it does not denounce any one for being rich or trying to be richer; its word of caution is simply against the making haste to be rich; that is, over-eagerness in the matter, a passionate thirst and pursuit of wealth, which would leap to its goal in disregard of the laws of things and of the dictates of reason and conscience.

The wise man utters but a mild caution, a soft rebuke, — "He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent." It could not be put more gently. He might have said, and I suppose it would have been true in his day, as it certainly is in our day, that a passionate haste to be rich very often produces, universally tends to produce, to a fearful degree, manifold crimes and miseries; leads to all manner of fraud and falseness, makes shipwreck of conscience and peace of mind and good repute, brings bitter reverses and sharp distress upon innocent families, involves the blameless with the guilty, and destroys many a fair hope of worldly competency and well-being.

This eager haste to be rich may have prevailed in an equal degree, or in a high degree, in other times and lands. I know not how that may be, but it seems as if it were specially rife and intense in our days and in our American communities, and the bitter fruits of it are every day ripening to our eyes and to our taste.

This passion for great and immediate wealth, when it has taken hold of a man, will, of course, scorn all the regular processes of industry, the ploddings of daily labor, of regular

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trade, and of legitimate enterprise. These, to be sure, are the methods by which fortunes, large or small, have generally been acquired and the solid prosperity of the community has been achieved; but they are slow methods and tedious. Sometimes, by a combination of very favorable circumstances, they bring in wealth largely and rapidly, but it is not to be counted on. They are generally slow, and the surest, everybody knows; but the passion for gain is impatient of them, and betakes itself to irregular methods, new and strange devices, hoping to discover some Aladdin's Lamp by which to realize their hopes, as it were, by the turn of a hand or some trick of jugglery or some happy turn of Fortune's wheel.

Then has begun the process of demoralization; then the restraints of honor and conscience begin to be loosened; then illusions begin to take the place of realities; then the road is entered upon that leads, in many cases, to ruin and infamy, very seldom leading to the object proposed, and never to a solid prosperity and a happy success in life.

I have not time in this discourse, nor the requisite knowledge of affairs, to enable me to trace out definitely these irregular methods of sudden and fallacious enrichment. You know them, friends, better than I do.

The public have been frequently startled of late by burglaries and robberies on an immense scale,—the present form of public securities giving great facilities for that method of getting immediately rich,—and the system of compromising with the owners of the property or the police affording so good a chance of impunity. This compounding of felonies should be universally reprobated and made as odious as it is criminal.

Another method of getting speedily rich, less felonious in the eye of law, but of a not much higher moral character, is to dash into business with little or no capital, trade on a large scale, make an imposing show, support it by fictitious paper to be redeemed by other fictitious paper, and so on, over and over,—in the mean time making systematic efforts, and frequently successful ones, to corrupt the servants of moneyed institutions, seducing them, by appeals to their kind

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feelings, or by bribes, to betray their trust and render the needed assistance, and so become accomplices in the false and perilous business. And this goes on till some hitch occurs in the process, either some unforeseen event in the market, or some discovery of the deception, or some scruple of conscience or fear in some supple tool that has been used, and then the shining bubble bursts; down goes the rotten fabric of shams, and there is consternation far and wide. Behold! hundreds of thousands have been sunk and lost. And the loss falls not upon the reckless operators, — they, probably, never really had anything to lose, — but on innocent persons who had no share in the operations, who never knew that there were such things done or would be tolerated by the respectabilities of a great exchange, till they learn of it from the poverty or distress brought to their own doors. Such a catastrophe on a larger or a smaller scale is almost sure to come, and who can measure the woe of it? Our sympathies run mostly to the innocent sufferers, yet I am not sure but most pity is due to the guilty parties, and especially to their weak and wretched dupes, and to their wives and children and fathers and mothers, brought to such want and humiliation by a trust betrayed and a good name lost and a bright hope in life blasted.

I will not dwell on the vice of outright gambling, in which the vision of possible sudden acquisition, without earning it, fires the blood and maddens the brain and blasts the man, and very likely all who belong to him.

Some of us remember the time when the streets of Boston were lined with flaming posters presenting the schemes of lotteries; and we remember how frequent and disastrous were the cases of embezzlement, money taken by young men from their employers to invest in lottery-tickets which turned to ashes in their hands. That temptation is removed, or, at least, is out of sight. But other things take its place in a measure. Their name is legion. Gift enterprises, art unions, opera house art associations, and what not. Many little sums of money go into that many-mouthed gulf from all over the country, — sums that ought to go for children's bread or

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schooling, or to pay honest debts, or that, at any rate, ought not to go to kindle or indulge in the man's own breast this feverish and fatal desire for sudden and unearned riches.

The passion for speedy wealth, as might be expected, is most attracted by distant projects, unexplored fields, about which very little is known, or can be known, and the fallacy of which cannot be readily exposed. Such projects being beyond the reach of careful investigation, invite the imagination to revel in golden visions of magnificent possibilities; things near by and familiar look tame, but the mysteries of the distant and unknown are full of enchantment. Accordingly, our money markets, as you know, have been crowded with schemes, companies, combinations for developing new and far-away sources of wealth, mostly underground, as it happens; latterly gold, silver, copper, oil, coal, and I know not how many other things, — all of them useful and excellent bounties of God, valuable to man, legitimate objects for human industry and enterprise, as fit a field for labor and capital as any other for those who are competent to conduct the operations and have means of knowing of their soundness and productiveness, but, for the uninformed and inexpert, the merest *ignis fatuus* to lure them on to loss, debt, mortification, and often total ruin.

The fact that some of these projects have a substantial basis of reality leads to the formation of a great many that are utterly baseless, but which, having the same fair appearance, the same formalities of charters, and offices, directors, treasurers, look just as well in the distance and pass just as well in the market. Into these schemes thousands everywhere are tempted by flattering promises to put their money. It is understood by the few knowing ones that any real value which the project may have at bottom was appropriated by the projectors at the start, in the shape of commissions, bonuses of stock, etc., and that all that can be collected in subscriptions from a credulous public are clear gains to the original swindlers. If that were the end of it, it would not be so bad, — simply so much money lost and done with; but the bubbles are kept long afloat to dazzle the reckless and befool

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the ignorant; stock operations begin; daily sales, some real and many fictitious; ingenious devices for inflating, for depressing, for carrying, for "cornering," — a contest of wits among the shrewd and unscrupulous for getting the better of one another and bringing in new victims, more fools to be fleeced and beggared, under the promise of being suddenly enriched. It is said that there is more activity and more excitement in this kind of business than in any other in our cities and commercial centres, and that very large sums of money are constantly put to hazard there in this community, large in the aggregate, to be utterly sunk when the crash and collapse come, as come they do and must, and the whole bubble disappears, leaving only debt and want, or shame and demoralization, and not seldom breaches of sacred trust and the irretrievable shipwreck of character.

It is not my custom nor to my taste to discuss such matters here, nor to introduce the usages and phraseologies of the exchange among the sacred proprieties of the sanctuary; but sometimes a regard for the public morals constrains me, and it becomes to my mind a case of duty versus conventionality and taste.

I shall be told that it is a waste of breath to expose and rebuke these things, that it is of no use to resist the irresistible tide and set up our feeble moralizings against the mighty sweep of excited passions making haste to be rich. And I know it is well-nigh useless as respects those who are already drawn into the vortex, dizzied by the whirl and mastered by the passion. But there must be some whom the madness has not yet touched, or are not yet so far infatuated but that they will listen in time to words of warning.

When the boatman, in his carelessness or excitement has run his skiff down into the boiling rapids of Niagara, you will in vain call out to him to beware, to turn back or seek the shore. It is too late; he cannot hear your voice amid that strife of waters, and his feeble arm is powerless against the fierce drift; he must go on and make the plunge over that awful brink into the gulf below. We cannot save him except as by a miracle. But farther up the stream, in the quiet

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reaches of the river, or standing on the shore, there may be those who are, as yet, looking wistfully down towards the beautiful dancing of the sparkling waters, and feel gently lured to them, slightly fascinated, and are just ready to let go and launch out upon their treacherous excitements, but yet hesitate with some doubts, some misgivings as to what they may come to; and for these a word of caution, inviting them to thoughtfulness, may not be wholly in vain.

I have approached at intervals, through a whole day, and stood by the gaming-table in the great gambling hall of Baden-Baden. Great sums of money changing hands every minute, staked on the color of a card. Observing the fierce passions on the countenances of the habitual players, I queried with myself what if I should speak out and tell these persons what were the consequences of their business, and what was thought of it by all the wise and good men of the world. And my answer to myself was that I should be a fool for my pains, and should be driven from the hall and perhaps put under restraint as an insane fanatic. But the young friend at my side, looking on like myself and just beginning to feel the fascination of the play, and querying whether he would not share the pleasure of the excitement by the risking of a few coins, — it might not be wholly useless to whisper to him that he had better not, or draw him away to take a little stroll in the beautiful grounds outside.

I hope that those who are not yet frenzied by any of these devices for getting hastily rich, and especially the younger portion of them, will listen patiently to some words of counsel.

Do not indulge dreams of great wealth, nor accustom the mind to revel in the fancied felicities of its possession. There is small chance for anybody that such dreams will be realized. If they are realized, they will not bring the sufficiency and happiness you expect, and if not realized, leave you a disordered imagination and morbid discontent, with an incapacity for appreciating those common blessings of moderate success which are always best.

For the most part, keep your ideas of worldly advancement

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connected with your one legitimate pursuit, the calling which you are trained to and understand; seek your prosperity in that, and let not your wishes or imaginations stray often or far from that, and be not too easily tempted to relinquish that for other enterprises which perhaps only look to you more dazzling because you are less acquainted with them.

You desire very properly so to keep and employ your savings as to make provision for old age or a time of infirmity or for your families, and also to add to your comforts of life as you go along. As a general rule, invest those savings in things near to you, and things that you know about and are competent to judge of. Or if, from the circumstances of your position, you are no judge of any kind of business or property, and you must take advice, take it from the wisest and most honest persons you know of, who will not recommend to you an investment unless they understand it and believe in it. Do not take advice from adventurers who have their own interest to serve, and who try to dazzle you with schemes of fabulous gains. Be suspicious of all the splendid allurements they hold out; it is their own advantage and not yours that they are seeking; and even when your own honest and friendly neighbor offers you grand opportunities of doubling your money quickly, consider long whether it is a matter that he thoroughly knows about, whether he is not dazzled and beguiled. It is not enough that he means well by you and is your friend. In the losses which will come upon you, it will be no consolation that he shares them. Seek advisers who are prudent, unexcited, as well as friendly and disinterested.

Make it a rule to take no part in those kinds of investment which are mere games of chance. The chances will always be against you many fold; you will be nearly sure to suffer in property, and however that may turn out, the process will certainly, as far as it goes, unsettle and demoralize your mind. There is some risk and some chance even in the safest kinds of property; do not expose yourself unnecessarily to their exciting and dangerous fluctuations.

Again, be resolute never to incur debts for speculative pur-

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poses. There is a class of commercial credits that are well understood as perfectly legitimate and necessary, but debts incurred for speculative risks are always dangerous; it imperils your worldly condition and prospects; it imperils your peace of mind, your integrity, and all the satisfactions of life.

Above all things, be resolutely faithful in all positions of pecuniary trust. Never expose the property of other persons to your own risks, nor to any risks without their knowledge and consent. When the money of others is confided to your keeping, be strict never to connect it in any shape with any interests or projects of your own, nor listen for one moment to the subtle allurements of others to help and befriend them. Stifle every feeling of friendship, kindness, or affection, when it suggests the slightest breach of trust. There are families to-day who sit mourning in shame and ruin because the heads of them surrendered their integrity and faithfulness to weak compassion and misplaced sympathy. Before all things else, be faithful to trusts!

These simple items of advice, I throw out for those who may be supposed to have less of worldly experience and wisdom than even I have.

But I have also something to say to those who have more worldly wisdom than I have. Men of position, of influence in the business world, men of character and upright purposes, who lament the calamities and misdoings of the time, let me urge such men to consider if they are doing their part towards preventing such evils, and giving a higher tone to the business of the community; for do not such men take some part in the wild and baseless operations of the time, from which these disasters, defalcations, and manifold miseries proceed?

Perhaps you who are sensible and self-possessed men sometimes take risks or shares of some form or interest in the visionary schemes that crowd the market, and you say it is a light matter for you; you are excited with no wild hopes; it is only an amusement; you rather expect to lose, and can afford to lose the little you put in; it is pleasant to take a little part in these lively games. You say that, or, rather,

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probably, you do not say anything about it, nor care to have anything known about it, but that is the way you feel on the subject. That is not a justification. Is it right for you thus to give your countenance and support to operations which you know are unsound and delusory, or rather in which the many unsound ones are so mixed up with the few sound ones that few persons can rightly discriminate among them? It will not hurt you, but it will seriously hurt many and ruin some. Is it right for you, who are cool, wise, and strong, to help keep the bubbles afloat and blow them up larger? Do not feel too sure that it does not in some degree demoralize even you. But you know well the whole game is greatly demoralizing to the young men of the community and a serious bar to their solid and virtuous prosperity. You cannot safely play with this false fire. You cannot dip your hand in pitch and draw it out clean. You cannot be held altogether guiltless of the consequences of the doings in which you take part.

Again, I suppose the extravagant, illegitimate, and pernicious enterprises, personal and corporate, which disgrace the commercial character of the times, are nourished and sustained to a large extent by the regular moneyed institutions of the land, — the banks. These are not abstractions, they are the aggregations of the property, mostly of retired persons, elderly people, women, orphans, and others, who depend for their bread upon the income of their little hoards. These institutions are placed in charge of men selected for their reputed eminence for intelligence, probity, and influence. Do these men always think enough of the responsibilities of such a position of trust? Is it quite right that the funds of such a character should be used daily and in large amounts, for feeding the fires of a wild and pernicious speculation, and to assist dashing adventurers in carrying stocks, a large proportion of which ought not to be carried, ought never to have been taken up, and the sooner they are suffered to drop, the less will be the havoc of the crash?

And is it quite fitting that they who manage these sacred trusts should let them out in great heaps, larger than for

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anything else, to sustain private operations that have no basis and produce no benefit to society? Is it enough that such managers should look only upon the face of the securities lodged with them, and never seek to know, or if they know, do not care, how the parties came by those securities, whether fairly or by trick or fraud, and never seek to know or care to know, what is to be done with the money so loosely and lavishly dealt out?

I only ask these questions. I suppose I am not competent to answer them. I put them to those who are wiser than I am. But to one standing a little outside the mysteries of business, it seems as if the fathers and leaders of the commercial community should feel some responsibility for the use of the means under their control; that those means should be made subservient to the highest interests, should be devoted to useful and honest purposes, helpful to legitimate trade and industry, and tributary to the public virtue, public safety and peace, rather than to the wild and corrupting practices of excited and unscrupulous men making hot haste to be rich, — to be rich quickly, no matter at whose cost or with what consequences.

It is a fruitful subject, that which our text presents, but I must drop it here in the midst with half its lessons unnoticed.

These worldly matters, besides their intrinsic importance as bearing upon the worldly prosperity and comfort of our people, are unspeakably important in their bearings upon moral character and the soul's health. These fervid activities of business and trade around us may become, and often do, the sphere in which to build up a character of strength, honor, and integrity, of generosity, of sober wisdom, and of spiritual beauty; and they may also be the sphere in which the mind gets unbalanced, conscience silenced, heart hardened, imagination corrupted, and the whole life blighted. Consider, friends, the vast difference of the result, and take your stand and do your part accordingly. It is not the transitory interests of a day only that are at stake, but the health of the soul, the beauty and honor of a life, and the interests of eternity.

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IS THERE ANY LIMIT TO MAN'S PROBATION?

PART I.

THE two ways in which this question is commonly answered are well known. Some Christians declare without any hesitation that the present life is man's only state of probation. Souls are placed here on earth to be proved or tested, as vessels are placed in the fire, or seeds in the ground. Death is the end of the trial, the winter in which the sunshine of divine grace is brought to a close. And no matter whether the time has been longer or shorter, ten years or a hundred, — no matter whether the chance for enjoying the light has been greater or less, that of heathen or of Christian lands, all the vessels that are then found to be cracked or bruised or misshapen, all the seeds that have failed to come up or ripen or bear the proper fruit, are to be cast aside and lost forever. With the opening of the grave, the door of God's mercy is shut. A person may repent and be saved a moment before death, but a moment after there is no place for repentance, no matter with what agony it is sought. The tombstone is the fulcrum on which the soul's destiny is poised as in a balance, the point at which it is to be weighed to see whether or not it is wanting; and its direction for all eternity, up or down, is to be determined by the weight of faith that is placed on its earthward side.

Others have held, with equal decisiveness, that man's probation is to have no limit at all. It seems to them a doctrine too terrible for belief that the deeds of a few short years, done oftentimes amid the greatest ignorance and darkness, should fix a person's fate in the future beyond all possibility of change. Life is regarded not as a seed-time, a summer, and a harvest, but as one continuous spring. Repentance can be attended to just as well on the other side of the grave as on this. The harvest of the soul will depend not on the season at which the seed is planted, but on the fidelity and zeal of its culture. And, as each one is to have an eternity in which to work out his salvation, the postponement of it, even

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for the whole period of this earthly existence, will make at most only the difference of a few short years in its completion. Yea, there is a secret thought with many that the future will be more favorable for the attainment of salvation than the present life. Here man is involved in darkness; temptations beset his path; the sunlight of God's Spirit is far away; his hands are weak, his mind cramped and narrow. But in heaven he will have a clearer knowledge of duty. The light of Deity will be all around him. Sin and evil will have passed away. He will be freed from the influence of bodily passion. And what is now a task will then be nothing but the spirit's joy.

Which of these views is the true one? On which is it the most safe to act?

We cannot assent entirely to either. To make the grave the limit of probation is a mere arbitrary arrangement, something which is independent of the law of cause and effect, and inconsistent with the ordinary operations of the divine economy. Death pertains merely to the body. It does not change the nature of the soul itself, its aspirations, powers, and tendencies, or its relations with God, two of the chief elements which go to make up its probation. And, if it is able to repent and be saved the moment before dying, what is the power which prevents it from doing so the moment after? There is no passage of Scripture which makes the end of life the exact limit of our opportunities. The verses which are so often quoted for this purpose, — "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might, for there is no work nor device nor knowledge nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest," "If the tree falleth towards the south or towards the north, in the place where the tree falleth there it shall be" — are equally strong against all future activity and progress, — that of the good as well as of the bad. Even the passage from Revelation, which seems at first view to be conclusive, — "He that is unjust let him be unjust still, and he that is filthy let him be filthy still, and he that is righteous let him be righteous still, and he that is holy let him be holy still," — is found on examination to refer, not to the hour of

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death, but to the nearness of the coming of Christ, so near there would be no time even for those living to change. Moreover, the chances which men have in the present world are not equal. Some die in early spring before even the first seed can be put into the ground; others, in the prime of manhood before it has had time to ripen; while a part, no more diligent or faithful, are kept to the extreme limit of old age. Even with those who live the longest there is a vast difference, some enjoying the full glory of Christianity and others groping in the dim light of nature. And to say that a break of life, wherever it may occur, often the result of accident, and sometimes, as in the case of the patriotic soldier, or the man who dies in attempting to save another from harm, occasioned in performing the noblest duties, — to say it is the end infallibly of all our privileges, is not only to impugn the justice and fairness of God, but to take away immensely from the value and significance of the future world.

But, on the other hand, it is going too far to assert that his probation is to last forever. There are facts of nature and the soul, too strong to be overlooked, which seem to indicate it does have, if not an arbitrary, yet a natural and inevitable limit. With some it may indeed coincide with the present life; with others, those who have not exhausted their opportunities, it may lap over far into the future. And alas, is it not to be feared that with many it ends long before they feel the touch of physical death? The subject has been argued too exclusively on mere technical grounds, on the formal meaning of Scripture texts, and as if it must result from some enactment of divine will. We may rest sure that everything God can do to prolong it will always be done; that his offers of mercy will never be closed; and that so long as there is a single prodigal son in all the universe, his arms and the eternal door will be open wide to receive him. If there is any limit to the time in which he can repent, it will be found in man himself; in the constitution and laws and forces with which as a free being he had to be made. It is from this point of view, not whether it is possible

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or otherwise for God to have decreed such a limit, that we ought to approach it. And with the hope, not of settling it dogmatically, but of getting some light upon it as one of the most important practical questions the soul can consider, we take up the reasons for supposing that our probationary state, sooner or later, is to have an end.

Not the least important is the pains which God has taken to provide the soul here with the means of salvation. It may indeed be true that the mere words of Scripture are as inconclusive for any limit of probation as for the special one of death. We are not inclined to lay too much stress upon them. The writers in most cases do not seem to have had this matter at all in view. And history is full of warnings as to the danger of educing important doctrines from the phraseology and detached expressions of the Bible. But apart from its single terms, there is something in the earnestness with which it urges upon us the work of salvation, yea, something in the very fact of the Bible itself, which is full of profoundest meaning. God has dealt with man in those matters which pertain to his eternal welfare widely different from what he has in those which relate simply to his temporal prosperity. In the natural world, though he has stored it with blessings of every kind in the richest profusion, and is perfectly willing that his children should have them to the fullest extent, he has taken no pains to reveal their place and to urge them on their attention. Men were left to their own insight from the very beginning to discover those things which were needful for their health and strength and material growth. No decalogue of political economy has been written out on tablets of stone by the finger of God, no Saviour come down from heaven to show us the right way of statesmanship, no witness of miracles been given to the great truths of philosophy. And there are many of the richest blessings in science and medicine and art, many that are now the most closely connected with our physical comfort and happiness, that lay for ages at the very feet of our race without even the faintest hint from Heaven to show us where they were. But in the world of religion, in those things

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which pertain to the health and salvation of the soul, he has not only given us a revelation of truth direct from heaven, but has taken every possible means to have it used. There is something almost startling in the urgency with which the Scriptures press upon us the use of our religious blessings. They warn, invite, persuade, command, beseech, exhort, and threaten. Every avenue of the soul, every passion and sentiment and faculty and aspiration of our nature is appealed to, if by any means they may get us to accept the offers of mercy. "Now," they tell us, "is the day of salvation, now is the accepted time." We are to choose this day whom we will serve. Repentance is called for by the prophets, by the Saviour, and by the apostles as a present, immediate duty. And a sweet, solemn, mighty Voice is heard by the fountains of eternal life, as it is nowhere else, calling out to us evermore, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come and buy wine and milk without money and without price."

What is the cause of the difference? Why does man have a Bible in religion any more than in science? Why is he not left to reach forth unto spiritual truths in the same way that he is to those of nature? Is it not because in the very beginning of life he has a special need of religious nurture, — a need whose supply it will not do to put off to some other period of his existence? Would God have taken so much pains to reveal and urge upon him the means of salvation now, if, like the inventions and discoveries of art and science, it would have been just as well for him to wait till he had groped into them himself? The very fact of a revelation, as bearing on this subject, is more than all its words. A person does not rush unto a house and warn its occupants of danger, and urge them to escape, when a day or a month hence will do just as well. There is something in that mighty Now which runs as a deep undertone through all the Bible which is a terrible hint that the future will not be as the present; and when God breaks the great silence of eternity, and opens the way and says, "Come," it must be it is not safe for the soul to wait.

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The lessons of nature are all in the same direction. Every one knows how it is with the year. There is a certain part of it when the earth is furnished with just the kind of moisture and warmth that is needed for the germination of seeds, and which is designed especially for their being sown. The fate of the farmer's crops for the whole year is dependent on the use he makes of his opportunities for a little while in spring. Every week of delay will cause a vast difference, not only in the time of his harvest, but in the amount he will be able to reap. And, if he waits till the middle of summer before putting his seeds into the ground, there is no degree of anxiety and toil that will make them ripen before they are cut down by the storms and frosts of winter. Spring is emphatically the farmer's season of probation.

So, too, there is a fixed period of life, that of childhood and youth, which is set apart for the growth of the human body. The boy is then naturally endowed with that appetite for food and spirit of activity which are requisite for his physical development. And, if food and exercise are furnished to him in the right measure, he is almost certain to grow up a strong and healthy man. But, if his body then is cramped and confined, and his lungs and palate deprived of what they need, the growth of his whole system will receive a check. The peculiar influences which belong to the beginning of life will pass away. And no attention to the matter afterwards, no amount of food and exercise when he once has arrived at manhood, will ever make up his loss. It is the time of youth which is the limit of the body's probation.

The same is true of education. There doubtless are some remarkable cases in which persons with whom it has been neglected in their younger years have started up at a later period and won for themselves a noble place in the world of letters. But with the larger part of mankind the seeds of knowledge, in order that they may ever be ripened to perfection, must be planted within us during the spring-time of life. Our nature is then especially adapted for the reception of truth. The senses and perceptive faculties are in the highest state of activity. The memory keeps an open door for

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the accumulation of facts. The imagination soars with its eagle wing into the bright realm of ideal perfection; and faith is ready with its strong fingers to lay hold of every truth which is brought before the soul. It is a condition, however, which lasts only through the growing period of life. With the progress of years a change takes place by the very law of our being in the relative order and strength of its powers. The activity of memory gives place to that of judgment. Imagination is subordinated to reason; faith, to caution. The perceptive powers, useful once for the acquisition of knowledge, are exchanged for the practical and reflective ones used in its application to business and for working it up into the great principles of philosophy and science. And the red-hot youth moulded by every touch of the teacher's hammer cools down to the iron man that only the might of God can shape. There is no period in which education can be so easily carried on as that of youth, not even manhood with all its mental vigor and more earnest sense of its need. The loss of a single year is what no intensity of application is able fully to make up. We knew an eminent mathematician who had neglected in his childhood to learn the multiplication-table; and never afterwards, even with the most diligent efforts, and while he was working out the profoundest problems of numbers, was he able to fasten it in his memory. It is not uncommon here in America to see men with clear and vigorous thoughts and a decided talent for public speaking, but whose grammars were unattended to in their school-days, and who never since have found it possible to train themselves into the parts of speech. If a person does not enter as boy into the golden realm of poetry, it is almost sure to be closed to him during all the after periods of his life. There is no energy of study which can make a foreign language as familiar to the tongue in manhood as the speech that is learned almost without an effort from a mother's lips. And those little graces and refinements of life, not very precious in themselves, but having such an immense bearing on one's happiness and success, the sweet and silvery tone, the polished manner, the ease of person and

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the rules of etiquette, which come to children almost as unconsciously as their walking and looks, are absolutely impossible of attainment when the boy has passed on to maturity. It is childhood and youth which are the season of our mental probation.

And is it not reasonable that the principle which runs so plainly through the other parts of God's economy, should be found also in our moral and spiritual growth? Is it not just as foolish to defer the work of salvation to another state of being, on account of the darkness and difficulty with which the soul is here surrounded, as it would be for the farmer on the score of the cold and gloomy days which occur in April and May, to put off his sowing to the warmth and sunshine of August, or for the boy, because of his weakness and fatigue in childhood, to defer his learning to read and write till he shall have the strength and endurance of a man? What is the whole of this present existence but the spring-time, the youth, the school-day of our immortal nature! And so far as analogy can be of any service, does it not point everywhere to the fact that the religious duties which belong to it — planting the seed of truth, growing up into the stature of the spiritual man, and acquisition of moral discipline — are performed most easily and wisely, yea, must be performed, in some degree, while we are passing through it, and that the influences, the kind of faculties, the stage of growth, which are now furnished for beginning the work of salvation will cease and must cease just in proportion as we pass on to another period of life and a new state of the soul?

J. C. K.

"In vain do they talk of happiness who never subdued an impulse in obedience to a principle. He who never sacrificed a present to a future good, or a personal to a general one, can speak of happiness only as the blind do of colors."

"Habit is a cable. We weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it."

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THE THOUGHT WHICH JESUS DREADED.

BY S. G. BULFINCH, D. D.

EVERY attentive reader of the New Testament has probably noticed the resemblance of the words which Jesus used on two occasions, apparently very different. One was, when, in the wilderness, the Tempter offered him "the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them," provided he would fall down and worship him. The Saviour replied, "Get thee hence, Satan, for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve" (Matt. iv. 10). The other occasion was, when "Peter took him, and began to rebuke him, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord; this shall not be unto thee." Then we are told, "He turned, and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art an offence unto me; for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men" (Matt. xvi. 23). In both these instances there is a vehemence of expression that seems to betoken unusual emotion within. We perceive not the stately calmness with which he had replied to the earlier suggestions of evil, when it took the form of hunger, or pleaded in the tones of vanity. It seems as if this temptation came nearer, as if the serpent's art had found a crevice in the armor of celestial proof, and its sting had penetrated to the quick. The sternness of the rebuke to Peter appears, at first sight, disproportioned to his offence, — the giving of advice which was well meant, though it may have been presumptuous and mistaken.

When, however, we examine what that advice implied, we shall find both the vehemence of the Saviour's words and their resemblance to those he had used in a former instance fully explained.

Jesus had been speaking of his approaching death. He had drawn aside the veil which hid the future from the eyes of his disciples; and, surprised and alarmed, they found that the Messiah, whom they had expected to assume the throne

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of David, was preparing for suffering, disgrace, and death. We cannot conceive their dismay, unless we realize the earthly nature of their previous hopes. They had trusted that it was he that should redeem Israel. They had thought themselves the favored courtiers of the predestined king of Palestine. Their ambitious hopes had risen high, as they looked forward to the victories he would achieve, the honors he would bestow, the glory he would share with his faithful adherents. And better thoughts had blended with those of private interest. They had felt, as patriots, for their country's degradation, — at once beneath the yoke of domestic tyranny and the control of a foreign power. They had felt as devout Jews, whose patriotism was rendered holy by the thought of the especial divine protection their country had for ages experienced. Now, the heathen Roman lorded it in Jerusalem; while, in Galilee, a half-Jew, a descendant of the conquered Edomites, possessed the royal state that had been worn by the chosen House of David and the valiant Asmoneans. "But," they had said to each other, "the hour of deliverance is at hand. Our Master, gentle though he seems, is as powerful as he is gentle. Have we not seen him awe by his look the pedantic Scribe and scornful Pharisee? Have we not seen him rule the powers of nature with a word? If human force is needed, are not men in every valley polishing again the antique swords and spears that had rusted with heathen blood since Judas Maccabeus overthrew Nicanor? But what can we want of these, when the Son of David is our leader, and the Lord is on our side?"

Such thoughts were in every faithful heart when the loved and almost worshipped Chief announced his path to be one, not of victory, but of suffering and death. We cannot wonder that the most ardent of his followers protested against the idea. And we perceive now what that protest meant. He would withdraw the Saviour from the course he had chosen, to bid him tread in that which all his adherents had expected him to pursue. He must not be the suffering Redeemer of the world; he must be the earthly deliverer, the conquering King of Israel.

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From this suggestion Jesus shrunk. He replied to it with a vehemence which showed that he realized its power. This temptation was no trivial one, to be put aside with scarce an exertion of his will. It was one which called forth, to encounter it, the lofty and holy energy of his soul. The remonstrance of Peter recalled the thought which had been the last and crowning trial in that mysterious scene in the wilderness; and on both occasions was it repelled in the same stern, decisive, impassioned words.

For Jesus knew and dreaded the fascination of that thought. To any other than him, it would have been full of glorious inspiration. It was not only a dream of personal success and renown, though, even in this sense, the aspiration might appear legitimate; for he was descended from the ancient kings of Israel, and the crown to which his ambitious disciple bade him aspire was his own, alike by inherited right and by the literal sense of many an ancient prophecy. But the thought that offered itself for his acceptance looked beyond personal greatness. It was the thought of a people's deliverance, of the vindication of the holy city from heathen domination, the elevation of God's ancient law in the glory of conquest. The memories of former days rose before him, — of Miriam's song of triumph by the border of the Red Sea; of David's reign, extending from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates; of Hezekiah, looking from the rescued towers of Jerusalem upon the desolate camp where the Assyrian invaders had fallen before the angel of the Lord. And should not he, also, if he assumed the office of his nation's deliverer, have heavenly guidance and strength, like those of old? Those supernatural powers, of whose possession he was conscious, and which had been already proved by many a miracle, would not they still be his own when engaged in the same work which had crowned his ancestors with glory? Nor, if he remembered that he was to be the teacher of a pure faith and a lofty morality to all mankind, did this path, which all expected him to pursue, seem ill adapted to lead to such achievement. Would not truth come more impressively from one in an exalted, than from one in a lowly station? Would

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his apostles be listened to with less attention when they were also the ambassadors of a monarch?

Such thoughts came to Jesus, and we should fail to do justice to the power and purity of his soul, if we ascribed his rejection of them to a direct revelation, forbidding him to entertain them. No; he was "tempted in all points as we are," and it is a part of our temptation that we have to choose between right and wrong for ourselves; the choice is not made for us, nor the command given in audible tones, so that we cannot but hear it. It was in the desert, in the meditations that followed his baptism, that the Saviour made his choice. Then he deliberately rejected the path of empire and glory for that of lowly toil and self-sacrifice. The remonstrance of Peter brought that earlier conflict freshly to his mind, and conscious how hard had been the trial, and already experiencing the roughness of the path he had chosen, he heard suggested to him a reversal of his choice; but no, that thought was instantly repelled, and the Holy One remained conqueror even over the temptation of heroic achievement.

Yes, that which was the glory of earth's best and noblest was to Jesus Christ only a temptation. It was the one trial before which his holy spirit seemed to shrink, as if there was a possibility that it might prove too great for him. He had the feelings of a man, of a patriot, and of the descendant of a line of princes; and as he looked on his oppressed people, he could not but know what they expected at his hands. Should he fulfil that expectation? Should he call them to arms in the name of the Lord of hosts? Should he use his wonderful powers, natural and supernatural, for the restoration of their freedom, and then reign over them, not on any usurped throne, but one bestowed alike by ancestral right, heroic achievement, and his people's love? This was the vision from which Jesus resolutely turned, choosing poverty, rejection, suffering, and death, that thus he might save, not Judea only, but the world. In that highest path of earthly renown, any but himself might blamelessly have trodden; but his destiny was higher far: to break for all mankind the bondage of sin;

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to deprive of his worst terrors the dark monarch of the grave; to wear the crown, not of jewels, but of thorns; to reign, not over subject provinces, but over loving and faithful hearts, even to the end of time.

We had written thus far, and considered our task completed, when we read the article in the March number of the "Christian Examiner," by Rev. E. C. Towne, on "Christianity and Pseudo-Christianity." We recognize there with pleasure, among much from which we differ, a train of thought similar, in many respects, to that which we have here endeavored to present. Mr. Towne contemplates Jesus with the reverence and love due to a great and good Reformer, though not acknowledging him, as we wish he did, as Son of God and Saviour of the world. He perceives with us the greatness of that inward struggle in which Jesus won the victory; but he places that struggle, not at the beginning, but at the end of his course; not in the wilderness, but in the Garden of Gethsemane. Up to that time, in Mr. Towne's opinion, Jesus had cherished the hope of temporal success, and a royal Messiahship; but then, convinced by circumstances that this was not his destiny, he uttered one last agonizing appeal, and then submitted himself entirely to the will of God.

To those who accept the record as substantially correct, it is unnecessary to prove that the Saviour's impending fate was known to him, and his choice respecting it made at a much earlier period than that of the agony in the garden. But supposing Mr. Towne's view to be thus far correct, we would call his attention to the importance of what it implies. Here is one who has, throughout his course, aspired to the destiny and the fame of king, patriot, and sage. He has believed himself chosen of Heaven for this exaltation, as none was ever chosen before. Now he finds that it is all a delusion, and that he must die in torture and in shame. How does he conduct himself? There is no retraction of his claims, no pleading for mercy from man, no raving of despair. There is one brief, earnest cry for deliverance, if deliverance yet may be, and then, to use Mr. Towne's own words, "he

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proved equal to entire self-surrender, and did relinquish, in view of the ignominious cross, his cherished hope of life, surrendering himself entirely to the will of God." From such hope to such disappointment, and that disappointment so endured! And the self-surrender of that hour carried out in the sublime patience and love and forgiveness of the scenes that followed! Our friend declines to receive outward miracles, but here he admits an inward miracle. Will not his own heart respond, as he contemplates it, "Truly, this was the Son of God"?

"LET THERE BE LIGHT!"

LORD, 'tis the first day of the week!
The day thy primal work began,
When first thou badest light to break
And fit the earth for life of man.

This day — when in a darker night
Man's moral fall eclipsed his faith —
Came immortality to light,
And Jesus triumphed over death.

Yet darkness is not all dispersed,
Still night and sin divide the day;
And now we need, Lord, as at first,
The light — thy Spirit's living ray!

Work like thyself, creative Power!
Breathe forth thy fiat as of yore!
Let there be light this sacred hour, —
Light in the soul for evermore!

Between the cherubim shine forth!
And let the Spirit's radiant flood
With sacred splendor light the earth
And bless the Israel of God!

R. F. F.

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SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

"The New Englander," published at New Haven, is the organ of that type of orthodoxy which is known as the Connecticut School, and its editors and chief contributors are connected with Yale College. The January number is filled with scholarly articles, which have a fresh and independent air, though, perhaps, more secular and less theological than usual. Prof. Fisher writes on "The Temporal Power of the Pope;" Prof. Whitney, on "The Value of Linguistic Science to Ethnology;" President Wolsey, on "Divorce among the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans;" Dr. Bacon reviews an "Article on Conversion" in the "Catholic World;" and there are other articles on the "Sanitary Commission," on the "Insurrection in Jamaica," and on "Southern Regeneration." The history and present prospects of the Pope's temporal power are rapidly sketched, the subject being timely, if not treated with much originality. The timid and reactionary sentiments of Guizot are stated at length in the following paragraph: "Most Protestant Christians sympathize with the progress of the Italian kingdom, and hope to see the Pope lose his temporal power. This is not true of all, however; and among the dissenters from the popular view is the illustrious scholar and statesman Guizot. The publication, during the present year, of the fourth edition of his remarks on 'The Christian Church and Christian Society in 1861' indicates that his opinions on this question since that time have not changed. At the foundation of his interesting discussion is the proposition that every blow struck at one of the great churches is a blow struck at all and at Christianity itself. The Roman Catholic and the Protestant have adversaries in common, who are far more distant from both than the Catholic and Protestant are from one another. The Catholic and Protestant profess the same Christian faith, important as the points of disagreement are between them. The adversaries attack this faith, and their attacks at the present day are mischievous and formidable. It is, therefore, suicidal, as well as wrong, for Protestants to join hands with indifferentism and irreligion for the sake of weakening their ancient theological antagonist. Guizot proceeds to argue that the temporal kingdom of the Pope cannot be wrested from him without a violation of international

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law and public morality. He sees in the authority which it has become fashionable in France to concede to 'universal suffrage' the rising of a new despotism which is held to be stronger than the obligations of treaties and the settled principles of international right. Moreover, the attack on the Pope's temporal kingdom he considers an infringement of religious liberty. The temporal power is the condition of the exercise of the spiritual. It is the guarantee of the independence of the Papal office. The great body of the Catholics so regard it. The temporal power grew up in connection with the spiritual, as a part and a fruit of the latter. Besides, he thinks that the policy of the Italian kingdom is principally dictated by political ambition. If the Pope be driven from Rome, Guizot thinks that this event will not give more than a momentary success to the Italian movement. The Roman Catholic population, the world over, will be roused to a sense of the injury done to their chief, and thus, indirectly, to themselves. The consequence will be that wide-spread and increasing agitation will lead to positive measures for the restoration of the Pope to his rightful throne."

It seems to be a great misfortune to some men to live to extreme old age, at least so we have thought when reading the late utterances of Guizot and Lord Brougham. *Quanto mutati ab illis!* Prof. Fisher seems to draw it very mild when he says, in reply to the above, "We must confess ourselves not convinced by this reasoning. The fact is obvious, that the Papal civil administration is not only distasteful to the subjects of it, but is extremely bad, — inherently bad. It is a fact equally obvious that the condition of Italy, partly in consequence of the Papal kingdom, has been deplorable. The discontent of the people is owing to misgovernment. So we cannot but think that their desire to become a nation is legitimate and laudable." This faint criticism leads us to think that the writer's respect for the venerable French scholar toned down the natural sentiments of his heart.

Dr. Bacon notices the statements of the Roman Catholics in regard to the great number of converts, and thinks that the number of those in the United States who have gone out from that connection is far greater than the number who have been drawn into it. His testimony is so decided and emphatic that we must quote it in his own words: "Our acquaintance, direct and indirect, with the ministry of the Congregational churches in the United

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States, and with the Presbyterian clergy, — Old School and New School, — is not very limited. We have long been on terms of friendly intercourse with Baptist and Methodist ministers, and have watched with some care the various directions in which the progress of thought and inquiry among them seems to be tending. From a date as early as the publication of the Oxford Tracts, we have been observing the natural history, if we have not explored the philosophy, of clerical conversion or perversion to Romanism. But in all our memory, we find no instance of that phenomenon occurring in any one of those four great Protestant bodies. We have known instances of young ministers, or candidates for the ministry, or theological students, going over into the Protestant Episcopal Church, and then, after a sufficient course of Tractarianism, passing on to Rome. But all such instances are among the 'forty-one clergymen of the American Episcopal Church,' whom our philosopher counts up as converts, himself evidently being one of them; and certainly he cannot expect to strengthen his argument, or to illustrate his philosophy of conversion, by counting them twice."

Among the editorial book-notices in this number of "The New Englander," we find a short sentence which we were glad to read: "The whole subject of public worship is now engaging the attention of not a few thoughtful minds in the Presbyterian and Congregational denominations. It must be considered anew, and it should be considered with candor. We hope to offer to our readers, before long, an essay, or series of essays, on this subject." We may add to this the expression of our hope that all denominations will consider wisely the question whether our existing modes of public worship, the growth of other times, are suited to the wants of this age.

"The Radical," the new Boston monthly periodical, devoted to the interests of that school in theology which takes this name, has, in the January number (the fifth published), an article on "American Religion," by Mr. Samuel Johnson, who thinks "that America is destined to deal as radically with the religious traditions as it is now dealing with the political." He passes in review the various sects to define their position and prospects. He calls "the Episcopal Church the Receiving Tomb in the cemetery of dead beliefs." "Unitarianism has cut loose from the barbarism of Calvin; but it cannot hold the future within its halting Christol-

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ogy, just neither to the Human nor the Divine, its sliding scales between radical distinctions, its rehabilitations of the old official phraseology with meanings that rob it of excuse for continuance in being." "Neither Calvinist scheme nor Methodist sentiment can mortgage the free spirit of the future." Spiritualism is only "a momentary leverage for multitudes of feet that are making the best escape they can out of the quicksands of the old theology." Romanism "is the true logical opposite of the American Religious idea," but it owes its growth chiefly, as he thinks, to its benevolent movements and institutions, and these must soon "undermine its traditional dogma and discipline," "and so we have the guarantee of its coming fall into the mighty current that sets towards spiritual freedom." Even Judaism, he thinks, is not hopeless; for the old anticipations of a personal Messiah are fast losing their hold, "and there are signs of a convergence with the Radicalism into which American Christendom is advancing," the point of union being to regard "Jesus as a pure, devout Hebrew, and in no sense an official Mediator or Redeemer." It is refreshing to mark the assurance of this writer. No Jacob Boehm or Dr. Cummings or Joe Smith ever excelled him. "Everywhere the solvent is at work; everywhere disintegration, floating fragments, tentative combinations of elements once mutually hostile or unknown; a transitional conglomerate; a syncretism in art and faith, not always edifying, indeed, to taste or piety, but, at least, full of the promise of a life hitherto unimagined on the earth." Religion is to be "itself new-born." "The signs are all one way." The movement is already "too large to be managed." "The new relations are combining all human forces for a faith heretofore impossible." "The spark that flies from the collision of mineral and metal is a nobler vitality than either. The chemical compound is more than a compound, it is a fresh substance, quick with new qualities and powers, no mere summing up of the old constituents. So these spiritual dynamics are the conditions for an influx of new divine fires. There cannot but be at hand a fresh word of God, a morning, a spring-day of the spirit; no mere repetition of old experiences." In the sort of bewilderment produced by all this display of rhetorical pyrotechnics, we have looked for the mention of some specific, practical ends to be promoted by the coming Avatar, and we find three named. "It will not be long before Sunday reading-rooms will be a feature of our West-

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ern cities." There will be no such thing as an "exceptional and exclusive devotion called the Lord's Supper." There will be for the popular heart a true worship, which hitherto has been "a failure in America."

The same number of this periodical has the paper read by Mr. Bartol, of Boston, at a meeting of radical friends. By adopting the article affirming faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, Mr. Bartol thinks "we have a fetish now regularly installed in the Unitarian Church;" and it is "a deplorable precipitate from the so long muddled solution of Unitarian Theology." He thinks that "Christ is but a flagrant instance of what unfolds in countless patterns;" and to exalt his lordship "is to exalt the by-law of his head-mastery for the whole constitution, in a disproportion that hurts truth, tempts strong minds to hypocrisy, and weak ones to cant, makes the tongue tremble in doubt of its own veracity, jars on the ear with an idolatrous exaggeration, and becomes a bald monotony even as a battle-cry." In a series of questions, to be understood as poetry or logic, he asks, "Did Christ impersonate his Father? There are many *dramatis personæ*, though he be the principal, in that wonderful play. Was he the Incarnation? But is *your* flesh atheistic? Then we need no Schopenhauer to teach pessimism, or Carl Vogt to laugh at the notion of a spirit." Mr. Bartol playfully called his paper "kindling stuff to start the fire." Perhaps it has kindled other and wider flames than he intended.

"The Universalist Quarterly," for January, has a translation from the German of Tischendorf, on the question, "When were our Gospels written?" That distinguished biblical scholar puts forth his reasons for believing that the Gospels were in general esteem among the first Christians at an earlier period than has been commonly assumed. He thinks that everything impels us to conclude that these narratives were well known and honored "at the close of the first century. That was the time when, with the death of the aged John, all the holy men who had personally known the Saviour had departed, and the young Church was left without a rallying point,—a time when the Church, scattered throughout the world, saw its faith persecuted from without as a foolish delusion, and threatened from within by the heretical teachers. Then they consecrated and prized the works of the apostles as a precious, imperishable legacy, as authentic witnesses of the life of the Sav-

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iour, as the highest rule of faith and life." The proof of this point, he regards as "one of the most important and certain of the results of my labors in this department of criticism;" and referring to the speculations of sceptical writers, he says, "Do not suffer yourself to be led astray by the clamor that is raised on every hand. Hold so much the more firmly to what you have, the more others attempt to wrest it from you. Do not think we are solicitous about the final victory of the truth. ONE stands pledged for this victory, before whom all the power of the world is feeble." There is also an article in this same number in review of Renan's "Apostles," which it calls the most remarkable book of the present half-century, and of great value for the secular information it gives, particularly on the condition of society at the time of the advent of the Redeemer; while the writer, on the other hand, accuses Renan of a want of fairness in historic and scientific criticism, illustrating his point by reviewing the French scholar's account of the resurrection of Christ, which he thinks is marked by subterfuge and weakness.

The "New Church Monthly," published at Philadelphia, is the organ of those of the Swedenborgians who adopt the church polity "known as the congregational, which recognizes the official equality of all ministers, and the right of every company of Christian believers to form themselves into a church, govern themselves in their own way, and perform any acts which any church may perform." The leading article in the February number is on "Our Invisible Associates," and describes "the denizens of the spiritual world," which the writer thinks are organized into two great classes, — a heaven of angels and a hell of devils;" but the angels "all together constitute one man or angel of stupendous proportions, and who actually appear before the Lord as a single man;" as also "the societies of devils are all united, so that together they constitute one great and inhuman monster or devil, called in Scripture, 'the Devil.'" This article is written by B. F. B., initials which some of our readers will recognize, while they will see that the writer is still persistent and industrious in the line of thought he early chose.

The "Watchman and Reflector," in a notice of the death of N. P. Willis, says, "His literary history is to us a very sad one. Gifted with fine talents, and once standing in a high place among American authors, he has been almost unknown in later years,

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and will be quite forgotten a half-century hence. Laying aside the profounder religious convictions of his Puritan home, which had found utterance in Scripture poems, he became a cosmopolitan traveller, and dedicated his life to the amusement of the fashionable world. He has been for a quarter of a century a sort of Horace Walpole in American society, noting and recording the gayeties and follies of the passing hour. He was a prince of triflers, a favorite writer in the circles that read only to be amused. Good-natured in his comments on society, with a pleasant vein of humor, a large share of worldly wisdom, and a great gift at word-painting, he has been admired by many in youth who have outgrown his influence, and looked back in surprise at their former infatuation. One cannot but feel that his fine talents have been wasted, and his life spent to but little purpose. One of New England birth and training ought to have been governed by higher views of life. He ought not only to have made his mark on his generation, but have left some work for posterity worthy of his powers. But he deliberately chose a life of fashionable frivolity, and weakened his powers and lowered his aims, and failed to achieve anything of importance for human good, or for his own permanent fame."

"The Universalist," in a recent number, writing on the inexhaustible wisdom in the New Testament, has the following paragraph, which seems to us good both in thought and expression: "It is a common remark of careful students of the New Testament that it has the peculiarity of never revealing all its meaning. It always keeps something in reserve for the next reading. It has a kind of infinity in its depths, to the bottom of which no human plummet will go. The best minds read it to find it growing upon them continually. Old men, learned in science, history, literature, who have studied it all their days, find it still fresh with new visions of truth. It grows with our spiritual growth, and expands with our expanding vision. We cannot out-study it, or outgrow it. Rise high as we will, it rises above us; go far as we may, it goes before us. It meets our wants in every condition of spiritual growth. When we are children, it serves us in its simple lessons of duty; when we become adults, it points us onward with its unerring finger of truth. If we become philosophers, it enriches our philosophy with its profounder wisdom; and if we attain to human greatness, it proves itself greater than anything we have

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conceived. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the wondrous things it always keeps in reserve for those who read it with teachable and reverent minds. Why is it so? Who can tell? The fact stands confessed by millions of its careful and devout readers. Who will explain the marvel or miracle? Is a new power given to the words of the Christian revelation? or is there an intelligent spirit back of them surcharging them continually with a new meaning? or is it the Holy Spirit in the reader, lifting him to new heights of observation? or is the revelation itself a living magnet, drawing perpetually richer flashes of the fire of heavenly truth from the cloud of witnesses ever overshadowing it? There is a mystery in the fact, before which many reverent disciples pause and wonder, and wait prayerfully for an explanation. So we will wait, and read still, and learn, till in the higher world the cloud is lifted from our now partially obscured vision of spiritual things."

The munificent gift of one hundred thousand dollars, from an affluent Episcopalian, to found a Theological School at Cambridge, will probably bring up for fresh discussion, the subject of having a Theological Department in Harvard College, the professors of which shall be eminent scholars of various denominations. The thoughts of many in the Methodist Church and in the Episcopal Church are now turned to consider the practicability of this plan, which may be extended to include Baptists, Orthodox, Universalists, Roman Catholics,—all denominations, in fact, who will sustain a learned representative of their faith in Cambridge, it being understood that the students may avail themselves of the lectures and instructions of such as they may prefer, and have beside all the intellectual advantages which Cambridge now supplies. The enlarged, liberalizing influence of such an arrangement, and the fresh impulse it would give to the study of theology, must be obvious at once.

On the subject of "Corrupting Amusements in the Church," the New York "Methodist" says, "We have reached a crisis of prosperity and wealth in our religious community where this besetment becomes, we think, our principal moral peril; where it must be effectively arrested, or it may determine our future character as a truly spiritual, earnest Church, or a morally fallen sect. Not a few of our people are gradually and practically tending towards the opera, the theatre, the social if not the public dance. Many of them are otherwise excellent people, families of culture, of

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generous interest in our denominational welfare, liberal, unexceptionable in all other respects, misled in this one respect by perhaps, casual influences, and because the special Christian logic applicable to the facts is not clearly presented to their consciences. To tell them that the dance is invariably a sin will not do. The graceful motion, the healthful exercise, the recreation of this pastime in their social gatherings, are to them facts intuitively recognized, — recognized not to be, *per se*, sinful. To say to them that the drama or the opera is criminal, and only criminal, will not do. 'Hamlet,' they know to be a salutary and sublime dramatic lesson. Good music, they know, must be approved by a good conscience. This narrow-minded construction of the case, we repeat, will not suffice; rather than this, we had better say nothing on the subject." The writer proceeds to set forth what he thinks is an answer "fully applicable to this problem." It is the saying of St. Paul, that he would eat no meat if it made his brother to offend. We entirely agree with him in his estimate of the noble spirit which the apostle's words breathe, but we may differ with him as to the influence which this example is likely to have over the class of persons referred to, who, we think, would be greatly benefited if the Church would wisely rectify its lines between artificial and real sins.

A Russian chapel has lately been built in Geneva, on a conspicuous eminence near the city, a gift to the chapel from liberal citizens, and the golden dome of the church, as it is said, may be seen at a distance of twenty miles. At the dedication, a large representation of Protestant ministers was present, and words of kindness and good-will were heard, such as should mark the intercourse of different sects with each other. The Russian arch-priest addressed the assembly in these words: "Dear friends and brethren of Geneva, we owe this sanctuary to you in two ways; for we owe it firstly to the full and perfect religious liberty which reigns among you, and then to the present you have made us of the site on which we have raised it to the glory of God, our common Father. Believe me, you will never have to repent hereof. We will respect your faith as you respect ours; we have in our hands no weapons of any kind to trench upon the domain of your conscience. Living among you, we will pray for you, as we hope you will pray for us. And to you and to your good town and your beautiful country, may peace be granted to abide with you."

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In Mr. Alger's book on "Solitude," we find the following sentence: "The Sahara-spirit and Simoon-career of Attila, the schemes revolving in the colossal brain of Mirabeau, the Titanic aloofness and pessimism of Schopenhauer, the oceanic soul of Spinoza ringed only by the All and calmly heaving forever, are more appalling, more suggestive of the infinite, than any material bulks, abysses, or wildernesses. Is it a terrible chasm in which the sprinkled ranks of the galaxy are hung? What, then, is the lonely mystery of the mind in whose meditations the spectral infinitude of astronomy lies like a filmy dot?" The word *joy* is quite commonplace, and so Mr. Alger uses the following instead: "The ecstatic equilibrium of the constituents of consciousness."

We see that the author of the above has lately published an article on the "Duties of One who writes for the Public."

THE CHILD AT HER MOTHER'S GRAVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

In that little room of thine,
Sweet sleep has come to thee;
Ah! mother, dearest mother mine!
Oh! call me to that room of thine,
Oh! shut it not from me.

I would so gladly be with thee,
And be thy child again;
'Tis cold and stormy here with me,
'Tis warm, and oh! so still with thee.
Ah! let me, let me in!

Thou took'st me gladly once with thee,
So gladly held my hand;
Oh! see, thou hast forsaken me,
Take me this time again with thee,
Into the heavenly land.

E. L. F.

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RANDOM READINGS.

THE HOME SANITARY COMMISSION.

"Its banner bears the single line
'Our duty is to save.'"

"Out of health!" Gay, active, bustling, healthy reader, did you ever stop to consider what this word — *out of health* — signifies? I do not mean, do you know what it is to have a headache or a fever. Very likely you have passed through both these experiences, and have, according to present appearances, come out fresh as ever; perhaps, in the latter case, fresher; for who has not often heard the remark, "His general health is a great deal better than before his fever"? Happy mortal! since whatever contributes to the soundness of general health should be considered, at least in its results, a blessing. Ask any invalid, — say a confirmed dyspeptic or one confined to house or bed by some wearing, dispiriting affection of the nerves, — ask such, if one sharp, concentrated prostration of the system, such as occurs in fever, could purchase for them the after-boon of confirmed health, whether they would be willing to pay the price. Not one in a hundred but would answer, Yes. Welcome, they would say, *welcome* the quick prostration, the violent, throbbing pulse, the burning thirst, the long days of weakness and pain and the longer nights of weariness and watching, if, coming at length to an end, they but herald the rosy promise, the bright hope, so long since abandoned, of approaching health, the advent of deliverance from the slow torture of their years and years of previous suffering, so fitly represented by the words, — on everybody's lips, and yet so little realized in their full significance, — "out of health."

Out of money, — out of wood, — out of work, — all these are very sad contingencies; yet we can grasp their meaning. We know just what a man means when he says he is out of work or out of money. We pity such a one. We cannot help it. He must be relieved immediately. He has a family dependent upon him. One and another bestir themselves to get him a clerkship or a place in the factory or machine-shop; or, if nothing better

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offers, to secure him a job of wood-sawing or gardening. And this is well. But for the poor invalid, — "out of health," — what good Samaritan comes to him with the oil and wine of pitying relief, and, "setting him on his own beast," — beautiful imagery of sympathy and helpfulness! — brings him to some wayside inn of healing and repose, saying, "Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, I will repay thee"?

But it will be said, "Such kind of aid is impossible. We can help the unfortunate to money and work, but to restore the sick, — only God and the physicians can do that." True; and therefore give them of what you *are* able to bestow. Consider: are there no "feeble folk" in your circle of acquaintances whom you can benefit, — at least, by sympathy and a thoughtful regard to their comfort, socially or otherwise? You are going out to-day in your carriage for an airing. Call round to Graves End Court, and ask Mrs. Dying-By-Inches to accompany you. A taste of the fresh air is what she is longing for, but she is nervous about "stable horses," and, moreover, "husband" is too driven by business just now to go with her, or too poor, perhaps, to provide her the luxury of a drive. Or, you have just laid a healthy, readable book upon your library table. You have enjoyed its perusal exceedingly. Supposing you take it over to Miss Dolorous Morbid, to while away a few hours of her melancholy, nervous existence, and help her bear life to one day's extent, at least. Perhaps you have neither carriages nor books, but are of a social turn. Then go, with all your sunny exuberance of life and spirits, and, with gentle sympathy and tender, unbustling mien, give of your abundance of healthy vitality to that poor wreck of humanity, old Mrs. Palsy Stroke, shut up in her chamber for years, confined to one spot, perhaps, and as utterly dependent upon others for every daily comfort as your own little baby whom you laid so tenderly and lovingly in its crib this morning before you came away.

Oh, you do not know what a gulf of difference lies between your healthy, bright, cheerful existence and the morbid, miserable life of such! You cannot. God grant you never may! But you can guess, in part, what it would be to lose all your beautiful, healthful, normal sensations; to feel, in place of strong, exuberant life, the depression, the loneliness, the morbid weakness, the nervous terrors, of invalidism. And let your gratitude for a happier fate impel you to do whatever lies in your power to amel-

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iorate the condition of such hapless ones. By small attentions, by thoughtful plans of amusement and recreation, by the electric transfusion, through social intercourse, of your own superabundant vitality, you may charm many an hour in the dark chamber of sickness, call a happy, if not healthful, glow to many a faded cheek and sunken eye, and, moreover, call down upon your own soul the sweet commendation, — sweeter than any the Master ever spoke, — "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

C. A. M.

"OUR FATHER."

The following interesting little narrative is translated from the introductory chapter of Aime Martin's Treatise on the Education of Mothers. May it awaken the attention of our young readers to the rich treasures of instruction and consolation contained in the familiar words, "Our Father who art in heaven," and correct the thoughtless carelessness with which they too often repeat them as an unmeaning form.

I WAS residing in the pleasant village of Chateaufort, about two leagues from Versailles. At the bottom of the valley on the left, is still seen an elegant mansion, so fortunately situated that the woods, the hills, the pastures, and the hamlets which surround it seem the natural appendages of its parks and gardens. At the side of this mansion, a little above the brook, is the village schoolhouse, pleasantly shaded and constructed upon a model only to be found in the romances of Augustus Lafontaine; in front is a hedge surmounted by a mill, erected, as it were, to please the eye and delight the painter; then a little chapel, where rests, beneath a modest tree, the lady of the place, who died in the flower of her age, but whose piety and beauty have left a long remembrance. This group of trees, houses, and pavilions, with two Gothic turrets appearing in the wood, form an exquisite point of view in the midst of the most profound solitude; for the road is tracked only by the heavy wagons of wood-carriers, and the feet of the flocks, which, toward the end of autumn, enliven the valley.

Every Sunday, summoned by the chapel bell, I went thither to hear mass. It was a beautiful sight to view the peasant women in their simple attire, proceeding at the same hour, and from all points of the valley, across the meadow; I say the peasant *women*,

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for in the hamlets it is the women only who go to church. It happened however, sometimes, that I had a companion. This was a venerable man whose ardent and ingenuous piety I was never weary of admiring. Notwithstanding his coarse apparel and a certain air of indigence, his whole person expressed tranquillity, and, by an inexplicable charm, in proportion as I contemplated him, this tranquillity extended from his soul to mine. My curiosity was excited by thus meeting this man; I inquired concerning him, and soon learned that he lived on public charity. I was told that at an advanced age, he had lost two brave youths who should have been his support; one of them died at Beresina, and the other at Waterloo, while their mother did not long survive them. Excited by this account, I accosted him, at the same time presenting him with a small donation. "You need," said I to him, "a warmer coat; the winter will be rough, and you should think of it a little beforehand." He raised his eyes toward me; his look was serene. "And why need I think of it," said he in a feeling tone, "since God has put a care for me into the hearts of good people?"

Here is a man, said I to myself, quite contented. I must inquire into the occupations of his life, and the extent of his ideas.

"Can you read?" said I to him.

"Yes, sir. In my youth I received lessons from the curate, a very excellent man who took pleasure in instructing children."

"And have you any books?"

"Oh! at my age we read no more; we pray."

"Do you then pray often?"

"It is a great happiness to pray. In the evening seated at the door of my poor hut, which you see down there under the chestnut-trees, I behold the setting sun, and I say 'Our Father!'"

"And is that all your prayer?"

"Is there any which can better fill the heart? 'Our Father.' Frequently, after having uttered these words, I pause and view the flocks returning from the fields to give us their milk; I gaze on the sun which rises and sets over the valley, and I bless his warmth which causes the grass to grow in our meadows, the fruit on our trees, and the corn in our fields. Oh, I feel indeed that my prayer is true, and I have only to think every evening upon these words,—Our Father."

"And what do you do in bad weather?"

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"I look up to the sky; I see those vast clouds which traverse it, coming from I know not whence, driven by the wind, careering without noise, and like watering-pots pouring the rain here and there upon the plains, which resume their verdure and give us bread, butter, and honey in due proportions, precisely as if God himself placed them in our hands. Ah! Our Father who art in heaven, thou wilt live forever. Men cannot put thee to death as they did my poor children."

Thus speaking, the old man's eyes filled with tears; his head reclined, and I heard him softly murmuring some words, as if he were continuing his prayer.

"My poor Bertrand," he resumed, after a moment's silence, "he was the youngest, and he died at Waterloo, shouting, 'Long live the Emperor!' Ah! if he had cried, 'Our Father who art in heaven!' perhaps he might have been living still; and my poor wife, who so soon followed him, I might not have lost her! But it was the will of our Father; and I bless him," added he, drying his eyes, "for he has supplied the place of my children with good people."

"You are too solitary in the depths of the valley; you ought to draw a little nearer to the village."

"Alas!" he replied, "I cannot quit my house; there I saw my children born, and there their mother died; besides, as our curate says, he who can converse with God is never alone."

"And are you contented with your lot?"

"How should I be otherwise? God has never forsaken me."

"Oh, you deserve to be so still more, excellent man," I cried. "Here, take this money and pray for me, — for me, who am subjected to fewer trials, but who may not presume to call myself as happy as you."

"Should we then pray for money?" asked he with emotion; and with a trembling hand he put back the gift which I wished to present to him.

I felt that I had wounded him.

"Forgive me," I said to him. "I wished, like all worldly people, to make a selfish present. But I acknowledge my fault, and I shall know how to repair it."

While thus speaking, I seized his pious hand, which I kissed with holy reverence. I then withdrew, with my heart full of all I had just been hearing.

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I had gone only a few steps, when he cried, "I will pray to God for you, and also for your little children, if you have any not yet old enough to know how to pray."

It is related of the celebrated astronomer, Tyco Brahe, that one night on leaving his observatory, he suddenly found himself surrounded by a tumultuous crowd which filled the public square. Upon inquiring into the cause of so great a concourse, they pointed out to him in the constellation of Cygnus, a brilliant star, which he, aided by the best telescopes, had never perceived. Such are the accidents which humble the learned and promote science. My situation closely resembled that of the great astronomer. A simple peasant had just pointed out to me the star which I had been vainly seeking for many years. The example of this old man, happy in his misfortunes, calm in his afflictions, had conducted me to the Source of good and evil. L. O.

WORDS FOR THE SEASON.

STORMY SUNDAYS.

We read the other day of a minister who gave out a notice of the omission of the evening service as follows: —

"As the weather threatens to be so unpleasant as to make it impossible for any *except females* to be out, the usual evening lecture will be omitted."

AFTERNOON SERVICES.

How much longer is it good Christian economy to keep open a large church and retain a clergyman and choir for a congregation of less than a hundred persons? Can we not put the minister to better use and send the choir to sing to the sick folk in some hospital? Charles II. apologized to his attendants with his habitual politeness for being such an unconscionable long while in dying; is it not time for the Afternoon Service to utter some such apologetic word, or is it to pass into its swan song of vesper music, and so cease? E.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

The Life of Jesus, according to his Original Biographers, with Notes. By EDMUND KIRKE. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The occasion of this volume and the method of its formation are thus described by the author: "Some years since, to obtain a more connected view of the life of Christ than can be gained by a separate reading of the four evangelists, the writer made for his private perusal a monotessaron of the Four Gospels, arranging them so as to relate the same event only once, but to include all the teachings and all the historical circumstances in one miniature."

Subsequent investigation showed the author where some defects in his work could be remedied; but in this way he obtained a vivid idea of the daily life of the Saviour, and he "could almost see him walking the roads and sitting by the lake shore of Galilee."

The book is a new harmony of the Gospels, not in the language of our common version, but in a more free translation, sometimes with slight paraphrase, and with notes of illustration. It is not designed for scholars, but for popular readers, and answers its purpose excellently well. The notes are well selected and always help the reader to a better understanding of the text. It makes a neat volume of 297 pages. S.

Studies in English; or, Glimpses of the Inner Life of our Language. By M. SCHELE DE VERE, LL. D., Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Virginia. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

This work is in the same field as those of George P. Marsh and Max Muller and French's charming little volume on the "Study of Words." It is very scholarly and cannot fail to interest those who love to study the origin and structure of our language with a view to a better understanding of its inner life. In Chapter Second on "English Relations," the author describes the three great parent languages, not resolvable into each other nor traceable to a

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common origin, and in what line of descent our English language belongs.

"Our researches point all to the one great fact, that if we set aside the comparatively unexplored territories of American and African idioms, together with the Chinese, there are, in the whole kingdom of speech, but three grammatical families to which every known dialect can be referred with unerring certainty. Each of these families bears its own distinctive marks so clearly defined that there is no mingling between them, no possibility of mistaking the allegiance of even the latest descendants. The white, the red, and the black races are not more strikingly different from each other in color and character than the Shemitic, the Aryan, and the nomadic Turanian families of languages. With the first and the last of these groups our English has nothing in common." s.

Hymns for Lent. A neat little volume has been published by E. P. Dutton & Co. under the title "Hymns for every Day in Lent." The selections are choice and made with excellent taste, and many of the hymns may be read over and over after Lent has passed. The volume opens with "Dies Iræ" and concludes with a hymn for Easter. Among favorite writers, are the names of Miss Proctor and Miss Waring. s.

The Genius of Solitude. By William Rounseville Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This charming volume is destined to a wide circulation both on account of the nature of the subjects treated and the fascinations of style. The subjects are vastly congenial with Mr. Alger's taste and genius, and he has entered into them *con-amore.* He treats of the solitudes of nature, the solitudes of man, the morals and dangers of solitude, and he gives sketches of great lives which on account of their isolation have been solitary. These are drawn with great skill. We must make exception of the last, the sketch of the life of Jesus, into which Mr. Alger puts his peculiar theology. The solitude of Jesus is a great and exhaustless theme and might be kept clear of polemics, and we wish Mr. Alger could have conscientiously done this, which would have given his beautiful volume an unrestricted range through the world, and a free entrance into all libraries. s.

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The American Unitarian Association put us under new obligations in the issue of two more volumes of Dr. Noyes' incomparable translations. They give us now the third edition of the "Translation of Job, Ecclesiastes, and Canticles," and the "Translation of the Psalms and Proverbs." Both these volumes were out of print. These, with the other translations of Dr. Noyes, ought to be in every family who care about reading their Bibles intelligently, and lovingly and not blindly in mechanical routine. S.

Joubert's Thoughts. Translated by George H. Calvert, preceded by a notice of Joubert, by the translator. Boston: William V. Spencer.

Who was Joubert? A Frenchman born in 1754 in a small town of Perigord, educated at the college of Toulouse, went to Paris in 1778, passed unscathed through the ordeal of French philosophism, retired in 1792 to Villenuve in Burgundy, survived the Reign of Terror, was appointed one of the Regents of the University in 1809, and died in 1824. He published nothing, but was a close thinker and student and an excellent talker. He left pencil notes, and from these after his death his friends and admirers made selections, and these are the "Thoughts" of Joubert. "With him" says his critic "words and sentences make a transparent plate-glass, which lets in a world of light and landscape, itself invisible." They are pithy sayings and apothegms on a wide range of subjects, philosophical and religious, stimulating thought and imagination by flashes of light. S.

The Restoration of Belief, by Isaac Taylor, is a treatise full of the author's robust English vigor, just republished by E. P. Dutton. Those who are acquainted with "Saturday Evening," the histories of "Enthusiasm" and "Fanaticism," "Physical Theory of Another Life," and "Ancient Christianity" will not fail to read "The Restoration of Belief." It has all the writer's individuality, always stimulating thought, whether you agree with him or not, and sometimes opening whole provinces of inquiry where you feel compelled at least to follow his lead. The present treatise, though not professedly a book of "evidences," is really such. He shows the essential *congruity* of the contents of Christianity, the miracles, the teachings, the morality, the history that includes them as belonging to a seamless whole into which no critic can

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insert his separating knife. We are ultimately reduced, he thinks, to one of two alternatives, — Christianity or Atheism. An anti-Christian theism has no other than a slippery foothold, which it is sure to lose. The author professes kind feelings towards those who hold opposite views, while he deals destructive blows against them. His learning is ample, and on questions of criticism he never strikes in the dark, while he does not disguise a profound English common-sense contempt for German ballooning in this department. The book is a strong and much needed tonic, and we heartily recommend it. s.

Heaven and Hell from Things heard and seen. By Emanuel Swedenborg.

A new and beautiful edition of this work, newly translated into clear good English, has just been issued by J. B. Lippincott & Co., a well-known and enterprising firm of Philadelphia. The translation is a vast improvement upon the former one, published by the Boston New Church printing society, which was stiff, awkward, and sometimes very slovenly. The print and paper are fair and the binding exceedingly elegant.

Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell" is one of the golden books. Read this treatise of a little over 400 pages, and you have an epitome of his whole system. The book has never been *popularly* known for the reason that it has never appeared in very readable form, and hence we are exceedingly grateful to the present publishers for this new edition so handsomely got up without and within.

In this Magazine for July, 1862, in an article on the "Progressive Knowledge of the Future Life," we gave an extended exposition of the contents of "Heaven and Hell" comparing Swedenborg's Pneumatology with that of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton, and showing how vastly Swedenborg rises above them in rational, spiritual, and sublime views of the life after death. The time will come when this treatise will be as much read as Milton's Paradise Lost, and enter far more vitally into the popular conception of the life to come. The saintly Oberlin read it and preached it, and the late Mrs. Browning, as we happen to know, was vastly delighted with its ideas, and tried to disseminate them among her English friends and gain for them a lodgement within what she called "the husks of the old theology." s.

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Thoughts selected from the Writings of Horace Mann. Boston: H. B. Fuller & Co.

It is a little volume of 240 pages neatly printed and elegantly bound, solidly compact with excellent things. The short extracts are brilliants in which Horace Mann's moral genius and noble intellect shine forth. Sometimes the pith of whole sermons is crowded into a paragraph which the reader can lay up for future use. Mr. Mann excelled in the use of metaphor. All he had read, seen, and experienced furnished a treasury of metaphors always at hand. Sometimes they had the double use of giving the reader some new fact in natural science, thus enlarging his knowledge, at the same time giving force and pungency to his thought. Thus he says, "The most precious wine is produced upon the sides of volcanoes. New, bold, and inspiring ideas are only born of a clear head, that stands over a glowing heart." Of his compactness and skill in putting home a great principle, here is a specimen about toleration: "Do not think of knocking out another person's brains because he differs in opinion from you. It would be as rational to knock yourself on the head because you differ from yourself ten years ago."

Mental discipline is put thus: "Some people's thoughts never take their places one behind another: they attack not with a well-disciplined and compact column, but with a rabble of ideas."

We hope the "Thoughts" will have a large sale, and increase the genuine currency in circulation. S.

Woodburn Grange. A Story of English Country Life. By William Howitt. Three volumes complete in one. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The name of William Howitt will recommend this book to American readers, and they will not be disappointed in it. It is the story of the degeneracy and inward decay of a long line of English aristocracy and its final extinguishment, and the rise of a new one from a family of parish paupers through one who appeared among them with true nobility of soul. Simon Degge, the last of a long line of paupers, becomes the possessor of the noble estate of Sir Roger Rockville, the last of a long line of aristocrats. The power inherent in genius and industry to create their own surroundings and ennoble themselves, and the inability of lands trappings, lineage, and respectability to perpetuate an aristocracy,

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without manhood, is the moral of the story, which is told in a style that wins at once the sympathy and interest of the reader. It is a story, the writer assures us, of decline and rise, of the extinction of old families and the emergence of new ones, constantly going on in England. S.

Whittier's Tent on the Beach can be found at the New Corner, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. Unlike some of our contemporaries, we find more to interest us in this collection of poems than in "Snow Bound," charming as that was and seasonable as it has proved, — indeed, a very Tract (in poetry) for the Times. We recommend the Religious Publication Societies of every name to circulate "Our Master" instead of some of their prose issues.

E.

Ecce Deus. Essays on the Life and Doctrine of Jesus Christ, with Controversial Notes on "Ecce Homo." Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1867.

This volume came late into our hands; but we have read about two thirds of the contents with still increasing interest. The essays are not compact together, like "Ecce Homo," and the calm inquirer sometimes yields to the special pleader and partisan, and the writer will lose something by the comparison which his title will provoke with one of the most famous books of the time; moreover there is an assumption of antagonism between the two authors which is hardly borne out by the facts in the case. Nevertheless, the book is rich in the best Christian thought and a very sensible and very Christian common sense. It bristles here and there to appearance with points of doctrine but these points prove upon trial to be feather edges, after all, and we do not hesitate to say that any one who believes in Christianity at all will be able to join with this writer in his affirmations. His essays are admirably fitted to meet the deepening interest in the old-new gospel, and to help forward the great work of a reconstruction of Christian Belief. E.

*** Several articles and literary notices, omitted in this number for want of room, will appear in the next.

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REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST."—*Martin Luther.*

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THE

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVII. MAY, 1867. No. 5.

CHRIST AND HIS BRETHREN.

THE WAY TO DEAL WITH UNBELIEF.

BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

THE fortunes of the gospel in the world are largely anticipated in the Gospel Records, sometimes in actual history, sometimes in parables. In the Saviour's experiences in his "own country" we have already an account of the fathers of a very considerable class of modern unbelievers. It is not necessary to suppose that the Lord failed of success at home, as he confessedly did, — and our truth-telling evangelists make no secret of the marvellous fact, — because his brethren and the people of that region were more hardened than the rest of the Hebrews, or because Satan was more busy there than anywhere else in stealing away the seed of the Word. It is at once more reasonable and more charitable to say that it was hard for those who knew the *man* to recognize the *Prophet*. In their circumstances they were exposed to the full force of the almost universal tendency to regard the earthly and human as absolutely incompatible with the heavenly and divine. It would have been better for them to have known more or less of Jesus. They have their counterparts in our day. There are persons all about us who have come into conditions not unlike those of the people of Galilee.

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They do not perversely set themselves against the preaching of the gospel, or cast the Word behind them; but they are for the time unprepared to be duly impressed by it. In the development of religious opinion, and the antagonisms of intellectual commerce with divine things, they have been led to know Christ after the flesh, and in the purely human experiences of his life, in the limitations inseparable from the mystery of the Incarnation, which He, as freely as any, was wont to confess, and which, indeed, were accepted as the conditions of success in his redemptive work. They have emphasized afresh as the great lesson for the day, the old orthodox doctrine of the Lord's proper and perfect humanity. They have insisted that the Incarnation is not to be regarded as God playing a part in our world. The affirmation was needed, and had it not been accompanied by a denial, nothing could have been more seasonable. The world can be saved, not by the half of a great Truth, but by the whole of it. Nevertheless, we may unhappily be slow to perceive that the essentially Divine, God who is Love, God who is longing to pour out his whole heart to the world, may take to himself the human; and in our eagerness to say that the Saviour of men was a man, and could hardly have saved us had he not been a man, we may consciously or unconsciously fail to recognize that he was in the depths of his being, and in the clear light of his consciousness, Son of the Father before all worlds. Far beyond what most of us realize, it runs in our heads that God cannot dwell in man in all the plenitude of his redeeming Spirit unless the man teaches an absolute philosophy, or professes to know everything, or dominates the world as uncontrolled force. We refuse ourselves the unspeakable comfort of believing that God himself has verily possessed himself of and pervaded our humanity, redeemed it to the uttermost, and found himself and been found of himself in the life of man, in One who could say, "I and my Father are one," because the Wonderful was only Supreme Love incarnate, Supreme Love, and the Wisdom, not unto curiosity and science, but unto life which is inseparable from

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love. We forget that when Love is once for all fully embodied in an actual life on earth, Redemption has fairly begun. Out of the heart are the issues of life; the heart needs only abundant love. That strong Son of God is the world's Saviour. Out of that innermost redemption proceed all other redemptions,—of science, art, every-day work, homes, societies, governments. Our discussions about the Saviour's authority threaten to be endless and profitless, because we fail to see that it is the authority of the Father who is Love, and who spake by the lips of his Son words which, if we question, when we are confident that they were his words, we can only bring into doubt our own moral and spiritual condition. It is not a controversy of the human intellect with the revelation of the Eternal Thought; we have had no such revelation, it is the controversy of man's heart with Christ's heart, which again is God's heart,—"if our Gospel is hid, it is hid unto them who are lost, whose eyes the God of this world hath blinded." Jesus does not silence the intellect with dogmatic affirmations; he quiets the heart with Truth unto life. But, whilst we are striving through these antagonisms to reach the whole doctrine of Jesus, the light of that glorious and gracious knowledge is hid, and meanwhile the power of the Divine Lord is not felt as it should be. We are compassed about by sincere Theists, warmed some of them to a very genial glow and a very healthful activity by a Sun which they have ceased to call a Sun, because a veil over their own eyes hides it from them. It is in many quarters as it was with the Saviour at Nazareth. He can do no mighty works. He can inspire and organize no missions. He can only marvel that such reasonable doctrine does not persuade such reasonable men, that such scriptural and humane views do not carry the multitude with them. He lays his hand only upon a few sick folk and heals them! We maintain a few home charities of which, perhaps, we make a great account, as if we were the workers in Christendom in distinction from the dreamers and speculators, as if no one ever did anything about the

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poor and degraded before, as if the Holy Spirit of Jésus had not been the Comforter from the very first, as if St. Francis of Assisi, and Francis De Sales and Xavier and St. Vincent de Paul were mythical persons; and all the while Christ is marvelling at our unbelief. And what we want to understand for the sake of truth as for the sake of charity is this, that unbelief and inefficiency do not necessarily proceed from special hostility to the Truth; that, on the contrary, they are sometimes to be noted in specially honest persons, and in those who, within a certain range, are well informed as to the facts in the case, nay, it may be, know more, though unhappily not enough more, than their neighbors. The restoration and the increase of belief can be promoted only through a better understanding of the causes of unbelief, and not by vague denunciations of the spirit of infidelity and warnings against evil and worldly hearts. The disease requires a broader treatment, a treatment of which happily Christ himself has given us example. He had this precise form of unbelief to deal with, and it is our purpose in this article to set forth his short method with it.

1. And we have to say first, that this method did not make much account of the appeal to miracles. He did not many mighty works because of their unbelief. We see how open the frank narrative is to the caviller and the scorner, and yet the evangelist must make it plain at all hazards that Christianity does not aim to compel belief through the stress of mighty works. God deals with men through character. If it were not so, miracles would most abound where there is the most scepticism; but we know that the precise opposite of this is the case. We know that they are not the props of a declining faith so much as the outgrowths and ornaments of a vigorous faith. They aid, but they do not beget belief. The genesis of faith is moral. It is not in accordance with the Saviour's method to put miracles forward, as they are put forward in what are called Books of Evidences, and to demand assent to them as preliminary to a Christian confession properly so called. Undoubtedly such

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a postponement of the topic may be misrepresented. As the Galileans perhaps said of Jesus, "He is, after all, only the son of Joseph; he can do nothing save amongst the zealots and half-crazed people of Jerusalem," so it may be said by some in our day, "The preacher does not believe in the miracles himself; he has outgrown that old superstition, and knowing that the world will presently give up all belief in them, he is trimming the ship for the coming tempest, and is throwing overboard all that can be spared." So silence will be misinterpreted; but we do believe in the miracles, and, whatever men think or say, it remains true that it skills not either to work or to preach miracles where the very mind and heart of faith need to be almost created.

2. We have to say again, that as Jesus did not undertake to dominate the intellect of man by outward authority, so neither did he seek to save the world by the demonstrations of science, what is called scientific theology. He did not argue for God and Providence and Immortality, reasoning deep and high with the simple villager or the worldly citizen. That would have been as useless then as it would be now. Knowledge puffeth up. It pleases God to hide these things from the wise and prudent. The world is now nearly nineteen centuries older than when Christ taught in it, and according to our best understanding of scientific people, what are called advanced thinkers, those of them who so much as venture to promise a demonstration of the great truths of religion are in a very small minority. It is admitted on all hands that the Gospels supply at the most only the materials for scientific theology, not the thing itself. Undoubtedly the Spirit of Love enriches the intellect in the end unto all utterance and all knowledge and all beauty, but the mere reasoner or logician finds little in the evangelic records to interest him. God speed any and every earnest effort in the cause of Truth! Let whosoever can show to the world that the heavens declare the glory of the Creator, and that the Workmaster is discovered in the least of his works; but, somehow, when we begin on that side, we are

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not much prospered, science rapidly sinks into nescience, and when any great vital truth is in question, the verdict of the philosopher is very likely to be "not proven." The methods of science were not, and are not, specifically the Christian methods. Sometimes the Saviour drops into an argument to show his countrymen how inconsistent they are with their own Scriptures, or how untrue to their own traditions; but, for the most part, he makes no appeal to the mere understanding of his hearers, and is as far removed as possible from any of the refinements of philosophic speculation.

3. What remains, then, it may be asked, if miracle and science are inadequate; if we can appeal neither to outward authority nor to the demonstrations of science? Nothing, some seem to think. Nothing remains but to amuse, so far as we may, with literature and art, a world that has lost its God; nothing but to make the most of this life, seeing that we have and can have no evidence of any other; nothing but to celebrate scepticism as the latest triumph of advanced thought. Not so, however, did the Christ judge even in those cities and villages where he found the most obstinate unbelief. It is said that he went about amongst them "*teaching*." The word of Jesus was a word of FAITH. It was with power because his Being supplied the adequate conditions of FAITH. It has been said by one who has no confidence in the argument from miracles, that to appeal to the individual spiritual and moral intuitions of which the persons who are addressed are unconscious is absolutely futile; and he tells us, with more point than truth, that the only way to make science religious is to make religion scientific. Now, we maintain, on the other hand, that Christ's preaching, and all true preaching since the world began, is an appeal to spiritual and moral intuitions, a description to men more or less blind, or seeing, or at least saying that they see, of the visions of Faith, of God our Father, of the ministering and providential angels, of the Life to come. All other ways of propagating the religious life in the world are conditioned by and must go along with this of faithful testimony, which is always simple affir-

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mation from faith to faith, — what some will call the foolishness of preaching. The virtue went forth from Christ because it was in him. The intuitions of Peter, James, and John may have been more or less clear before Jesus came to them; but when he had come and spoken, they saw because he saw, they knew because he knew. They had, they said, the mind of Christ. What is very encouraging, in the field of the world, as in the other fields, that shall presently invite the sower, the very seed, only sow it often enough and patiently enough, will in time create for itself a soil, and cover the flinty rocks with the tiny plants, the little creeping growths that predict giant trees, not to speak of that sterner husbandry by which God wears the surface and strikes down into the very heart of the stony ground.

The hiding-place of this spiritual and moral power is Being and Character, God in Christ, Christ in us. There is no salvation by outward work or by outward word. As a man thinketh in his heart, so much is he, and so many can he persuade, and sweep along with him in loyal and glad following. You see good deeds and are not always made better even by that blessed sight. We read and hear good words, and are not always profited by reading and hearing. Line upon line and precept upon precept, and nothing comes of it. You say, if we followed that admirable teaching, we should be all right; but we do not follow it, and are not all right; no virtue goes from the speaker to help us follow it. It has been well said that "moral life is no creation of moral phrases." If fine words would redeem the world, there would not be a sinner in it to-day. The fulness of the Gentiles would have been gathered into the kingdom of God long ago. How easy it would be to flood the earth with religious eloquence, to carry a perpetual stream of it into every man's house, to scatter pious tracts as thickly as the autumn leaves, which, unhappily, they too often resemble in searness and juicelessness, — how easy, and how useless! For it is what lies behind the word that does the work. We must carry the tract, and we must be the tract after we have carried it.

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There must be spiritual and moral virtue going out from us. The multitude felt so strongly what virtue there was in Christ, that they said, "It will do us good if we can but touch the hem of his garment;" and it did do them good. True to the spiritual fact, we call the most persuasive speaking acting; the speaker is for the time an actor, a doer. It is not easy to mistake about real Force; it steals out of a man unawares. It is impossible to exercise it unless we have it. You might almost as well try to deceive Almighty God in this as to deceive his children. The thin voice and the hungry eyes betray the starved soul. The talk is of beneficence, perhaps, and it would be an incivility to go behind all those fair professions and plausible excuses; but the Spirit discerneth all things, and, as sure as ice chills, you are in the presence of a starved soul. True to this law the multitude made confession of the Christ when they said, "His word is with power, and he speaks to us, not like our scribes, but as one who hath authority." Others had taught the Truth, the same or similar, and yet never man spake like this man. Others had wrought wonders, had even brought back the dead to life, not to speak of any lesser miracles, but this man alone was The Wonderful. It was exactly as he said: "As the Father hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself." There was every mark of real power. He attracted and he repelled. There was the blow and the rebound. The heavens and the hells confessed him, sure tokens both of awakening life, and that God is visiting his people. Angels ascended and descended, and demons begged for mercy. John and James, and Matthew and Joseph, called Barnabas or the Consoler, signalled his power, and so did Caiaphas, and Herod with his men at war, and Pilate with his Roman soldiers; nay, also, the wary Gamaliel, as it began to dawn upon his life-long conservatism and quietism that even Jewish rulers might possibly be found to have been fighting against God. If we are willing to receive it, how much is revealed to us here of the mystery of the Christ! The sounds that had gone forth into the world

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from other lips had returned to them void, — sweet sounds, sweetly-echoed, earnest words, many of them earnestly heard, — and the shadows which hung over the world grew deeper, and the hearts of true men grew more and more sad. They spoke the truth, those wise men, and were not without the light which enlighteneth the sons of God everywhere; but mankind was scarcely the better, the more believing, the truer, the more loving and peaceful, for all their speaking, as they themselves sorrowfully confessed. But when at last One came who *could* persuade, who *did* create moral life, what did he say of himself? Why, no less than this: "I *am* the Truth, I *am* the Way, I *am* the Resurrection;" for in all that uplifts, redeems, saves, blesses, he was what he taught and did, the Power of God, the Wisdom of God unto salvation. God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, so Paul read the mystery; and the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us, that was St. John's interpretation; but the power did not depend upon the interpretation, though a wise interpretation may put us within reach of the power. Ebion and Arius, and Sabellius and Athenasius may all share it. The Sun has been shining down upon this earth for so many centuries, and only in this century do we begin even to understand how it burns and shines and blesses us spite of our deep ignorance! His word was with power long before he was declared to be the Son of God indeed, risen, ascended, glorified. It was the Word of God, though veiled, which was quick and powerful. It was the Word that prevailed over unbelief. It was the Word that should exercise all power in heaven and earth. He suffered and died only that he might more truly and masterfully reign. The first-begotten from the dead became the Prince of the kings of the earth, — his eyes are as a flaming fire, his voice as the sound of many waters, "the golden lamps are at his feet and in his hand the stars."

And what most of all concerns us to know in an unbelieving world is just this, that the Word of Faith is still spoken; that the Power has not left us. Christ's method with unbe-

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lief is still available for man's recovery from doubts and denials, and a huge responsibility rests upon those to whom it is given to carry forward what he began. Others may labor as they shall be able upon the problems of religious science, it is their duty to put the very heart of Christ into the simplest Christian testimony, not merely repeating his words, but so reproducing them that they will be the voice of his Spirit in the world. What science hopes in some better day to demonstrate, the Christian, if he be a Christian indeed, with Christ in his heart, already knows, and can declare as the oracles of God. Christ sends such forth, and only when such go forth does anything come of it. They do not argue, they testify. They unfold the contents of that great Revelation which, through the Lord, has got a place in the world's heart. When that testimony goes forth, the world saith still, "Never man spake like this man!" "It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you." There are those who are spoiled by a narrow philosophy, or prevented by the fashion of the day's scepticism from allowing the appeal to miracles; there are those who, for the time, cannot believe in miracles; there are those who will discuss theology with you to weariness, and will tell you what Auguste Comte and Sir William Hamilton and Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Mill think about this and that, doubting all the while whether anybody knows much about divine things, whether it is not still true that the world by wisdom knows not God; but let the prophet come prophesying even according to an humble measure of genuine faith, let him believe so much himself as to marvel because of the unbelief of others, and how quickly the voices of the disputants drop into silence, whilst young and old listen to the blessed word of the kingdom, of the God that hears and answers prayer, of the loving Providence, of the Lord of life and death who came to reconcile us to living and dying. The soul drinks in such speech as the parched earth drinks in rain, for man was created to believe and Faith begets faith. To Christ in us, and the Hiding-Place of that power is the heart of man,

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the souls of men open as the flowers open their cups to the Sun. In the presence of the Spirit incarnated in the body of believers as once in Jesus, spirits dead in worldliness awake, and glorify God, saying that a great Prophet is risen up amongst us, and that God is visiting his people, as indeed he is. The Teacher is gone beyond the reach of our weak senses; but the teaching may go forward all the more. The Jews still require a sign, and find none altogether satisfactory, none sufficiently well attested. The Greeks still seek after wisdom. The wise and mighty, the prudent and the disputers of this world, still despise or patronize Christianity as the humor of the hour may guide them; but the heart of the multitude, which belongs neither to the dogmatist nor to the philosopher, yields to the Word of Faith, does the will and presently learns of the doctrine, draws near to God in Christ, and God in Christ draws near to its earnest apprehending and seeking, confesses at last the wondrous divine grace in Christ, and is no longer without hope because without God in the world. Then all the wonders related of the Christ become credible, and, being believed, enrich our apprehensions of things in heaven and earth with miracles that are not dreamt of in any of our philosophies, and the whole gospel, the natural and the supernatural alike, takes its place in the world's affectionate and revering regard.

"HAPPINESS is to feel that your soul is good; strictly speaking, there is none other, and this one can exist even in affliction. Hence it is that there are sorrows preferable to all joys, and which would be preferred to them by all who have experienced such sorrows."

"SELF-IMPROVEMENT must precede all other improvement. Whatever miraculous creations have been scattered over immensity by the Divine Hand, all must first have existed in the Divine Thought."

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JESUS AND SOCRATES COMPARED.

BY REV. R. H. SEARS.

THE two lectures of President Felton on the religion of Greece * contained in the beautiful volumes described on another page of this Magazine, give a most vivid and impressive description of this religion in its twofold aspect. As esoteric — the religion of its best and most philosophic minds — its teachings were sublimely spiritual and its morality was pure. As exoteric — as the religion of the people — it was a wretched and drivelling superstition. The religion of its more devout philosophers was that of pure theism. It would be difficult to name any moral precept of Christianity which could not be gleaned from the writings of the Grecian poets and sages. But these poets and sages, while they rose intellectually above the absurdities of the national faith and secretly laughed it to scorn, never dared to assail it, or if they did, it was at the peril of their lives. The oneness and spirituality of God and the immortality of the soul are affirmed both by Thales and Pythagorus; and Cleobulus utters these semi-Christian precepts: "Do good to your friends that their friendship may be strengthened, and to your enemies that they may become your friends. Avoid injustice, bridle the love of pleasure, do violence to no man." The motive, however, for doing good to others, including enemies, does not rise entirely clear of self-love. Jesus says, "Do good to your enemies, that ye may be the children of your Father in heaven;" Cleobulus says, "that ye may make them your friends." Xenophanes taught, "There is one eternal, infinite, immortal Being, by whom all things exist, and this one being is God. Incorporeal and omnipresent, he hears all, sees all, but not by human senses. He is at once mind, wisdom, eternal existence." Heraclitus affirmed that the universe is governed by one unerring Supreme Will or Deity. He told his coun-

* See Lectures IX. and X. of the Second Course in Vol. I.

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trymen of Ephesus that they might as well pray to the stones of their houses as to stone images, and for this they banished him. Anaxagorus taught the doctrine of "one God, the intelligent Mind which has given movement and form to the atoms of the universe, and which, though pervading and governing all nature, is separate and unmixed with any material substance;" and for such sublime teaching only the eloquence of Pericles saved him from death and procured the commutation of the sentence to banishment from Athens.

But the Greek religion, philosophy, and morality all culminate in Socrates, and much as we had read of him, he passes before us in these pages warm and fresh as if he walked the streets of Athens only yesterday. He is "a universal presence in the life of Greece," says Mr. Felton, "and we meet him at every turn." Go where you will, — in the city or outside its gates, in the streets or in the Academy or Lyceum, — there is Socrates with his uncouth figure, and most un-Grecian face and mouth, dropping honey from his tongue to a crowd that follow him and hang about him entranced. In his manner of teaching, going about with the people thronging him, he reminds us of the Great Teacher himself, though when we come to the person of Socrates, the comparison fails.

How he pierced through the shams of his day, and exposed the poverty and emptiness that were concealed under the tinsel of the sophists! Gorgias, the sensation lecturer, the popular orator, the "powerful speaker," had come to Athens. The young men hasten to hear him, charmed by his eloquence and the rhythm of his sentences, and he is about to achieve a great success, the most popular course, no doubt, of the season. Before he has done, a droll figure walks in, a man with pug nose, bald head, round body, barefooted, without his tunic, or, as we should say, in his shirt-sleeves, doubtless with the stick in his hand with which he used to bar the way of street-passengers and probe them with his questions, his eyes twinkling with shrewdness, and when he speaks, with a touch of irony in his tone. This is Socrates, — known so well

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in the streets and shops of Athens. He puts a modest question to Gorgias, only just for information. This leads on to another and yet another, each probing deeper than the former one, till the hollowness of all the lecturer's word-magic and the profligacy of his profession are palpably exposed. They are drawn into an earnest discussion of higher themes, — of things instead of words, — justice, mercy, and faith, the immortality of the soul, eternal retribution, the meanness and, wickedness of vulgar ambition and the blessedness of purity and virtue, — the very themes and reasonings that made Felix tremble. "No one," says Socrates, "who is not utterly wanting in sense and manhood fears to die. Sin is a thing to be feared; for it is the most dreadful of evils to pass into the other world with the burden of sin upon the soul."

Such was the prophet of Athens who said he spake from promptings which we should call in Christian phrase the voice of his angel. Mr. Felton says his argument on the existence of God anticipates all the material points of Paley's beautiful reasoning from the appearance of design. "It is a proof of benevolent forethought that the eye, being delicate, is protected by the eyelids, which are opened when it is used and closed when it is asleep; that the ear receives all sounds without being filled,"— and so on through every part of the body the acute and wonderful reasoner demonstrates the existence, power, and benevolence of the Deity. "But God," he continues, "was not content with bestowing a body thus matchlessly endowed; he planted in man the greatest of his gifts, — a sovereign intellect fit to use the faculties of the body and rendering man like a god among the other beings of this world."

So he taught, and his death was as sublime as his doctrine. His faith in the goodness of God and the deathless nature of the soul, which the bowl of poison would set free, but could not injure, bore him up so serenely that Erasmus in the fervid admiration inspired by these undying moments of the dying man, exclaimed "Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis," — Saint Socrates, pray for us.

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A question arises, Why did not this sublime philosophy, pure morality, and virtuous example have more vital and reformatory power over his times? Why were not the men who hung upon his lips transformed and renewed and made the centre of a new cultus of enlarging and deepening influence to change the heart of society and the face of the world? Among the most devoted hearers and admirers of Socrates was the profligate Alcibiades. Says this bad man, "When I listen to Socrates, my heart leaps and tears rush to my eyes. I have heard Pericles and other able orators, and I thought they spoke well; but I had no such feeling, my soul was not agitated, I was not held in thrall. I have been so moved by this Marsyas, that in my condition of soul life seemed not worth the having. I have felt towards him a sentiment which no one could suppose to exist in me, of mingled shame and respect. I know that duty requires me to obey his injunctions; yet the moment I leave his presence I am conquered by the applauses of the multitude. You understand not this man. Outwardly he is like the sculptured Silenus,—his speech is jesting and ironical; but within he is full of earnestness and the sweetest virtue, the very shrine of the Deity,—so divine, so wonderful, so beautiful, that I must need do whatever he commands."

It was the old difficulty ever renewed, the mind fired to admiration, the ideal exalted and shining aloft; and yet the will unsubdued, the passions uncleansed, and the character unchanged. The popular religion was not affected by these lofty moral and spiritual teachings of the philosophers, and kept on, the same degraded superstition. How degraded it was Theophrastus has described in the superstitious man, the representative of his times. Some of the marks which distinguish him are these: "If a weasel cross his path, he will not proceed till some one has gone before him, or until he has thrown three stones across the way. If he sees a serpent in the house, he builds a chapel on the spot. A mouse perchance has gnawed a hole in a flour-sack; away he goes to the seer to know what it behooves him to do; and if he is simply answered, 'Send it to a cobbler to be patched,' he views

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the business in a more serious light, and, running home, he consecrates the sack as an article no more to be used. If on his walks an owl flies past him, he is horrorstruck and exclaims, 'Thus comes the divine Athene!' As often as he has a dream, he runs to the interpreter, the soothsayer, or the augur to inquire what god or goddess he ought to propitiate. Whenever he passes a cross-way, he bathes his head. For the benefit of a special purification, he invites the priestesses to his house, who, while he stands reverently in the midst of them, bear around him an onion or a little dog." Such were "the works of the law," — the ceremonial law of the old Greek mythology, — whose thraldom, however, the ideas of the philosophers had no power to uplift, no power to push off by a newly-inspired life unfolding from within.

And the reason was, they *were* ideas abstractly reasoned from within and not DIVINELY GIVEN AND AUTHENTICATED FROM ABOVE. They came on the private recommendation of this person and that, the individual groping up towards heaven, and not heaven opening down upon man. The day-spring from on high lay not upon the hills of Greece. Socrates was a good man, and so was Jesus. Socrates taught a pure morality, and so did Jesus. Both taught a loftier theism than that of their times. Both drew crowds that hung upon their speech. Both were martyrs, and their martyrdom thrills the world forever. But Jesus was not only a man, but THE FULNESS OF THE GODHEAD BODILY. Not an abstract idea of God, but a divine humanity is revealed in him. Not discoursings *about* God to men, but man put in living communion with God is the boon of Christ, and hence that new gift of the Holy Spirit, or God passing into the human soul to cleanse and renew it, which made the course of Christianity a continuous pentecostal scene. Socrates argued logically the doctrine of a future life, — Jesus exemplified it in the fact of his resurrection, rising out of the crumbled earthly habitation, and from the glorified state and in divine form, shining back through the interiors of men's minds and flooding them with the splendors of noon, thus making immortality a disclosed reality and brooding over them like the day. The day-spring from

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on high *did* rest on the mountains and plains of Palestine. Hence, while Socrates was powerless to uplift the despotic ritual of the old mythology or breathe any life into it, the Jewish ritual, hardened and thickened in the Rabinnical incrustations of half a century, melts off and clears away before that coming of the Paraclete within the heart of the Church and thence of universal humanity through which the Christ creates all things new.

We do believe that the great change for which the secret religiousness of this age pines, and which it is sorely straitened till it can accomplish, is the deliberate adoption into "heavenly places" of this world, its faculties and affairs, just as God has made them, and man's unfaithfulness has not yet spoiled them.

It is not only the home of each man's personal affections, but the native country of his very soul, where first he found in what a life he lives, and to what heaven he tends; where he has met the touch of spirits higher than his own, and of Him that is highest of all. It is the abode of every ennobling relation, the scene of every worthy toil, — the altar of his vows, the observatory of his knowledge, the temple of his worship.

Whatever succeeds to it will be its sequel, not its opposite, will resume the tale wherever silence overtakes it, and be blended into one life by sameness of persons and continuity of plan. He is set here to live, not as an alien, passing in disguise through an enemy's camp, where no allegiance is due, and no worthy love is possible, but as a citizen fixed on an historic soil, pledged by honorable memories to nurse yet nobler hopes.

Here is the spot, *now* is the time, for the most devoted service of God. No strains of heaven will wake him into prayer, if the common music of humanity stirs him not. The saintly company of spirits will throng around him in vain, if he finds no angels of duty and affection in his children, neighbors, and friends. If no heavenly voices wander around him in the present, the future will be but the dumb change of the shadow on the dial. In short, higher stages of existence are not the refuge from this, but the complement to it; and it is the proper wisdom of the affections not to escape the one in order to seek the other, but to flow forth in purifying experiences on both. — Martineau.

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HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

No. LXIV.

ZEUCH UNS NACH DIR, SO EILEN WIR.

Mel. Ach Gott. und Herr, Wie gross und schwer. Ludamelia Elizabeth; Grafin von Scharzburg-Rudolstadt. gest. 1672.

Draw us to Thee, So we shall flee,
All eager, earnest-hearted,
Where Thou art found, O Christ, enthroned,
Out from these scenes departed.

Draw us to Thee! Ah, lovingly
From low affections winning;
That we, no more, Be o'er and o'er,
Our webs of trouble spinning.

Draw us to Thee, Lord Christ, and be
Our guide at every station;
Else, lured aside Or terrified
From paths of thy salvation.

Draw us to Thee, That following free
Thy step to heavenly borders,
The stir and roar, Distress no more,
Of this bad world's disorders.

Draw us to Thee, To seek and see,
Thy heaven of truth reflected;
And oh, impart The glowing heart
That kindles thine elected.

The translator thinks to close here this desultory course of German Hymns. It was begun at the request of our distinguished organist, Mr. John K. Paine, as contribution to a musical enterprise that has not yet been completed. Most of the pieces were chosen on account of their peculiar measures, without any other principle of selection. If of no further use, they will, at least, have helped, with their half-mechanical occupation, to enliven the leisure of what might else have been heavy hours. N. L. F.

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IS THERE ANY LIMIT TO MAN'S PROBATION?

PART II.

SOME of the considerations bearing on this subject, derived from the urgency with which the Bible calls for action now, and the analogy of nature in its allotment of special times and seasons for all other work, have been already presented.*

But, again, the very fact that man is placed in this present world at all is an argument for supposing there is an object to be accomplished here which no other state of existence could so well attain. Why is it that he is not sta-

* Our good brother of the "Liberal Christian," in noticing the previous part of this article, raises the question whether man is on probation at all. It is a simple matter of experience and observation. A lad goes from the country to start in life amid the opportunities and temptations of a large city. It is uncertain beforehand whether he will use them for his benefit or his ruin; whether at the end of thirty years he will be a wealthy and respected citizen, or lie down diseased and wretched in a drunkard's grave. What are these years but his probation, the time in which it is to be tried and proved what he will do with the means before him? And this whole world, is it not a larger city in which we are all making a similar trial? Is not every man proving from day to day what he will be and do? Does not the very fact that in the beginning of life it is uncertain whether any particular person will succeed or fail, die a good or a bad man, make it inevitably a state of probation?

There is no antagonism between education and probation, as our friend seems to think, or even parallelism. Probation is simply the state in which it is tried whether or not man, as a free agent, will choose to be morally educated by the influences around him. The real question is not "whether he is capable of endless progress or not," — for who doubts that he is? — but one which is far deeper and more difficult, — whether he will make that progress, whether he will use his capacities and opportunities to mount ever upwards, or abuse and neglect them, till finally they are stunted and destroyed by sin. The statement that "man is tried, but his trials are the text-books by which he masters the mysteries of being, and enters into his beatitude," is a begging of the whole question. *Will* he do it? *will* every human being make them conduce to his beatitude, that is the very thing to be proved. Man is not a passive subject developed by Deity alone, "like the cabbage and the oak," but a free agent made to have a voice and act a part, if he will, in his own development. Jonathan Edwards might consistently have denied that man is under probation, but no one can deny it who believes in moral freedom. We are afraid that our excellent brother, amid the multitude of capital things he gets into the "Liberal Christian" every week, has not had time to think this matter out into harmony with his other truth.

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tioned at once in that spirit world which is his ultimate destiny? Of what use this little rim of earthly being to the great globe of eternity, this narrow shore of flesh to the boundless ocean of immortal life? How could a wise and loving Father have created him so far away from his final home and left him to struggle back, through sin and misery and toil and darkness and death, to the light of his own dear face? There is only one answer that can possibly be given to these questions, and that is that there is something in the circumstances of this earthly existence which is absolutely requisite for the development of the soul, and such as it can find nowhere else in the universe. It is the principle on which all other growth is conducted. Why is the flower, meant to bloom in the bright sunshine, planted to begin with as a seed in the soil? Why the butterfly, whose final home is to be among the flowers, forced to begin life as an insect crawling over the earth? Why the eagle, whose element is in the upper skies, not launched at once from its Maker's hand out into the broad heavens? Is it not because the soil is the only place where the seed can find its nourishment and germinate; because the condition of the butterfly as a worm is absolutely needed for the shaping and growth of its wings; because it is only in the warmth and narrow circle of its nest that the eagle can acquire that strength by which it can cleave the skies? It would be of no advantage for them to be transferred at once to their highest state of existence. The seed would dry up in the fulness of the sunshine, the worm have no enjoyment hovering over the garden of flowers, and the eagle launched out at once on the open heavens, fall and die. So with man. It would be an injury instead of a blessing for him to be placed at once in the full brightness of the divine abode. It is required that his soul should be planted, as it were, with its roots in the flesh, for the very purpose that it may grow up the better into the light of heaven. His earthly being is that chrysalis state in which he is to unfold the powers of his spiritual nature, and to acquire those faculties and tastes which can make it a glad

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thing to revel in the bright gardens of Paradise. And this whole world, with all its storms and trials, its pains and pleas ures, is but "the cradle and the nest" in which the soul is to gird around it that strength of faith and love by which alone it can mount up through the atmosphere of the spirit ual heavens. The relation of the present earth to those stages or spheres of being, one or more, which are to come after it, is like that of a primary school to the other grades which rise above it. The primary school in itself considered is inferior to all the others. Its teachers are not so learned, its studies not so advanced, and its pupils less mature. Yet for the special work it was designed to do, that which relates to the beginning of education, learning the alphabet and figures and the outlines of geography, it is the very best that could be devised. The boy who neglects its lessons and thinks he will have a better chance to learn them when he gets up into the other grades, is making a woful mistake. Not only is he losing the discipline and knowledge which are imparted here, but, what is far worse, he is depriving himself of those very qualifications which are needed for his entering with joy and profit on the grade which comes next in order. It is fidelity in the lowest school which alone can furnish a preparation for those above it. His passing through it is a time of probation. And it is only so far as he uses it well that the others, even the highest, with all their privileges, can be of the least avail. So with the present earth. Its opportunities in themselves, are, doubtless, far inferior to those of heaven, and yet as affording the means of salvation and of starting in the spiritual life, there is just as little doubt that they are better. It is sometimes spoken of as a good thing that the soul is snatched away from its mortal life in childhood, before ever it has tasted the sorrows and trials of earth. The subject is one of great mystery, and in comparison with those cases in which a person's career is that of vice and infamy, it is hardly possible to question it is better to be cut off as an infant "in the smiles and beauty of its innocent age." But, as a rule, it

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is a false logic which makes prematureness of death in and of itself more desirable than continuance of life. It is long life which is our normal destiny. Nature plans that every person should live at least his threescore years and ten. It is only in this period that he can come under all those influences with which earth is supplied. And of two persons who may reach heaven by these different ways, there is every reason to suppose the one who spends the whole circle of human life on earth and endures faithfully and triumphantly all its sorrows and trials, will have in eternity a loftier place, a richer and completer character, than the one who was snatched away as a child from all trouble and temptation, and placed at once in the spirit world. The perfection of nature is always better than the breaking and thwarting of her plans. The finest touches of character, the ripening and hardening of those precious fruits which have grown up in the soul during its youth and maturity, are often left to the sunny glory of age. It is the teachers and books of earth, inferior as they may be, that are best able to impart the rudiments of wisdom, the alphabet and numbers and geography of salvation. He who is taken away before they are completed, or allows them to pass by without use, must enter on the next sphere unprepared to enjoy its higher and richer opportunities. And the very fact that man has those higher and richer ones before him, the very fact that he is to pass out of this sphere into the next, suggests in itself that there is a limit to his time of probation.

The same truth comes to us again in the hardness and insusceptibility which age and the experience of life are continually producing in the soul. It is forgotten by those who consider that the work of salvation can be attended to in the future as well as in the present, that their natures do not, cannot remain in the same condition from day to day, but are so made as to grow, if not into virtue, then inevitably more and more into worldliness and vice. If the farmer waits till the middle of the summer before planting his seed, he not only finds that the season is less favorable for its germination,

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but that the very soil itself is in a worse condition to receive it. The weeds have been at work during every day and every hour that his own hands were idle. The ground is matted together with roots and parched by the sun. The elements required for its nourishment have been sucked away, and the whole work of preparation is increased a hundred-fold. So with human nature. It is less and less adapted, with every year of neglect, to receive and nourish the seeds of virtue. Vices, whose germs were caught from the passing air — who can tell where they come from any more than what sows the myriad weeds of the field? — spring up in its soil. The freshness and wealth of feeling which belong to childhood are dried up. The roots of coarse and bitter passions thrid it through and through. And it is trodden down and hardened by the long tramp of a thousand worldly cares. Yea, it is a terrible fact that the higher and richer a man's opportunities are, the more hardening and deadening, if not improved aright, is their influence on the character. It is in the midst of Christian lands, in the full light of the gospel, that we find the worst crimes, the most hardened, unrepentant criminals. The world has never had such irreversible sceptics and unbelievers as some of the men who stood in the very presence of Christ, seeing his miracles, hearing with their own ears his words of wisdom. The souls which blaspheme against the Holy Ghost beyond all hope of forgiveness are the ones which have had the Spirit of God, some so near, so direct before them as to be conscious of him as a living person. You cannot increase a sinner's means of salvation without increasing, at the same time and in the same things, his means of deeper damnation. The gospel, which is not a savor of life unto life, is by its very nature a savor of death unto death. And unless the laws of man's being are entirely changed, increasing its opportunities, going to that world where it will know more of truth and duty and the light of God's Spirit, instead of making the soul sure of repentance, may only furnish it with the means to become more sceptical, more flinty, more blaspheming.

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There is no hell to the wicked so deep, so fiery, so filled with all the possibilities of sin, as heaven itself.

But apart from this hardening of the whole nature, which comes from the influences around it, there is still another bondage which is thrown over the soul as it advances in life, and which tends yet more to limit its time of probation, — the terrible power of habit. We have some evidence even in this world of its insidious workings, its ever-increasing strength, and of what its end at last may be in actually outgrowing all power of the will. When a person begins the use of intoxicating drink, its enjoyment is a matter of choice, and it is not by any means a difficult task to break away from its allurements. But with every day of its use the strength of his appetite is increased, his power of resistance diminished. The fetters which he wore at first as a wreath of roses are hardened, little by little, into a chain of steel; and finally, the habit is fastened upon him with such force that, even though he should wish to do it, there is no power in him which is able to break away from its grasp. There is many and many a man who has found himself in this horrible bondage. The day of his probation was past. He had gone beyond the limit where it was possible for him to retreat. His strongest resolutions, his most sacred pledges, were broken at the first sight of the cup; and thenceforth the only thing which remained for him was a drunkard's grave. And there is a tendency the same way with all man's appetites, passions, tastes, actions, and ways of thinking, yea, even with his indolence and neglect, everything which goes to make up his worldliness and irreligion. Every time they are indulged in it is easier to do it, harder to refuse. He gets a certain momentum in his course, like a ball falling through the air, or a stone sliding down the mountain side, a cumulative force which only those who have tried its resistance can have any conception of. And, alas! so subtle, so wonderful, so inward-reaching is this power, that the longer he delays resistance the weaker is his desire of change, the more settled even the will becomes in its attitude of submis-

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sion. How is it with the sinner as he advances in life? Is there anything in his earthly course to indicate that, with sufficient length of days, he may outreach the dominion of evil, fag it out by the mere power of living? Do we find, as a matter of fact, that the older a person grows the more likely he is to repent? Is it not notorious, that the greater part of all conversions take place with the young, and that after a man has reached his fiftieth year, the chances that he will make any important changes in his life are all against him? And what reason is there for supposing this tendency is to stop with death? Is there any power in the grave to wash out habits? If man is to carry the same good habits with him into the next world that he has in this, the same virtues and affections and upward tendencies, shall he not carry likewise the same bad ones? If every repetition of an act here renders it harder and harder to break away from its bondage, is there anything in human nature to make it different there? If the chances that a sinner will repent turn against him when he is fifty years old, is it likely they will be much in his favor when he is fifty thousand? Is it not probable, yea, according to the laws of his very being, must it not be, that the force of evil habit, growing stronger with the eternal years, will reach at last to every part of his nature, and be such that no effort of the will, even under all the motives that God can offer, will be able to break it? And what is this but arriving at the limit of probation?

This doctrine is yet further strengthened by what we know of the deadly and corrupting influence there is, deeper even than habit, in the very nature of sin itself. Our heavenly Father is very indulgent. He has given men constitutions that will suffer a vast amount of abuse. They can transgress his laws very far, can tread very deep in corruption, and yet such is the recuperative energy he has placed within them, if they stop in season, even though all cast down with disease, and repent and use the proper remedies, it is possible to be restored. But there is a point when the energy of nature, aided with all the power of will, is more

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than matched by that of disease, and beyond which no soul can go. You see it in bodily sickness. The violation of natural law — breathing impure air, eating unwholesome food, giving loose reign to appetite and passion — may be indulged in for weeks and months and years, and yet, if a person then breaks off and obeys the law and uses the right medicines, the wounds will heal over and the body be restored to health. But there is a limit to this power of recuperation, varying with different persons, but which is fixed in all, and from beyond whose bourne no traveller has been able to return. If it is passed over, the seeds of disease are planted in the very vitals, and thence grow of themselves, for that seems to be the true nature of all disease, that of a vegetable growth, having a life independent of the proper vitality, predominating over and consuming the bodily powers. The use of medicine, the reformation of conduct, the obedience of laws, are then all in vain. The limit of probation is past. And though the body may linger along for a time, it grows weaker and weaker; and, in spite of longings and cries and prayers, it sinks at last into the grave.

And is there not the strongest reason to believe that the same result is liable to take place with moral disease, with that which fastens on the soul? It is disobedience in the same way, only of spiritual laws. God is merciful and forbearing, more so, if possible, than he is in natural transgressions. Men can wander long and far into sin; can do it right in the face of his warnings and entreaties. And yet, if they turn to him, and repent and use his truth, the arm of his mercy is long, he reaches down into their degradation, — reaches to them standing on the very verge of the fatal river, and they are saved. But is there not a point here, also, beyond which even the soul cannot go and live, — an abyss of sin so deep as to be beyond the reach even of God's arm, — a vital point of the spirit where, if the disease is once seated, no entreaties, no truth is able to help it? There are some phenomena of sin which are absolutely horrible, more so than anything that was ever painted in the most lurid Hell.

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When its fangs are once fastened thoroughly on the spirit, it seems, like bodily disease, to have a life of itself. It feeds, grows, unfolds itself, displays a will of its own, becomes a live, hissing, writhing serpent, not in the body, but in the soul; has a distinct individuality, so that we can say with Paul, "It is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." We do not wonder that evil has been personified as the Evil One. It is a subtle recognition in the human consciousness of its terrible nature, a truth about it which cannot be slurred over or reasoned down. And what hope is there when it has taken this form? Has not the soul reached its limit of probation? Could there be any more thorough handing over of itself to Satan? And though it may linger for years, though the point at which it falls may be far along in eternity, ages after the body has deceased, what can the end be but a consummation of that most significant of scriptural phrases, so awfully suggestive in its very vagueness, — a state of spiritual death.

These are some of the considerations which go to show that man's probation will not last forever. We do not say they are conclusive, do not say that the boundless goodness and mercy of God should not weigh powerfully on the other side. It is not a doctrine which it is pleasant to reach. The wishes, the prayers, the yearnings, and the hopes of the human heart are all against it. And there is no one who is conscious of his own weakness and shortness of sight, no one who has neighbors and brothers and children and parents yet in the bondage of sin, no loving heart which has laid down in the grave a form erring and unrepentant, yet clung to with a fondness beyond the reach of all logic, who can pronounce a formal decision on a question of such tremendous significance, or fail to hope, if not believe, that somewhere and somehow there will be found to every soul a place of repentance. But for all that, we cannot blind ourselves to the facts. They speak with terrible emphasis, write themselves out in the most horrible forms. And in view of all that they are, in view of all the mighty forces which we

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know are at work within and around us, is it not the part of wisdom, yea, are we not pressed upon with motives of tremendous force, to use faithfully our present opportunities, and to accept now those offers of God's mercy and eternal sonship, which are held out so surely, so freely, so lovingly, to our grasp?

And while we look at the darker side of the matter, while we think of the terrible possibilities which persistence in sin unfolds, we would not forget, in closing, to glance at the bright side, — the end of probation which comes from a life of love and obedience. The present world is, indeed, even to the strongest and best of men, a scene of trial. The path of duty is not always that of pleasure, the desires and passions not always in harmony with the needs and principles. There is many a place where the soul, with all its aspirations, has to struggle hard with the world and vice and self. Dangers surround it; the way is dark; often it stumbles and falls; and there are long and weary hours when it doubts the end, — doubts if it will stand the trial and meet the approbation of God. But these will not last forever. The very same principles which tend to confirm the soul in sin, when it once has started in the downward way, operate with equal force to keep it in holiness the longer it treads in the path to God. The growths of virtue, like the tall shoots of wheat and corn in the depths of June, take away the light and nurture from the weeds of vice. A strength is laid up with each set of opportunities through which the soul passes, that enables it to take all the more advantage of the new ones which open before it. Right actions, desires, affections, and tastes, oft repeated, get endowed on their side with all the unbounded power of habit. Piety develops a life of its own, — that life which our Saviour came that his disciples might have and have the more abundantly, rich, thrilling, fair infinitely beyond that of the flesh. And the process goes on till the soul is confirmed in holiness beyond all possibility of falling away. The most terrible thing about evil, its power of temptation, is destroyed. There is no struggle,

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no effort, no need of watch and guard to keep in the path of duty. Like a star, swift, strong, bright, and sure, it sweeps onward in its eternal course. And man's probation comes to its end, not by death, not arbitrarily, not by any violent transition of place, but naturally, sweetly, grandly, by its growth to a state of glory.

DREAMING AND WAKING.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

"Launch not thy bark
In search of peace upon a boundless sea,
Which has no ark,
No dove to bring this olive-branch to thee.

"Oh, do not roam
In quest of that which wandering cannot win;
At home! at home!
That word is placed, thy mouth, thy heart within."

ALICE MAXWELL — young, literary, accomplished, and not unhandsome, withal — was the wife of a country clergyman. Her husband, the Rev. Herbert Maxwell, had accepted his first call, and was settled over a small but thriving society in the village of S——. There had been no time for the young minister, even if he had so wished, to beat about a dozen bushes in the way of candidating *ad libitum*, — flitting first to one parish and then to another, comparing the advantages of each, weighing the chances here and the chances there, — with a view to settling down at last into some easy nest, well lined, warm, and congenial. The truth was, Rev. Mr. Maxwell was in a hurry to become located, even though it might be indifferently well, in order that he might have a home to bring his young bride to. Circumstances more than warranted this seeming haste, for Alice had been left an orphan during the last year, and the need of a home was imperative to her. So, when the Rev. Herbert came to her one day —

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having driven over to H—— for the very purpose — with a letter in his pocket containing his first call, both the young people decided to accept it on the spot. Not but that there were some little misgivings lest they might be making rather a rash thing of it; but then, it was a venture any way, no matter where they settled. So they said, — and, no doubt, they were right.

"One thing, Alice," remarked Herbert, as he was about leaving her to prepare his answer, "I suppose you understand that you will find very few of the refinements of city life in S——. It will be a great change for you."

He felt that he ought to say as much as this, perhaps more; but Alice, who saw everything just then *couleur de rose*, prevented what he would have added further by a little outburst of girlish enthusiasm, which completely overbalanced what he meant for a prudent reminder, appending to it, moreover, a shy intimation that with him she should miss nothing really desirable, and saying sundry other little pleasant things, with such a blushing, bashful confidence in herself and in him and in the all-sustaining, all-conquering nature of their affection for each other, that the young clergyman felt, for the moment, translated, and doubted not that a parish in Pandemonium, with Alice for a helpmeet, would be, on the whole, not so undesirable a locality as some tried to make out, but really quite a pleasant little place to settle in.

But with cooler moments came cooler thoughts; and it was a week before the important answer was written and sent. Meanwhile, Herbert had ridden in to H—— three times, had talked the matter over with Alice and Alice's Aunt Edith, with Dr. Hopeall and Deacon Stearns, and other good, substantial men, and had come to the conclusion that it was his duty to accept this call. Of course, he had made it a subject of prayer from the first; and, as he had brought the matter to his heavenly Master heartily and with a sincere desire for guidance, he felt inclined to accept all outward intimations of his duty as heaven-sent, as, no doubt, they were.

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"Alice's letters get quite low-spirited in tone," said Aunt Edith to her husband, folding a letter from Mrs. Maxwell, received about a year after her marriage and her husband's settlement in S——. "I believe, George, if you can spare me, I'll go and make her a visit." She reopened the letter and handed it to her husband. He read it with a face that grew graver as he proceeded down the page.

"This doesn't sound much like our light-hearted Alice, I confess," he said, as he finished and handed it back to his wife. "Go, by all means. It is about as I feared, though I didn't say much at the time. Alice is out of her element, and she has discovered it; that is all. Maxwell's a good fellow, and she has reason to be proud of him; but they are both thrown away, there in S——. I said so, and I was right." Mr. Honeywell was apt to prophesy correctly. Some people are.

"Now, George, you needn't croak," said his wife, smiling, yet looking a little disturbed, notwithstanding. "Everything seemed to point out S—— as the place for Herbert, — everything but its being a country village, unlike what Alice had been used to. But you know she thought she shouldn't mind that. For one, I believe in a good Providence, — nay, a special Providence. I believe that if it had not been best for them, they would not have gone there. God orders our way, and it is we who are to blame when it seems otherwise than suitable for us to walk in. If I go to Alice, I shall be candid with her, and —"

"And persuade her," interrupted her husband, "that she isn't wasting her sweetness on the desert air, not at all; but that S—— is just the place for her elegant accomplishments and literary tastes to blossom in, and that — in short, that to be buried alive is a very desirable and enviable lot. Pshaw! — perhaps she'll believe it, but I don't! However, I have no objection to your going and saying what you please to her; but, for my part, I think she has just thrown herself away."

Mr. Honeywell was decidedly a man of the world, — a shrewd man of the world. So he thought himself, and,

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probably, so others thought him; but his wife had that better wisdom which is from above; and, as her judgment was based on higher principles than his, her conclusions were apt to prove, in the end, more substantially correct than those to which he arrived. Yet the "I told you so!" so often on his lips, never fell from hers. In the case of Alice, it cannot be denied that she had shared in some degree her husband's apprehensions; but, looking at the matter uniformly from a higher stand-point than he had done, she had felt that a course so clearly pointed out by Providence as this seemed to be, was not to be disregarded and set aside merely from vague fears lest the sensitive nature of her niece Alice might not be proof against all the disagreeabilities of her chosen lot.

"Poor young thing!" she said to herself, "she has everything to learn, and who knows but that this may be the best school for her? Her short-comings and defects are all known to Him who orders her lot, and I can trust my darling to His wisdom and love, sure that He who sees the end from the beginning will bring all things right." Still, painful misgivings would sometimes visit her, especially after receiving a letter from Alice. Frequently these letters would be quite laughable in the reading of them, but they left a secret sting behind in the mind of the good lady. Little, grotesque accounts of some village gathering, droll descriptions of a morning call or evening visit from some bashful or would-be-genteel parishioner, with, perhaps, a short, bitter reflection thrown in by way of reminder of the still fondly-cherished associations and surroundings of her former life, before she was the Rev. Mrs. Maxwell and moved in the cultivated circle of city-bred people, herself the most fastidious and cultivated of them all, — these and other like glimpses into the real state of her niece's mind under such "inflictions," as Alice half laughingly, half complainingly called her new experiences of social life in S——, afforded Aunt Edith matter of painful doubt as to whether Alice were not positively unhappy in her position as a pastor's wife. But it was not until the letter came to which we have referred that her apprehensions took

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definite shape and decided her to go to her niece. There was a tone of despondency running through it that startled her, and that was not at all neutralized by the gay postscript which Alice had penned at its close, probably by way of offset to her lugubrious epistle, thinking thereby to do away its legitimate effect upon the mind of its recipient. But Mrs. Honeywell was not to be blinded in this manner. "I shall go to her," she said, in her quiet, decided manner, as she folded the letter and laid it aside.

With Mrs. Honeywell, to resolve was to do. Accordingly, that afternoon's post (Wednesday) carried to her niece an intimation of her intention to visit her, and Friday evening beheld her safely arrived in S——, and seated cozily at Alice's fireside in the little library of the parsonage, an apartment pleasantly situated and looking out upon the village street.

"What a charming little room!" said Mrs. Honeywell, glancing around shortly after her arrival. "Just the right size for a library."

"Yes, aunt, so I think; but the good people here, when they came to assist in putting down carpets, and so on, almost demanded that I should make a bedroom of it, because it had always been used for that purpose ever since the house had been a parsonage. I scandalized two or three and offended half a dozen by preferring to use it as a library. I don't think they ever had an idea of the propriety of having one room in the house fitted up for books till we came. Oh, they are terribly primitive here, I promise you!"

Alice shrugged her shoulders and glanced at her husband deprecatingly. Mrs. Honeywell looked at him also, and was pained to see a troubled expression come over his face, all smiles a moment before at her welcome advent.

"Aunt Edith will find out all about us and them in good time, I dare say, Alice," he replied, "for I shall expect her to make a long stay now that she has actually come; so let us talk of something else to-night."

The "little cloud no bigger than a man's hand" — or, rather, a glimpse of it to that extent — was indicated to

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Mrs. Honeywell's mind by this scene; but she made no comment, and the evening passed away pleasantly and quickly, without any further influence from the baleful shadow evidently around both these young hearts, — a shadow which she could not but admit to herself to be darker even than she had feared.

"You have been quite fortunate, I should judge, Alice, in your selection of a domestic. She is a very neat, pleasant-looking girl," said Mrs. Honeywell the next morning, after Martha, Alice's sole help just then, had removed the breakfast things and left the room.

"Yes, she is neat and pleasant enough," answered Alice, arranging the chairs a little more *a la mode*, "but not equal, as a cook, to Sarah, who was here before her. Only think, aunt! When we first came to S——, our 'help,' as they say here, expected to sit with us and eat with us. It is the custom, you know; but of course I couldn't have it so, and I offended Sarah mortally the second week by requesting her to lay but two plates in future. She left on the spot; and my husband wasted a whole day in finding some one to take her place. People here, too — that is, some of them — took exception to what they were pleased to call my 'high notions;' but what else could I do? Finally, Martha came, and we get along very well, — only she isn't much of a cook. But I had rather put up with that than with the other —" Alice was at a loss for a word; finally, she added — "inconvenience."

"But, if it is the custom here, Alice, my dear," said Mrs. Honeywell, "would it not have been better to follow it, even at some expense of personal feeling, rather than to create an innovation unpleasant and unseemly to your husband's parishioners?"

"Why, aunt!" said Alice, opening her eyes very wide, "you surely would not have me mixing myself up with all sorts of people; would you? — eating with my servants and making companions of them after this fashion?" Alice's color deepened and her voice trembled a little.

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"You overstate the matter, my dear," said Mrs. Honeywell, gently. "I would have you do nothing unbecoming or uncalled for; but I remember that our Saviour himself, when occasion warranted it, ate with publicans and sinners."

"Our Saviour did a great many things in his public ministry not incumbent upon us," answered Alice, a little hotly. "He washed his disciples' feet; but I do not know that we are called upon to do the same."

"That was purely an Eastern custom, and as such Jesus followed it, thereby teaching his disciples humility, — a lesson, Alice, which none of us learn too thoroughly, I am afraid, our life long. But I do not mean to be severe upon you, my love," observing that Alice was uneasy under her words. "You have been brought up with ideas utterly at variance with those of the people around you, and I should expect some clashing at first; but should you not make it your aim to avoid as much as possible all collisions with the parish that are not utterly matters of principle? You say that people here took your course in regard to Sarah unkindly. In that case, you doubtless excited more or less unpleasant and suspicious feeling towards yourself, and, perforce, towards your husband. Did you ever think, my dear, how much a minister's influence in his parish depends upon his wife?"

Alice gave a little start. "No, aunt, not particularly. I suppose, of course, it is desirable that people should like his wife and commend her actions in the main. But, Aunt Edith, I can't see that I was to blame in Sarah's case. Her presence at table was a constant annoyance to me. I couldn't say a word to Herbert of anything that had occurred while he was in his study or away on visits to the people; I was afraid to speak of any one in the parish or of any matter connected with them or with our own personal affairs, lest what I said should be carried where it might do harm, or should be misunderstood, or twisted into something different from the truth. And the only time I have to see Herbert and talk with him, for days together, is when we are at table. His time is so occupied by day, and his evenings are frequently so taken

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up that night finds him too weary to talk, — and there it is!" added Alice, despondingly, and heaving a deep sigh that wanted but a trifle of developing into a hearty burst of tears.

"*Now* you are coming to a view of the subject that is sensible and reasonable," said Mrs. Honeywell, with a cheerful smile, by way of sedative to her niece's excited mood. "Why did you not put the matter to Sarah in that light, though not exactly in the same words? No well-disposed, reasonable girl could have seen the least objection to your request that but two plates should be laid when understanding the merits of the case as you have presented it to me. My dear, you have a great deal to learn. You are young and inexperienced, and you labor under the disadvantage of having been accustomed to very different social influences and customs from those which prevail here; in which case it is your duty to make those differences matter of prayerful thought, and to see how far, without sacrifice of principle and with a due regard to your own personal and social rights, you can accept the standard here and make it your own. Do you not see how, in this way, you may gradually win the confidence of the parish and eventually bring them up to an appreciation of all those finer amenities and courtesies of society which adorn without weakening the social system of country as well as city life? My child, there is a great work before you if you did but know it. To raise the people spiritually is your husband's office; to elevate them socially, should be yours; but you cannot accomplish it by taking their prejudices by storm, as you seem to have done in this instance. There is an old saying, subject to some limitations I allow, but which we are all obliged to accept in some form, wherever we are: 'When in Rome, do as the Romans do.'"

"Or, as some one has rendered it," replied Alice, with a little nervous laugh, "'When in Turkey, do as the Turkeys do;' but, for one, pardon me, — but I have no desire to follow so questionable a precedent, and cry 'Gobble, gobble,' all my days because my neighbors do!"

It was a miserable little joke; but Alice felt that she must

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say something absurd or lose her self-control altogether. She was in that excited state between laughing and crying which most lady readers will understand; her aunt's words had struck too close home to be parried by reasoning, and so she had resort to the ludicrous element strongly inherent in her nature. But it would not do, and she was glad to catch sight of the market-cart just then, and hurry out of the room to give Martha directions pertaining to a selection for dinner. If she had stayed a moment longer, she would have burst into a paroxysm of tears, shocked and pained good Aunt Edith, and revealed her own miserable weakness and unhappy state. This, she felt, would not answer at the outset of her aunt's visit.

"No, I must wear the mask a little longer," she said to herself, going to her own room immediately after her errand to the kitchen. "It is too bad to inflict my troubles upon aunt so early. Dear, dear! she will find out about them full soon enough. It is true, what Uncle George said. I have made a great mistake in — No, I don't mean that. I am not sorry I married Herbert; but I wish, oh, I *wish* we had never come here!"

A gush of tears followed this passionate little outburst — poor thing, she pitied herself so much! — after which timely relief, Alice went to her wash-stand and carefully removed all traces of emotion from her face. The remainder of the day she was sparkling and lively, a little too much so for her aunt's liking, for the effort made in that direction was but too apparent to the keen perceptions of the latter, though a stranger would not have noticed it.

Thus, several days passed on, Alice keeping up appearances, as she thought, — a task not hard in her aunt's congenial and lively society. She experienced, now and then, keen pangs of regret or apprehension, as the case might be; of regret, when reminded by Mrs. Honeywell's refined and cultivated manner of her former surroundings when "in society," as she termed her position before marriage, and of apprehension when she anticipated in thought her relative's

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departure, and pictured her own return to the insipid routine of country life. But, in the main, she preserved a cheerful deportment, only relapsing, now and then, into the sadness which had become almost habitual to her before her aunt's coming. These moments of depression, however, and an occasional irritation of manner not natural to Alice, were enough to convince Mrs. Honeywell that all was not right, and she determined to take the first opportunity of conversing with Herbert in relation to the matter. She could see that he was not happy, and she attributed it to its right cause, — his wife's want of congeniality with the people of his charge, engendering, besides minor evils, a distance between them and her, which, by an inevitable law, removed himself, also, from them, causing, thereby, a perceptible diminution of confidence and regard towards him on their part. Of the people Mrs. Honeywell herself had seen but little. Alice had told no one of her expected coming, and though her appearance at church on Sunday had notified them that there was a stranger at the parsonage, very few had called in consequence. Of these few, one young lady had arrested her attention, as considerably above the average, both in manner and education. This was a Miss Church, residing with a widowed mother a little out of the village. Towards this young lady Mrs. Honeywell had felt considerably attracted, but in speaking of her afterward to Alice, she only yawned and said, —

"Yes, Miss Church is more ladylike than any one I have yet seen in S——; but, aunt," she added, "did you notice what vulgar-colored gloves she wore, and how she blushed when I introduced her?"

"My dear, these are trifles," Mrs. Honeywell had replied; but Alice laughingly insisted that trifles like these indicated a lady or the reverse; and here the conversation had dropped.

One evening Alice had gone early to bed with a headache; Herbert was away at a lyceum committee meeting, of which he was chairman, and Mrs. Honeywell was in the library, in a sort of reverie, from which she did not care to be disturbed by calling for lights. It so happened that the meeting to

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which Herbert had gone was postponed, and he returned almost immediately. His first visit was to his wife, whom he found inclined to sleep. Coming into the library, he threw himself wearily into an arm-chair, and, unconscious of Mrs. Honeywell's presence, drew a deep sigh.

"Poor Alice!" he murmured, "I wish she were happier! Yes, we must leave S——; there is no other way."

Mrs. Honeywell's first impulse was, if possible, to steal unobserved from the room, for she felt an instinctive repugnance to announcing her presence after this disclosure, so unwittingly made, of her nephew's feelings. But on second thought, she decided to remain and seize the opportunity thus offered for the conversation she desired with him. She arose from the sofa, and the rustle of her dress made Herbert start and turn around. Coming up to him, she laid her hand tenderly upon the young man's forehead.

"Herbert," she said, in her gentle, motherly tones, "do not be disturbed that I have been witness, though unintentionally, to this expression of your feelings. You must be aware that I have more than suspected the nature of the trouble to which you just gave utterance, and though I have no desire to thrust myself uninvited into your confidence, I feel that my interest in you and Alice and in everything which pertains to her welfare and yours, together with what has just escaped your lips, warrant me in asking for a candid explanation, or rather discussion, of this matter between us."

Herbert did not answer immediately. He was evidently struggling with some emotion which almost unmanned him. At length he spoke: —

"Aunt Edith, you do not know how gladly I welcome your confidence at this juncture. I should have spoken to you soon, at all events, and I am not sorry that you have witnessed my weakness, if so it may be called, since it gives you a clew to my feelings which otherwise I should have withheld. Aunt, we must leave S——. Alice is miserable here. You have no idea of her unhappy state before you came. She is comparatively cheerful now, but I dread — you cannot tell how much

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I dread — the reaction which will follow your departure. My heart is all but torn asunder in the struggle between my duty to my wife and to my people. If I stay, Alice's happiness — not to mention my own domestic peace and comfort — must be the forfeit. If I go, I incur the charge of fickleness and unfaithfulness to my implied agreement with the society, which was, to remain here somewhat permanently, under certain conditions, which they stand ready to fulfil. Thus, as you see, in leaving, I run the risk of losing the confidence of the parish, and perhaps of the denomination generally. Moreover, I have nowhere to go. I have not dared to announce myself as a candidate to any other pulpit. I find myself in a labyrinth of doubt and perplexity which unfits me for a proper discharge of my duties in public, and which makes my home, instead of the sweet shrine of domestic happiness which I fondly expected it to be, a place almost of torture. Do not think that I blame Alice," he continued, observing that Mrs. Honeywell's face took on a look which he interpreted as expressing the feeling of displeasure, which he deprecated on Alice's account. "She has been brought up so differently, and the surroundings here are so uncongenial to her tastes that —"

"That she is blindly — I do not say wantonly — sacrificing the good of the parish and her husband's peace, to say nothing of her own happiness and usefulness as a Christian and a pastor's wife, to a sinful craving after a life of ease and elegance otherwhere!" broke in Mrs. Honeywell in her calm, clear voice, electrifying Herbert, who sprang from his seat and raised his hand with an imploring gesture towards his aunt.

(To be concluded in next number.)

"TRUTH! God alone sees it. What will be said, what will be thought, on high? therein consists truth. It consists in imagining things as God and the holy see them, as we see them beyond the world, when we cast thither our eyes. We see nothing in its true light, unless we see it from above. We should be able to say, That is true on earth, and it is true in heaven."

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OUR COMMON GROUND.

It has been often said by those opposed to Unitarian Christianity that, "it is good as far as it goes." I cannot but think that many who may have formerly used this expression in regard to Unitarians are not going so far themselves in these days as their fathers went. I have never been so impressed with this belief as within a few weeks past.

It was my good fortune, not long since, to attend an installation service in an Orthodox church; and that occasion, together with what preceded and what followed it, has convinced me that there is a wide common ground between many of the so-called Orthodox and a large portion of our own body. Those of us who, in the language of Henry Ware, Jr., do not abjure all creeds, "but have thrown away *every creed but the Bible*," would have heard in the services I refer to almost nothing which did not receive their honest and cordial assent.

In the first place, I attended the council, which, I was told, by a member beforehand, would be public. I shall, therefore, violate no confidence in saying what I here do, and that I was richly paid for being present at the examination of the candidate. True, he avowed the old creed of their church as his own profession of faith; and yet, in the progress of his answers to questions put to him by the ministers and their delegates, he followed principles of biblical interpretation much in advance of those avowed by his church a half-century ago. On the subject of the inspiration of the Scriptures, for example, he discriminated between the historical portions and the rest, admitting that it required no special inspiration in a writer to record what he had seen with his own eyes, or what had come to him by tradition or history. He was asked if there were, in his opinion, any errors, either in the original or in our version of the Bible. He replied, he thought there were some slight errors, but that they did not affect any fundamental doctrine or truth of religion.

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"And how did these errors get into the Bible?"

"They might have come," he replied, "from accidental mistakes of those who copied the Scriptures in the original, or through the inadvertence of the translators."

But, if this be so, what becomes of the old doctrine of the *literal* inspiration of the Scriptures, or, indeed, of their plenary inspiration, if that phrase covers every part of the volume, biography, history, and tradition, as well as its peculiar and vital principles of faith and salvation?

One of the interrogators, a layman, mingled with his questions to the candidate many comments and opinions of his own. He asked if Adam, before his transgression, differed essentially from us? Intimating that, if he had been holy and perfect, he would not have yielded to the very first temptation. In regard to the doctrine of Election, he inquired of the candidate whether a part of the race were foreordained to salvation without any regard to their own character and conduct. To believe this, he continued, seemed to him contrary to the justice of God. And he spoke of some views as "conflicting with common sense."

Surely, if this be the position taken by some of our Orthodox brethren, although *we* may "not go far enough," they do not go so far as their fathers; and we may rejoice in the ground common to us and them.

When we came to the installation, the services were, as a whole, such as any believer in the Lordship of Jesus Christ could cordially unite in. Christ was seldom referred to, except as in a verse of one of the hymns then sung, in his relations to man: —

> "We bid thee welcome in the name
> Of Jesus, our exalted Head;
> Come as a servant, so he came,
> And we receive thee in his stead."

The sermon was mainly practical, avoiding, one would imagine, studiously, most controverted points. It defended earnestly — which I was glad to hear — the miraculous element of Christianity, and spoke of Christ as clothed with all power

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by God, and wielding the influences of the Spirit. But the main topic was Christ as a preacher to the poor, laying the foundation on which the great spiritual philanthropies of the gospel and its equalizing and fraternizing works had been since built.

I embraced an early opportunity to hear the new minister himself; and if I had been gratified with the liberal tone of the installation services, every word was now in harmony with them. The manner of the preacher, let me first say, was pleasing and attractive. His voice was agreeable and well-modulated, and his whole bearing modest and refined, and yet full of earnestness and decision. The style of the discourse was simple, transparent, familiar, and at the same time cultivated, and it bore the marks of sound scholarship.

The subject, Paul's conversion, led, naturally, to an eloquent description of the history and character of Saul of Tarsus; and from that to a treatment of the great topic of conversion. "From what was Paul converted?" He had been a Jew, a Pharisee of the strictest order; and, as such, he was, first, a thoroughly moral man, no spot or blemish rested on his character. He was not, therefore, converted from immorality. Secondly, he was a religious man, worshipping the God of his fathers with profound devotion, and punctual in every duty of his own church. He was not, then, converted from irreligion to religion. The change was simply a turning to Christ. Before, he had hated and opposed him; now, he is converted, moves towards him, embraces him with his whole heart, lives unto him, and, finally, lays down his life for his Master. This is the conversion we all need. Until, like Paul, we take Christ for our Lord and Master, we may be moral men, perhaps, in some sense, religious men, but we cannot be Christians. To this view I could but utter a heartfelt amen.

Let me here say, that the preacher did not once, as far as I recollect, speak of Christ as the very God himself, but always as "the Son of God." What special interpretation he gave in his own mind to that phrase, whether he considered it equivalent to calling Christ the Supreme Being, of course, I

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cannot judge. I am not concerned to know his metaphysics of that doctrine, what his private views may be of the "hypostatic union." I cannot go behind his language to seek out some occult meaning of it; but this I say, that, confining himself, as he did, to the Scripture phraseology, never saying or intimating that he placed Jesus Christ in any other rank than he placed himself, when he over and over took the name of "Son of God," I could not dissent from the position he avowed in his sermon.

Doubtless, many of the congregation, when they came to an interpretation of this phrase, would have disagreed somewhat among themselves as to the precise significance of the words "Son of God." One would regard them as implying that the Son was "the same in substance and equal in power and glory" to the Father. Another would probably so modify this exposition as to show himself a Sabellian, and not a Calvinist in his views of Christ. While a third, discarding the application of the term second *person* in the Trinity to Christ, would have shown himself a Trinitarian only in some modern sense.

I could not but express my satisfaction with these services to some of the congregation. I spoke of the catholic temper the of minister, which pervaded his devotional exercises no less than the sermon. The reply of one was, that this pleased him; he had heard not long since a discourse full of harsh and denunciatory language, which he disliked very much. I told him I was a Unitarian, but I rejoiced to honor the Son as well as the Father, and regarded him in the same light as his minister that morning had presented him, as "the Son of God."

"Your denomination differ, some of them, I believe, from this view?"

I replied, it was true, and I regretted that difference. He then spoke with great respect of the former pastor of the West Church, in Boston, as a serious and earnest preacher, whom he was glad to hear. But from those who denied the miracles of Christ, he most earnestly dissented.

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Speaking to another individual of the same society, on a subsequent day, of those services, as meeting my cordial approbation, he answered, that the discourse I heard did not differ in its tone and spirit from some dozen others to which he had listened. They were all on broad ground, and had nothing offensive or sectarian in them; "and," he added, "I think your denomination have now a golden opportunity of doing good, if they will keep on the old foundation where Channing and Henry Ware stood." I was delighted, no less than surprised at this remark. It showed that the disposition to meet on that common ground where the Church shall "hear none but Christ" is not confined, as some imagine, all to one side. There are many who call themselves Orthodox, and still would rejoice, I believe, in seeing our prosperity so long as we honored and followed the Master. They do not forget the rebuke of that Master to those disciples who would cast out another, working in Christ's name, because he did not follow them. They have a liberal spirit, and are willing to recognize the true Christian wherever he may be found.

I am glad always to hear a preacher of this temper. We may differ in some of our speculations and theories; but there is much in which we honestly agree. I am glad also to see occasionally in our Magazine articles from those of other denominations. They not only demonstrate a unity of spirit, but they present sometimes views in which I can fully accord. It is good to look each other in the face whenever and wherever we can; to lay aside prejudice, and never let a mere name exclude us from hearing or reading the truth.

If we would get good ourselves, we must be willing to receive it from every Church that takes Christ for its Lord and Master. What we do not believe we can easily pass over; what we do believe, let us generously admit to our own minds and hearts. Give us a positive faith; I am tired of negation and denial. I long to see a love of Christ so abounding and so earnest, that it shall constrain us all to say, "Lord, what wilt *thou* have me to do?"

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Here is to be our common ground. We shall never think precisely alike; but we may feel alike. And I care little for the name or the sect, so it can wake men up to a personal love of God and a broad love of man. We need organizations in our several churches for the study of God's truth, as made known in the Bible, in Providence, and in our own souls. We ought to be learners as long as we live. But beyond this, and more than this, we need practical religion. Loyalty to Christ will arouse us from our present spiritual lethargy, and bring us, one and all, into a fellowship with the Father and the Son. Here is room, not only for us Unitarians by name, but for every form of Christian faith. This is to be the magnet which will draw together believers of every creed and persuasion. When we gaze unitedly and intently on our divine Leader and Commander, the Church militant will no longer fight each other, but fraternize. Then God, the Father, will send his Holy Spirit through Christ; and it will gush forth, and flood rank upon rank, until, even here on earth, the Church militant, trampling down sin and death, shall enjoy a prevision and a rich experience of the Church triumphant.

RUE-LEAVED ANEMONE.

Unconscious little innocent!
The only charm that is not lent
To thee, by Nature, is the grace
Of blushing at my earnest praise.
The sun more fondly smiles to see
This wooded knoll, because of thee.
These trees refrain a shade to cast,
Until thy time of bloom be past.
And birds renew their tuneful mirth,
To see thee bursting from the earth.

At first thy little head peeps out,
With purple leaves well wrapped about,

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Fearing lest April suns may be
Still constant in inconstancy,
And lest late snow, or wintry rains,
May chill the blood within thy veins.
Then taking courage, day by day,
As April still gives place to May,
The wrappers thou dost all unfold,
No longer purple with the cold,
And show thy beauty to the sky,
The joy of every passer-by.

Thy petals, delicate and fair,
The gentle grace that marks thine air,
Thy leaf so neat, and stem so frail,
Thy charms uncounted cannot fail,
All unobtrusive as thou art,
To catch the eye and win the heart.

Yet let me not presumptuous be,
Or think it possible for me
To tell the reason that my flower
Has over human hearts such power.
No outward eye can beauty see,
An inward sense alone can be
Percipient of its heavenly glow;
Nor can the understanding know
The secret causes that impart
The sense of beauty to the heart.

Rue-leaved anemone! who knows
Why thou art dearer than the rose
To me, and why no other flower
Can move my heart with half thy power?
Perchance a subtle law may bind
Some idiosyncrasy of mind
In me with thy peculiar form.
Perchance it may my bosom warm
Toward thee, because in thee I trace
Some likeness to the human face,

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And thou within my heart may share
The place of child or woman fair.
Perchance the secret lies too deep
For conscious scrutiny; where sleep
A thousand long forgotten hours,
Beyond our recollection's powers;
Yet tinging with their joys or woes,
The feelings' current, as it flows;
And he who would the secret tell,
Why I should love this flower so well,
Those hidden memories must find
Which secretly its beauties bind
To those who, long since, through the tomb,
Sought flowers of amaranthine bloom.

O hallowed Power within me! still
My heart with thoughts of loved ones fill;
And let each flower of coming spring
A charm around their memory fling.
My childhood's innocence restore,
Its faith and hope, for evermore.

Z.

THE MOTHER.

Mother! revere God's image in thy child,
No earthly gift thy parent arms enfold,
No mortal tongue as yet the worth hath told
Of that which in thy bosom, meek and mild,
Rests its weak head. Oh, not by sense beguiled,
Gaze on that form of perishable mould.
Though first by thee it lived, on thee it smiled,
Yet not for thee existence must it hold;
For God's it is, not thine. Thou art but one
To whom that happy destiny is given
To see an everlasting life begin,
To watch the dawnings of the future heaven,
And to be such in purity and love
As best may fit it for the realms above.

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A MAY-DAY SERMON.

BY REV. A. P. PEABODY, D. D.

"As the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth, so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth." — Isaiah lxi. 11.

I CANNOT regard the analogies which we are fond of tracing between the outward and the spiritual world as mere rhetoric or mere fancy. So far as external nature manifests the attributes of God, the tenor of his will, the tone of his administration, it interprets or confirms facts and laws in the more hidden realm of mind and character. On a day which from time immemorial has been celebrated by festival and song as the year's birthday, we may well take our lesson from the phenomena of awakening life that are all around us.

How suddenly, and how entirely without any display of adequate causes, is the face of nature renewed, and the hope of the year called forth! But a few days ago snow lingered in sheltered nooks; we have had frosty nights and chilly days; of atmospheric heat we have hardly begun to feel the genial power: — yet the quickening impulse has heaved the whole surface of the teeming earth, and is elevating the life-tide that pours through unnumbered conduits of root and branch, twig and flower-stalk; the maple-blossoms have summoned the bees from their winter's sleep; the arbutus sends up the earliest breath of incense from the turf; the white star of the anemone peeps from the sod; and the resurrection-fiat sweeps over the whole expanse of field and forest. And the fiat was first heard in the depths of the late rigid ground. Before we felt released from the grasp of winter, there was a yielding in the frozen soil, there was a genial warmth from beneath. The sap stirred first in the lowest roots, and the earliest tokens of renewed life were sent up from those deep-probing fibres of the ancient trees. Yet the impulse came from the heavens, from the higher meridian altitude of the sun, the fuller flood of light, the lengthening days, the shortened

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distance of their luminary from the northern tropic. From the heavens to the depths beneath, to the lowermost extremities of the roots, to the springs and the subsoil which they soften, to the capillary and untraceable threads of vital moisture that run beneath the surface, saturated with nutritive elements; thence upward in each successive stage of growth, bloom, and fruitage, — such is the course of every ripening sunbeam, of every fertilizing drop of rain and dew, so that the gorgeous beauty of midsummer and the loaded harvest of grain-field and orchard will all have come down from above and up from beneath.

The reason why this process of growth is so still and silent is that it is not in any sense superficial, — that its work is all wrought above and beneath our clear cognizance. Yet it is the most stupendous development of the divine might that presents itself to our observation. Earthquake, tornado, sea-swell, avalanche, clashing thunderbolts, bear no comparison with it in magnitude and intensity. It is not in the power of numbers to denote or convey any idea of the upward pressure of swelling germs and bursting seeds and mounting sap, which at this season constitutes the multitudinous life-throb of the whole northern hemisphere. It is, indeed, a power which "cometh not with observation." It is gradual, noiseless, unobtrusive. Its type is the still, small voice of the prophet's vision. But in it are "the hidings of His power." From these phenomena now presented to the outward vision, I propose to draw a few obvious illustrations of the spiritual and Christian life.

"Silent," "quiet," "unobtrusive," "of gradual growth," "coming not with observation," "known only to the soul and its God," — these are terms and phrases often applied to personal religion, and often applied, it seems to me, in a not over-religious spirit, with the view of repressing zeal, allaying solicitude, encouraging negligence and indifference. Because the religious life is of gradual growth, many argue that it has begun to grow in themselves, though it might require a microscopic vision to discern its beginnings. Because it

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comes not with observation, they lay claim to it for the express reason that no observer could suspect them of it. In fine, you will find that very many fail to recognize their own destitution of the spirit and power of religion, simply because the kind of imagery which I have cited has given them the idea that true religion has little about it that is likely to be felt or noticed. Then, too, not a few imagine that, except the absolutely vicious members of society, all are on the right and safe side, and on the way to heaven, only at different stages of development; while, in fact, the spiritual life of many estimable persons is what the life of vegetation was three months ago, — mere capacity and ice, congealed sap, frozen leaf-buds, germs that had not even begun to grow. Let it, then, be clearly understood that,

1. As the quickening impulse for vegetation must come from the heavens, from the sun's more direct and intense influence, so must the religious life have its awakening from God, from the soul's communion with him, from his influence upon the soul. When it was said of Saul of Tarsus, "Behold, he prayeth," then, and not till then, was the apostle born out of the persecutor; then, and not till then, began to grow the pure and noble life which is the wonder and glory of the Christian ages. We may practise the civic and social virtues, we may have a glow of kindly and even of reverential feeling, without anything in our characters that is distinctively religious. And while we are in this state, it is vain for us to depend for future religious attainments on the natural growth of the religious element; for there is nothing in us to grow, nothing which does not easily reach its full growth, nothing which does not partake of the limitations of its earthly origin and nurture. Such a character may be as perfect in youth as in age. Nay, I think that it is more likely to be tarnished than to be brightened by time, as it becomes incrusted by selfishness, or its beauty is worn plain and coarse by contact with the evil that is in the world.

But let the soul by sincere prayer diminish the spiritual distance and discrepancy between God and itself, bring the

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Divine Spirit near, draw the Sun of Righteousness towards the zenith of its own meridian, — then there is an immediate and vital action on all the germs of the spiritual life. Rays of divinity pour down upon the soil of the heart. There shoot forth, beneath their warmth, the love of God, tender, fervent, self-devoting, an earnest craving for the divine guidance, a sensitiveness of conscience unknown before, a solemn feeling of responsibleness, new filaments of kindred with man, fresh energy for duty, a holy hatred for all that is evil. These elements of character may, indeed, not make their *appearance* at once, nay, a self-devoting consciousness may fail to detect their *presence;* but they are there, they have begun to grow, and, once started, they have the power of indefinite growth, — they have in them the fruitage of lengthened years and the harvest-sheaves of heaven.

Here, then, is one most important point for our self-examination. Is the connection established between our souls and God? Has the winter of our alienation passed, and the spring of his genial shining in upon our souls begun? Are we conscious of the warm and gladdening rays of his presence? Do we sincerely and habitually pray? And does prayer bring to us its revenue of satisfaction, peace, and joy? If this be the case, and we yet feel that our Christian character is still but imperfectly formed and faintly developed, we may then fittingly derive comfort from the necessarily gradual growth of the Christian life, — we may rehearse to ourselves the parable, "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear;" for in that case the blade is formed, the ear is in hopeful embryo, the growth has begun, to be consummated in God's good time, unless wantonly blighted by our shutting out the sun-rays, by our withdrawing from the spiritual communion which we had sought, by our discontinuance of the exercises of devotion.

2. In the spiritual as in the material world, the heavenly influence acts directly, not upon the surface, but on what lies beneath. Thoroughly as it reforms, outward reformation is not its immediate aim. Though it consigns to the fire all the

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branches of the tree of evil, its axe, instead of hacking at them, strikes below them, at the very root. The principle of evil, various as it is in its manifestations, is one in its source. It is the substitution of the individual will for the divine will, the setting up of an independent government instead of that rightfully supreme. On the other hand, the germ of the religious life is the consecrated will, the determined choice, the comprehensive resolve, "I will serve the Lord." This is the first result of God's renewing grace, the initial answer to the effectual prayer, the token of the new birth into the kingdom of heaven. There may be external reformation without this, though it is more likely than not to be a reformation merely in appearance, or of brief duration, or the changing of one bad habit for another. Inward renewal may, on the other hand, coexist in its early stages with great deficiencies and faults of character; but, if it be genuine, these faults will be perpetually diminishing, these deficiencies will be progressively supplied, and there will be an advance in the manifestation of character as perceptible, and proportionally as rapid, as will be made in the now springing vegetation around us between the thin leafage of to-day and the green luxuriance of midsummer or the golden wealth of autumn. You may then be a Christian, and yet have much in your habits that needs to grow better; but you cannot be a Christian without the will which comprehends in its purpose, its aim, and its ever more and more successful endeavor the uprooting of all that is evil and the established reign of all that is good. For,

3. The Christian life, like that which the spring inaugurates, from beneath and within works upon the surface, and tends to create every form of obedience, virtue, charity, self-denial, endurance and achievement, which Providence demands and the disciple can render. "The harvest is the end of the world," or rather of life in the world, and so long as it remains unreaped, the process of ripening must be going on, all through the summer, under the dense leafage of the busy and happy prime, — all through the autumn, under the thinned

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leafage and chill air of approaching winter. The Christian should never feel that he has attained his measure, or done his work. He recedes from his high calling, when he ceases from the endeavor to grow more like the One all-perfect, — when he no longer sees before himself a model to be more thoroughly copied, a faultless excellence to be more nearly approached, a divine beauty of holiness to be more entirely realized and embodied in his own spirit and life.

This will appear when we consider, more in detail, what there is for us to do and to become. First, if we have formed characters in which the love and will of God have not borne a prominent part, it is hardly possible that we should not have contracted some habits that need to be wholly laid aside, and others that require to be remodelled and to a great degree changed. Then there is a range of expressly religious duties, in which our negligence or coldness must be replaced by constancy and fervor. Then our social relations are by this new life exalted and enlarged. There are forms of religious forethought, effort, and charity, of which those nearest to us must be made the objects. There are the unprivileged and the sinning, to whom, according to our position and ability, we have an express message and charge from God. There is a reign of truth and righteousness, in the establishment of which we are called to be active, diligent, and earnest. Above all this, there are mild, gentle, passive, yet most intensely efficient elements of character, the varieties of which are almost numberless, and the degrees of which range from the very lowest to what we behold in the divine example of our Saviour. There is meekness, patience, submission, humility; there are the higher summits of devotional feeling and attainment; there is a nearness of communion with Jesus, a tender susceptibility to every movement of the Divine Spirit, and to every forthputting of the divine benignity; there is a life in close converse with things unseen, and in intimate fellowship with heaven: — and in all these things the Christian soul may mark its progress from year to year, may manifest more and more of the outward excellence

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of sainthood, and may at the same time constantly accumulate that wealth of the hidden life whose fulness is entirely beheld only by its God and its Redeemer. Thus may and must there be a perpetual growth of the spirit that has been truly touched by the divine influence, that has heard in its depths the awakening voice and felt the renovating power of redeeming love.

4. In close analogy with the quiet processes of nature now in progress, the religious life is a great work, — the most potent and efficient exercise of the divine almightiness of which man is ever made the object. Silent and gradual though it be, it is a momentous change that takes place when one becomes sincerely a Christian. Before, he was the subject, the easy victim of outward influences; his happiness depended on sublunary things; he was a parasitic hanger-on upon such earthly vines as would bear his weight, a memorial of their frailty and feebleness in his frequent disappointments and griefs. Now, he is his own and God's, independent of things outward, with self-sustaining principles, with sources of happiness too deep for earthly loss or sorrow to reach them, grafted into the vine of eternal strength, freshness, and fruitfulness, whose fertilizing current forms the circulation of his whole moral nature. He was of the earth, earthly, and his gravitation was dust to dust; now he is of heaven, heavenly, and there are attractive influences constantly drawing him upward, spirit to the Father of his spirit. Let not, then, the idea of a silent and gradual work diminish; let it, on the other hand, only enhance and exalt our sense of the nobleness of the Christian calling, the essential greatness of the Christian character, the vastness of the obligation that rests upon us, if, through God's grace, we can call that character our own. It is no less than passing from darkness into God's marvellous light, from death unto life, from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

If these things be so, it becomes those of us who think that we are Christians to feel our responsibility for the impressions made by ourselves upon others as to the magnitude

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of the Christian calling and salvation. We are some of us prone, I will not say over-prone, to deprecate everything like display or sanctimony with reference to religion. We rightly feel that whatever has the aspect of ostentatious profession or artificial show will be set down to the charge of hypocrisy. But are we not more earnest to avoid all this, than to honor our religion by testing and developing its full power in our own characters? If we are Christians, we ought to show ourselves so in every word and deed, — in our business, by an integrity beyond reproach and a meekness beyond disturbance, — in our homes, by unruffled gentleness and unwearied love, — in society, by the simplicity, sincerity, and kindness of our words, the candor and hopefulness of our judgments, the heart-coined courtesy of our whole intercourse, — in the church of God, by our constancy in its ordinances, our diligence in its charities, our faithful ministry for its enlargement and prosperity. Such lives would win souls. They would show a divine influence in forms which could not be misunderstood. They would indicate a power working with and in us, in which those around us could not but desire to participate. Thus may we build upon the walls and enlarge the borders of our Zion, restore her waste places, and offer in unison with our formal supplications our acted and effectual prayer for her peace and prosperity.

"The tendency towards good, the quickness to grasp it, and the constancy in wishing it; the intensity, suppleness, and tenacity of the springs which this tendency puts into play; the liveliness, force, and precision of the efforts towards the end aimed at, are the elements which, like so many letters, form, by their combinations, the intrinsic gauge of the man and determine his value."

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MY MINISTER.*

Six months before the lapse of ten years, he told his people that he must leave them, as he had said he wished to do on his first coming among them. He was too true not to recognize in himself the law of progressive development. If all of life is consecration, each man's place is always beyond. He wished to remain with them for a while, as pastor in all friendly relations, offering his salary to defray the expense of listening to candidates, that when he left they might not be led into that hypercritical, factious condition in which so many societies are plunged by the absolute withdrawal of the former minister. They granted his petition in sadness, perceiving its wisdom and justice. He unconsciously became the standard by which, though not stealing from a settled parish, they chose another guide like him, true manly, effective, an oldish man who would wander among their homes and hills for many years.

Again my minister was a candidate. Some called him "Orthodox" because he preached "sin sermons," others "Methodistic," because his earnestness fatigued them. His next and only place of work was in B——, a large aristocratic congregation who had listened to gentle, simple discourses or to close argument, never to one which sent them home dissatisfied with themselves. His prayers were short, almost boylike in their simplicity and fervency, his manner reverent, his sermons not peculiarly short, but very strong, full of melodious periods, rich, mature thought, and manly piety, with an almost dramatic embodiment of his text or subject; for one suggested the other, and a vivid searching of man's spirit, "which left not a human soul to grow old in darkness and pain." He preached doctrinal sermons oftener than the now prevailing practice, that each man might be firmly grounded in *the* faith, not *his*, the preacher's, faith. Of practical sermons he was rather wary, fearing the smiles they excited and the allusion to failings, which benefited one

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person and were of no service to another. You might perhaps have called him a mystic, for the mystery and sanctity of God were his favorite themes. He had but one service on Sunday, the Sabbath-school being held in the afternoon, of which he was the superintendent, as it afforded him opportunities of knowing the children before they had grown into the fastidious period of "out in society" and therefore invisible at home. In the Bible class he more fully revealed himself. The so-called intellectual portion of his people were often absent, valuing scholarly more than spiritual teaching and estimating intellect by its command of peculiar language rather than by its nobility of thought. A dim expression of disappointment at times would shade his face as some intelligent listener, utterly changing his words, asked if so and so was what he had meant to say; or, adopting his idea as her own, believed herself a thinking being. His chief comfort was his class of young girls. So great was his unconsciousness that, whether with them or away from them, he himself was forgotten except as an influence to lead them to the thought of God and Christ. Among his means of persuasion, the pressure of the hand or the brotherly or fatherly touch upon the shoulder were wanting. If young girls liked him and he them, it must be because they met, soul to soul, and on him the stronger, it depended to preserve this relation, while winning their entire confidence and love.

He had a keen sense of the fitness of things, and therefore did not wonder that many of the highly-educated women seldom came to the sewing-circle, and that the more developed side of character could not be seen among fifty sewing females, though he maintained the advantage of such meetings and their entire freedom from scandal. But why should I rehearse his various means of work, the subscriptions, the extra meetings, etc., his methods and plans being often changed to keep the people's interest awake and himself fresh. There was plenty of work to satisfy the most organizing mind. Each person did some one or two things,

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not a few, the whole. How he effected this, I know not, but I also know that no parent ever complained of too much requisition made by the church upon her child; that no fevers were contracted from over-work; no homes deprived of its younger members every day in every week; no solitary calls from the pastor about some enterprise which interrupted the pleasant home evening; yet no church gave more or did more than his, and after he had been with them a few years, no church believed more. Many things and books were to him religious, where others had only seen a possible culture. Art, Ruskin, the Brownings, Nature, suggested sermons for which he found a biblical text. His study walls were not confined to scriptural engravings nor his library to pictorial Bibles.

His sermons were written between Thursday and Saturday mornings. To begin them on Monday (which he always held as his half-holiday), produced, he said, an ebbing tide in his subject and in his interest. He often took tea away from home, but never became a "diner-out." His hard work was done in the early morning, giving the evening and late afternoon to pastoral calls and engagements. Sunday evening, those of his people who wished to do so visited him in his parlor. He rather shunned the entrance of any one into his study, not wishing the revelation it would give of himself to those who were quick in appreciating character from its inanimate surroundings, and loving his pictures and books too much to endure "intelligent" comments upon them. His parlor, on the contrary, produced an anomalous appearance, as it bore the evident marks of being furnished by a committee and decorated by cosmopolitan taste. One ornament was a tête-à tête tea-set, never yet used by himself and the giver, who finally looked upon it as "so much out of pocket." He seldom worked beyond the limits of his parish. Occasionally, when some great subject agitated the public, his voice was heard, or in denominational effort he was always ready. School committees and public offices he declined. Anonymous notes as to the wearing or non-wearing of some tradi-

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tional ministerial dress, or the reading of special hymns for special states of souls in peculiar cases, supposed unknown to him, fell to his lot, urging him to closer self-investigation and harder effort, not to the granting of each request.

His funeral services were peculiar to himself. On entering the room, he never spoke to the family, searching for the face of the chief mourner under the heavy veil, nor did he pray for each member of the group as each incurring a special loss. His voice, at first low, would rise into such tones of triumph that perhaps none but those far on in Christian experience could bear it. To him the funeral was the apotheosis of the lost friend; each heart, though sorrowing, should bid the dead the truest "God speed" in his onward progress to the presence of his Maker. At the grave the triumphant burden of his prayer was still, rejoice, rejoice! Nor was he ever induced by sympathetic feeling at such a solemn hour to over-estimate the qualities of the dead, which undue praise often makes the hearer question, "What matters it whether good or bad in life?" and throws another germ of scepticism into his mind.

On friendly, even intimate relations with all his parish, some became his chosen companions, and if they were not always members of his society, so much more became the friendship a relief to his mind and heart.

Thus losing and gaining families because always true to what he deemed right, years passed away till dim rumor said that he thought of leaving us. (I was then living in B——.) We besought him by letters and words, by personal and public action, not to forsake us. We told him he was still young, we had grown up under his care, he had baptized us, married us, and must bury us. He listened, smiled, and waited a few months, and then one Sunday told us that, for our welfare and for his, he must resign his ministry; that though he felt no decrease of mental vigor, his physical powers were much impaired; that after twenty or twenty-five years of preaching in the same pulpit, though the truth was still fresh, his mode of presenting it was not adapted to the new forms of expres-

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sion and new methods of work. Times had changed faster than he had. He would stay with us a year or eighteen months, resigning half his salary, until we found a new minister, giving the same reasons which actuated him to such a course that he had given in his first parish. We grieved sorely, but could not change his decision. Those were bitter Sundays when candidates preached. A full year had gone, before we chose another clergyman, and not then should we have decided, if his determined will had not guided us. None who were present will ever forget the ordaining prayer he offered for his successor. He declined the preaching of the sermon, taking upon himself a father's part, praying for him and for us, and charging him to do his utmost duty to extremest tension of body and soul; and then our own white-haired minister, with tremulous voice and uplifted, shaking hand, blessed us with a blessing which has never faded in our memories, and went home to his study, leaving to us the festivities for which we had little heart.

He moved among us three or four weeks longer, and then took up his abode in a quiet little village, where he preached to the few who welcomed gladly the teachings of their early faith, of which time and change had long deprived them. Every summer the little hall was filled by his old parishioners, who came there to be near him for a little while, among whom he wandered, each year more feebly, a venerated saint.

Such was, is, my minister, and therefore do I love my three pictures.

"PIETY draws us to what is most powerful, which is God, and to what is most weak, as children, the aged, the poor, the sick, the unhappy, the afflicted. Without piety, old age offends the sight, infirmity repels, imbecility shocks us. With it, we see in old age only long life; in infirmity, suffering; in imbecility, misfortune; we feel only respect, compassion, and the desire to relieve."

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RANDOM READINGS.

AN OBJECTIONABLE BOOK.*

We select this book as the subject of a few remarks, because it is a favorable specimen of a sort of book that we disapprove. We think the Bible cannot be adequately reproduced in another form, and that no substitute can fully supply its place. The Old Testament history has had an important place in the religious education of many Christian generations. It is written with the inspiration of a spirit that vividly discerned the immanence of God in all history, the immediate agency of his providence in all events, the revelation of a divine purpose in all that happens to individuals and to nations. In the affairs of men, in the operations of nature, in the motions of the human spirit, God is everywhere distinctly recognized and acknowledged in it. All other history is susceptible of being written in the same spirit, but it never has been. The Bible stands alone in this respect. Therefore is it, notwithstanding occasional errors of fact and opinion, the most profoundly true of all the histories that have ever been written. Hence its religious influence, its edifying uses. Hence it is that faith and conscience ever draw fresh strength from a reverent perusal of it. What, then, is the use of a book that gives a version of the story from which this spirit is discharged? Why call the child's attention at all to the history so related? What is its advantage over any other history? What has it to do with religious education? It is said indeed, in the preface to this book, that children will "thus be prepared to understand the life, customs, and religion of the people among whom Christ lived and taught;" but the old dispensation is a preparation for the new, in a much wider and deeper sense than is thus indicated, and in a way which those who get all their knowledge of it from this book will miss. Is it meant that the child's belief respecting what is commonly called supernaturalism, shall not be forestalled? Is the idea to be sedulously excluded

* The Bible Story told for Children; from the Time of Abraham to the Time of Christ. By a Teacher. Edited by E. Y. L. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co.

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from his mind, that when wise and holy men have been raised up to accomplish God's purposes in the religious education of the world, they have had so clear and certain a perception of the divine will, in the depths of their own souls, and such an assured conviction of their call to execute it, that they could go to their fellow-men, and say in simplest truth, "Thus saith the Lord," and that they have, in the fulfilment of their mission, found themselves in the possession of a control over the powers and elements of nature which does not belong to common men in ordinary circumstances? It is assuming a great responsibility to indoctrinate him in such a negative. All religious education is, to some extent, a forestalling of the child's future belief. If we undertake to give him religious instruction, we must teach him something, and we need not hesitate to do so, provided we at the same time teach him the duty of keeping his mind ever open to all the light that shall dawn upon it in the whole course of his life. The author and the editor of this book have no scruples about communicating private opinions to their young pupils. In speaking of the death of the first-born of the Egyptians, the author says, "Many persons think that Moses sent a party of his armed men to do this, that his people might escape in the great confusion, and justified himself by thinking of the Hebrew babies Pharaoh had once killed." But the editor adds in a note, "Let the children be made to understand that the natural instincts of the wronged Hebrew mothers, employed as servants, were the armed men of Moses, who may have destroyed the first-born." Why, we ask in wonder, should the children "be made to understand" any such thing?

Is it said that by giving children the Bible with its relations of miracle unexplained, we are bringing them up supernaturalists? So be it. But, be it remembered, that the silence of an instructor often teaches as effectually as his speech. By giving children the Bible with supernaturalism left out, there is danger of our bringing them up positivists, with no faith or ideas in regard to anything that they cannot see, taste, or handle. Which shall we have, the Bible or Comte?

Fifty years ago the whole Bible was put into the hands of children with all its pictures of flagrant wickedness, and all its unexplained mysteries, together with all that is suited to touch

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and quicken their spirits, and form and elevate their character; and, to say the very least, no harm came of it. Somehow or other, the pictures of sin, if understood, operated as they were meant to do, as warnings and not as examples; the wonderful and mysterious elements of the book stimulated the thought of the child and directed his gaze upward to something above himself and the visible world; and such passages as were adapted to his comprehension and suited to edify him, were instinctively selected, and frequently recurred to, and intently dwelt upon; and a spirit of reverent and trustful piety was generated, which we should do well carefully to cultivate by all our methods of religious education.

CHRISTIANITY BEYOND THE PALE OF THE VISIBLE CHURCH.

HINDU ALMSGIVING.

In reading the following account of Hindu charity in the "North British" for March, we have been forcibly reminded of that very striking portion of the Saviour's Parable touching the great and final Assize, which sets forth the accepted disciple as unconscious of his Christianity, "When saw we *Thee* an hungered and fed Thee?" And, also, of the Lord's words, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring." E.

In the religious system of the Hindus almsgiving has all the importance of a sacrament. As a man obtains an earthly birth from his parents, and a mystical birth by investiture with the sacred cord, so by charity he is made meet for that heavenly birth and reunion with the divine elements which his body obtains on the funeral-pyre. Practically the Hindu attends to no portion of his religious duties more than to almsgiving. Nor is this altogether unselfish. Public opinion is not strict to mark many things which, in this country, would sink a man in infamy. Men who have committed certain kinds of dishonesty, which here would make them outcasts, may still hope to enjoy the respect of their neighbors; the usurer may be ever so hard without fear of general censure; a native jury can seldom be got to return a verdict of guilty in cases of forgery; and acts that would be condemned as the sharpest practice in other countries escape notice in Bengal, or

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are noticed with praise. But one offence public opinion never condones. A shopkeeper who habitually sends the beggar empty away may be strict in all his dealings, but he never prospers. A proprietor may be a good landlord, but if he shuts his gate against the poor, he is always an unpopular one. At every family ceremony, at a birth, at a marriage, when the child is inducted into his father's caste, when the air is still tainted with the smoke from the funeral pile, when the kinsmen gather together each year to commemorate their ancestor's obsequies, a distribution of food forms part of the solemnity. In general, each village looks after its own poor, and almost every landholder dispenses daily rations to the necessitous persons on his estate. About sunrise crowds of diseased objects — lepers and cripples — begin to gather in the rich man's court, and loudly grumble if the steward diminishes by a single grain the customary dole. The last remnant of greatness to which a fallen family clings is this daily practice of almsgiving. Of the ancient magnificence of the Burbhoom Rajahs, only two half-starved elephants remain; their palaces, mosques, and baths are now unsightly heaps of brick; their canals and trim watercourses have filled up; the great flower-garden, in which the bones of seven generations of princes repose, has relapsed into jungle; but every forenoon a train of aged and impotent folk may be seen issuing, each with his little portion of rice, from the ruins.

CHRISTIAN LIBERALISM IN THE ENGLISH CHURCH, NORTHAMPTON, ENGLAND, 1570.

"A remarkable specimen survives, in an account of the Church of Northampton, of what English Protestantism could become under favoring conditions. Under the combined management of the Bishop of Peterborough and the Mayor and Corporation of the city, the laity and clergy of Northamptonshire worked harmoniously together. On Sundays and holydays the usual services were read from the Prayer-book. In the morning there was a sermon; in the afternoon, when prayers were over, the 'youth' were instructed in Calvin's Catechism. On Tuesdays and *Thursdays* [does not this recall the 'Thursday Lecture'? — E.] a

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'lecture of Scripture' was read, with extracts from the Liturgy, and afterwards there was a general meeting of the congregation, with the Mayor in the chair, for 'correction of discord, blasphemy, whoredom, drunkenness, or offences against religion.' . . . Communion was held four times a year. The clergyman of each parish visited from house to house during the preceding fortnight to prepare his flock. The table was in the body of the church, at the far end of the middle aisle; and while the people were communicating, 'a minister in the pulpit read to them comfortable scriptures of the Passion.'

". . . The congregation of Northampton, 'as a confession of faith, accepted Holy Scripture as the Word of God, to be read alike by all, learned and unlearned;' but 'they did condemn as a tyrannous yoke whatever men had set up of their own invention to make articles of faith, or bind men's consciences to their laws and statutes; they contented themselves with the simplicity of the pure Word of God and doctrine thereof, a summary abridgment of which they acknowledged to be contained in that Confession of Faith used by all Christians, commonly called the Creed of the Apostles.'" — *Froude, Order of the Services in the Church of Northampton, June* 5, 1571.

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED.

Don't be discouraged if in the outset of life things do not go on smoothly. It seldom happens that the hopes we cherish of the future are realized. The path of life in the prospect is smooth and level enough, but when we come to travel it, we find it all uphill, and generally rough enough. The journey is a laborious one, and whether poor or wealthy, high or low, we shall find our disappointment, if we have built on other calculation. To endure cheerfully what must be, and to elbow our way as easily as we can, hoping for a little, yet striving for much, is perhaps the true plan.

But don't be discouraged, if occasionally you slip by the way, and your neighbors tread over you a little; in other words, don't let a failure or two dishearten you, — accidents will happen; miscalculations will sometimes be made; things will often turn differ-

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ently from our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember that fortune is like the skies in April, — sometimes clouded, and sometimes clear and favorable, and, as it would be folly to despair of again seeing the sun because the day is stormy, so it is equally unwise to sink into desponding when fortune frowns, since, in the common course of things, she may be surely expected to smile again. And, again, don't be discouraged if you are deceived in the people of the world; it often happens that men wear borrowed clothes, and sometimes those who have long stood fair before the world are very rotten at the core. From sources such as these you may be deceived; and you will naturally under such deceptions. To these you must become used; if you fear, as most people do, they will lose their novelty before you grow gray, and you will learn to trust men cautiously and examine their characters closely before you allow them great opportunities to injure you. Don't be discouraged under any circumstances. Go steadily forward, rather consult your own conscience than the opinions of men; though the last is not to be disregarded. Be industrious, be frugal, be honest; deal in perfect kindness with all that come in your way, exercising a neighborly and obliging spirit in your whole intercourse, and if you do not prosper as rapidly as any of your neighbors, depend upon it you will be as happy.

HOW SHALL CHILDREN DO GOOD?

Children often say, "How can we do any good? We should like to do some good to the poor, but how can we? We do not possess anything of our own. We go to our father and mother, and they give us something to give to the poor; but it is not our gift, and if they tell us what to do for them, it is not our thought; it was all their plan; it cannot be called our charity." The children are right; they cannot give, they cannot form intelligent and practical plans for the relief of the sufferers in this world. I knew a little girl who felt so much pain because she had nothing to give, that she was in the habit, every day, of asking her mother to give her what she thought right for her to eat, and then she set apart a certain portion of it to give to the poor, who came to the house to ask alms, and she felt, and she had a right to feel, that

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she gave something that was her own; and she had earned this pleasure by self-sacrifice, and though it may seem a small thing, it was in fact a great principle that she illustrated.

But it is certainly true that giving, in the common acceptation of the term, is not in the power of children; they have not the means, and if they had, they have not the discretion and wisdom that is required to bestow favors. What they have, either of money or of wisdom, they receive from those on whom they depend.

But have children then nothing to give? Can they do no good in the world? Do they receive all, and bestow nothing? Are they quite cut off from the enjoyment of that purest of all pleasures, — the feeling that one heavy heart is the lighter for their love and kindness? May they not cherish the divine ambition to bless others less happy than themselves? May they not be allowed to bring their little urns also, and pour them into the stream of human joy? Oh, yes! children may do much. Life, true life, happiness, like Joseph's coat, is of many colors. They can always give that which every human heart craves and welcomes, and which every happy child possesses in its own right, and can bestow upon another. Love flows from the heart of a little child as purely and as freely as from the heart of the profoundest philosopher, and it is like the dew of heaven upon the parched ground; it can revive the failing heart and wake up the flowers of life in the most barren places; it can lighten the heaviest load; it seems like the voice of God to his suffering children, bidding them not to despair.

Suppose yourself a sufferer from extreme poverty, and that some one who considered it a duty to help you gives you such aid as you need, but coldly and unkindly, with no word of sympathy or pity for you, and another, perhaps a poor little child, breaks its small crust of bread, and gives you half of it with words of love, and tears of sorrow that he has no more to give; — who would you feel was your true benefactor?

What is the worst and bitterest feeling in the heart of the sufferer? It is often the idea that he is an outcast, that no one cares for him, that the feast of life is spread out for all but him. All the happy turn away from him. Give him food, and give him clothes, and if you do not give him kindness and sympathy, he regards them not. Make him feel that you recognize him as a

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brother, and the meanest flower that you may chance to drop at his feet would be precious to him. But you will say, "How can I feel love towards all the poor sufferers in the world?" I reply, "How did Jesus learn to feel for all mankind?" He doubtless during his childhood and early youth studied the great law of the brotherhood of man, till that divine love grew in his heart which prepared him for his heavenly ministry, and then he poured it forth in all its fulness upon the sufferers around him. "Tell John," he said to the messengers who would know if he was the Christ, "that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached."

This he considered the proof that God sent him. There are so many cruel distinctions among men that it requires an effort to see and believe and remember that we are all equally the children of God. Even in this our country, where there is enough for all, children are daily born in damp, dark cellars to an inheritance of miserable poverty and pain: is it not work enough for a child to learn that these unhappy beings are all the children of God; that they have a claim upon him as their brothers and sisters, and that they are calling for help from every Christian heart? Is it not work enough for the child, in his early days, so to study the perfect law of love and liberty that when his reason is strong, and his highest faculties are matured, he shall be prepared to live a life of self-denial and self-devotion, and to consecrate himself to the cause of humanity, to the service of his suffering brethren?

We hear nothing of the *works* of Jesus when he was a child, we only hear of him as a learner in the temple, hearing and asking questions. A friend of children has said, "To learn to listen to the voice of instruction, and to render it more instructive still by asking questions, this is the beginning of true wisdom. To hear and to ask is the special duty and chief occupation of childhood and youth. To children, therefore, to the young, the example of Jesus sitting in the temple among the wisest of his nation is peculiarly interesting and useful. In the course of education which Divine Providence has laid out for the successive generations of man, it is the calling of the young, not only to overtake those who have set out before them in the way of perfection, but to outrun them in the course." If this should be the work, and is the duty of children, what is the duty of the parents? Are they faithful in this part of the education of children of which we have

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been speaking? They would have them enter college with honor, and they provide them with competent teachers; they would have them dance well, and they take pains to secure the most accomplished teacher for this purpose. So in religion, as far as it relates to the creed, none but the right faith is allowed; but how many parents are there who think they are bound to teach to their children the divine science of philanthropy, the true love of man, telling them day by day the simple story of human brotherhood as taught by Jesus, and the duties that grow out of it, and so prepare them for those duties? Do they teach them this law of universal love repeating line upon line, precept upon precept? and thus kindle in their young hearts a flame that shall never be extinguished till they shall

> "Labor with a glorious great intent,
> And never rest, until they forth have brought
> The eternal brood of glory excellent."

To perform deeds that shall bless others, must be held up to children as their great reward, when they, by faithful study of truth and duty, and the surer enlightenment of a life of purity and love, shall become wise enough, perhaps, to know how to do good to their suffering brethren, and good enough to deserve the joy.

In the mean time, the love that is growing in their hearts will, like an inward sun, illumine their whole being, and unconsciously they will bless all around them.

Therefore, to a child who came to ask me how he should do any good, I would say, "Seek daily and hourly to *be* good. When you are called upon to make any little sacrifice for the good of another, make it cheerfully, freely. Do what you can; and complain not if it is but little. But remember that in all things, life is at present only your school time. Cherish the desire to bless others, and the holy work shall ere long be given you to do. Learn to look upon every human being as equally with yourself the child of God, however degraded he may be, however the world may cast him off. So that when the ministry of your life here begins (for every one is a minister of either good or evil), you may be ready to stretch forth the arms of your love towards all your fellow-men, and say in the words of your Divine Teacher, "Behold my mother, and my brethren." E. L. F.

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ORTHODOX LIBERALITY.

THE question of the terms of invitation to the Communion service has been agitated of late in many of our Unitarian churches, and a diversity of opinions prevails on the subject. Some think we should invite only those who are members of the visible Church by admission. Others would include, in addition to these, all who love the Lord Jesus Christ. Still others are disposed to obliterate the distinction between the Church and congregation entirely; and some ministers do invite all present to partake in this rite.

I was not aware, until recently, that in the Orthodox Congregational churches there were any ministers who went any farther than to invite members of the Church by profession. Usually, so far as I hear, there has been even a limitation to that invitation. The form has been "members of Evangelical Churches," or "members of other churches in regular standing." But, a few Sundays since, the pastor of an Orthodox church, whose creed, too, is strictly Calvinistic, gave an invitation to the Communion in the following terms: "All members of other churches, and *all who feel an interest in the Sacrament*, are invited to remain with us at the table of our Lord."

Surely, this is an age of ecclesiastical progress. Who of us that believes in the Lord Jesus Christ could ask a more liberal invitation than this? It passes over all human creeds and all fences of human erection, and takes the same ground as the Master himself took when he instituted this service, excluding no one who feels a desire to partake in it. I may add, as a proof of this statement, that the individual who gave me the above account, a member of one of our Unitarian churches, told me that she felt herself included in the invitation, and should have remained at the Communion, had circumstances permitted. I do not know that other ministers of the same faith are as liberal in this respect as the one I speak of; but if any are, I hope we shall meet them on a basis as broad as their own. Let there be this unity of spirit, and there will be few barriers to a greater unity of belief.

A. B. M.

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THE LITTLE BOY'S MAY-DAY SONG.

"The flowers are blooming everywhere,
On every hill and dell,
And oh, how beautiful they are!
How sweetly, too, they smell!

"The little brooks, they dance along,
And look so glad and gay,
I love to hear their pleasant song,
I feel as glad as they.

"The young lambs bleat and frisk about,
The bees hum round their hive,
The butterflies are coming out;
'Tis good to be alive.

"The trees that looked so stiff and gray
With green wreaths now are hung.
Oh, mother, let me laugh and play;
I cannot hold my tongue.

"See yonder bird spread out his wings
And mount the clear blue skies,
And hark! how merrily he sings,
As far away he flies."

"Go forth, my child, and laugh and play,
And let your cheerful voice
With birds and brooks and merry May
Cry loud, Rejoice! rejoice!

"I would not check your bounding mirth,
My young and happy boy,
For He who made this blooming earth
Smiles on an infant's joy."

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THE PICTURE OF ST. JOHN,

By Bayard Taylor, is evidently regarded by himself as his masterpiece. The elaborate finish, the exquisite music of the rhythm, and the voluptuous richness of the coloring are remarkable throughout. The description of Venice, which we extract, will illustrate these characteristics: —

And when the third rich day declined his lids,
I floated where the emerald waters fold
Gem-gardens, fairy island-pyramids,
Whereon the orange hangs his globes of gold, —
Which aloes crown with white, colossal plume,
Above the beds where lavish nature bids
Her sylphs of odor endless revels hold,
Her zones of flowers in balmy congress bloom.

I hailed them all, and hailed, beyond, the plain;
The palace-fronts, on distant hills uplift,
White as the morning star; the streams that drift
In sandy channels to the Adrian main, —
Till one rich eve, with duplicated stain
Of crimson sky and wave, disclosed to me
The domes of Venice, anchored by the sea,
Far off, — an airy city of the brain!

Forth from the shores of earth we seemed to float,
Drawn by that vision, — hardly felt the breeze
That left one glassy ripple from the boat
To break the smoothness of the silken seas;
And far and near, as from the lucent air,
Came vesper chimes and wave-born melodies:
So might one die, if Death his soul could bear
So gently, Heaven before him float so fair!

This was the gate to Artist's Fairyland.
The palpitating waters kissed the shores,
Gurgled in sparkling coils beneath the oars,
And lapped the marble stairs on either hand,

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Summoning Beauty to her holiday;
While noiseless gondolas at palace-doors
Waited, and over all in charmed delay
San Marco's moon gazed from her golden stand.

A silent city! where no clattering wheels
Jar the white pavement; cool the streets and dumb,
Save for a million whispering waves that come
To light their mellow darkness; where the peals
Of Trade's harsh clarions never vex the ear;
But the wide blue above, the green below,
Her pure Palladian palaces insphere, —
Piles on whose steps the grass shall never grow.

There I found rest, and there the world I sought, —
Eternal beauty and eternal joy,
The flower of life, the bright result of thought,
The perfect Art which nothing can destroy:
For once embodied, its creation caught
The right to be; and I with pulses warm
Took to my brain each grand and lovely form
To build myself from what the Masters wrought.

But most I lingered in that matchless hall
Where soars Madonna with adoring arms
Outspread, while deepening glories round her fall,
And every feature of her mortal charms
Becomes immortal at the Father's call;
Beneath her, silver shining cherubs fold
The clouds that bear her, slowly heavenward rolled:
The Sacred Mystery broodeth over all!

NOTICE. — The article entitled *Spirit of the Religious Press* is omitted in this number in consequence of the sickness of the Clergyman who has charge of that department. We hope that he may be able to furnish an article for the June number.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

Greece, Ancient and Modern. By C. C. Felton, LL. D., late President of Harvard University. Ticknor & Fields.

President Felton delivered four courses of Lectures, twelve in each course, before the Lowell Institute, which have been carefully edited by a friend who loved the memory of the lamented author. They are given to the public in these two large octavo volumes in a style worthy of their contents, in a fair page and clear print, most grateful to the eye. The theme is inexhaustibly rich, and one in which the author revelled with unfailing delight. The lectures embody the results of the life-long study of one of the ripest American scholars, whose scholarship was enriched by travel.

The lectures are pregnant with matter, the fruits of profound and loving research, not only into the nature and elements of the Greek language, but of all language, of Grecian history and the life of Greece within, domestic, social, and æsthetic as it coursed its way in the transparent atmosphere that rested on its plains and mountains. The style is lucid and flowing, always blood-warm; sometimes very beautiful, with a tinge of humor. The first twelve lectures are upon the Greek language and poetry. They embrace topics of general interest to readers of culture, whether classical scholars or not. The first four lectures of this course, on "the Origin of Language," "the Classification of Languages," "the Indo-European Languages," and on "the Primeval Literature of the East," embody the very essence of learned literaries and long scientific research brought into tolerable space and made easy of access to all readers. They involve matters of profound religious interest, especially to the readers of the Old Testament, and would be of much value to clergymen. The three great families of languages unresolvable into each other are described, their structure, genius, and capabilities, and their course over the surface of the earth.

The second course of the lectures is on the "Life of Greece,"

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describing not only Hellenic culture in general, but social, rural, and domestic life, roads, houses, furniture, marriage, occupations, food, feasts, dress, manufactures, trade, manners, medical profession, education, religion, divination, oracles, temples, funerals, philosophies, ideas of immortality, government, amusements, — thus introducing the reader to the homes and every-day habits of these people, who seem specially to have been called to furnish the world with the highest models of intellectual taste and beauty.

The third course is on "the Constitutions and Orators of Greece," beginning with the heroic age and ending with Demosthenes, with whom the star of Athens went down forever. In this course Mr. Felton discusses slavery and that event so big with lessons for all future time, — the Peloponessian war.

The fourth and last course is on "Modern Greece," involving themes fraught now with painful and living interest. The Greek Church, the rise of the Byzantine Empire, the Turkish conquest, the character of the Turk and of the modern Greek, the Greek revolution, the modern Greek language, literature, and institutions, — all come under review.

We do not know of any work lately published which furnishes a more delightful banquet than these volumes. They will be such to any readers of taste and culture; they will be specially so to classical readers or to those fresh from the pages of Grote or Thirlwell.

S.

Sermons, by ALEXANDER HAMILTON VINTON, Rector of St. Mark's Church, New York. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co., Church Publishers, 1867.

This preacher does not soar very high, nor yet does he go far down into the depths; and he is, in our judgment, an extreme literalist almost killed sometimes by the letter; but for those who keep along the ordinary levels of Christian life, the sermons will have a value, perplexing no one with any obscurities, edifying not a few. For ourselves, we can do better to read the old divines, who seem to be quite as familiar (Dr. South is far more so) with modern learning as Dr. Vinton, and are more thoroughly and heartily imbued with the spirit of the Christian Tradition.

E.

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Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame Recamier. Translated from the French, and edited by Isaphene M. Luyster. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1867.

An admirable photograph of one of the most fascinating women of modern times, and of a significant period of modern French life. It interests us, as in other ways, so especially because it forcibly illustrates the sore need in which fashionable trifling stands of Christian redemption, and emphasizes the necessity of raising what is called the standard of the age and country to the standard of Christ. The Introduction, by Miss Luyster, is by no means the least interesting part of this attractive book. E.

History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M. A., Late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. IX. and X., being third and fourth volumes of the Reign of Elizabeth. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867.

The many American readers who have followed Froude in his spirited narrative will welcome with great satisfaction these fresh volumes. As we have turned over the pages, our attention has been especially drawn to the historian's sketches of the religious times, and every descendant of the Puritans might well thank him for his deserved tribute to the services which were rendered by those noble Englishmen in staying the reactionary movement that threatened to carry England back into the Romish Church. We beg leave to refer the reader to our Random Readings for a very interesting extract from the tenth volume. It reveals the historian as a professor of a real, and therefore practical, and therefore simple Christianity. The paper, type, binding of these volumes deserve, as heretofore, the heartiest commendation.

An Oration delivered at Bolton, Mass., Dec. 20, 1866, at the dedication of the Tablets in the Town Hall to commemorate the deceased volunteers of the town in the war of the Great Rebellion, by Dr. Geo. B. Loring, of Salem, together with an appendix containing the other exercises of the occasion. Clinton: Office of the "Clinton Courant."

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Lectures on the Nature of Spirit and of Man as a Spiritual Being. By CHAUNCY GILES, minister of the New Jerusalem Church, published by the General Convention.

Here are nine lectures, whose titles we give: The Nature of Spirit and the Spiritual World, Man essentially a Spiritual Being, The Death of Man, The Resurrection of Man, Man in the World of Spirits, The Judgment of Man, Man's Preparation for the Final Home, The State of Man in Hell, Man in Heaven. An appendix is added, which tries to show that the Lord's resurrection body was not material. All these subjects are treated with great fulness and clearness in Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell" noticed in our last issue, and in a form which we think Mr. Giles no way improves upon. But he is one of the best writers on Swedenborgianism, and his book will be a useful one to those who prefer Swedenborg diluted. We think Mr. Giles, though a pleasing writer, sometimes faulty in his exegesis. In the awfully graphic declaration in John v. 28, 29, "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming," Mr. Giles says, "those who are in their graves" are the same as the dead of the preceding verse "who hear the voice of the Son of God," thus making both verses alike describe a spiritual not a literal resurrection. A spiritual resurrection is a resurrection to spiritual life, and Mr. Giles does not seem to see the solecism involved in making a resurrection to spiritual life "a resurrection of damnation."

In showing that Christ did not rise in the material body, Mr. Giles, of course, encounters some hard difficulties, especially in expounding the last chapter of John. The scene on the Lake of Galilee, where Jesus, after his resurrection, ate bread and fish with his disciples, Mr. Giles thinks was in the spiritual world. But the fish were those which had just been caught by the disciples in the Lake of Genessaret, for Jesus says, "Bring of the fish which ye have now caught." Were the fishing and the lake and the great draught of fishes caught also in the spiritual world? Such forced interpretations to meet the necessities of a theory seem to us an unwarrantable handling of the Word of God. S.

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Annual Report of the School Committee of the City of Boston, published March, 1867.

This document is drawn up by Rev. R. C. Waterston, and if it came before the public not as a "Report," but under some title which indicated the affluence and value of its contents, it could not fail of being read with great avidity. As it is, our readers may be assured that if they wish to know not only of the gradual rise and expansion of our own school system, but how we compare with other nations and States who are in the van of improvement,— what is doing in Holland, in Italy, in France, in England (who lags shamefully), and in our Western States for the cause of human enlightenment, he will find the information here richly provided. Mr. Waterston travelled through Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, to learn the condition and workings of the school system in those States, and gives the information which he gathered in an exceedingly interesting narrative. Michigan bears away the palm and even flings dear old Massachusetts into the shade. The Report makes 118 pages of valuable and very readable matter, much of it not of local but general interest. S.

The Christian Hymnal, hymns with tunes for the service of the Church, compiled and edited by Rev. Frank Sewall.

Here are 208 hymns set to music. The theology is New Church. The selections are exceedingly wanting in range, being mostly hymns of praise, glorification, and consolation, with hardly any recognition of the great duties of human brotherhood. There is a small proportion of first-class hymns and a great many which have no poetical merit, and are only pious sentiment versified. Some of the best hymns, long embalmed in the dearest affections of Christian worshippers and which it is sacrilege to tamper with, are altered for the worse. "All hail the power of Jesus' name" is changed to "All hail the great Immanuel's name." Addison's hymn "When all thy mercies, O my God" becomes "When all thy mercies, gracious Lord." There is no excuse for such mutilation, as the sentiment, the doctrine, or the rhythm are in no wise improved. S.

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Back-bone — photographed from "the Scalpel." By EDWARD H. DIXON, M. D. New York: Robert M. De Witt.

This book embodies the experience of a New York physician. It is amusing and instructive, tragic, comic, and scientific; abounds in great variety of incidents written in off-hand style, free and easy, and sometimes a little rowdyish. It gives the various aspects of human life as they are presented to a practising physician in all stations, high and low, with many excellent lessons and many truths useful to suffering humanity. S.

The Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1866–7. Two years in one is published in Boston by Messrs. GOULD & LINCOLN, 59 Washington Street, and it is all that the title-page, with its enumeration of Arts, Sciences, Philosophies, Knowledges of various kinds, asserts it to be. We know of no way in which one can get so good an idea of the Progress of Civilization in the things of this present life as by studying this volume; indeed, the unscientific reader could not inform himself in this direction in any other way. The compiler, knowing what he is looking for, can find it, and we gladly and profitably enter into his labors. E.

History of Ancient Christianity. In Three Volumes. Vol. I. From the birth of Christ to the Reign of Constantine, A. D. 1–311. Vols. II. and III. From Constantine the Great to Gregory the Great, A. D. 311–360. New York: Charles Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, 1867.

Dr. Schaff has completed his plan as originally laid out, and prepared, with the help of his translator, Dr. Yeomans, a very valuable compend of Ecclesiastical History, catholic without indifference, and concise without being dry. We have read a large number of the pages, especially those upon the Trinitarian Controversy, and have been much impressed with the clearness and fairness of statement. For many purposes, whether of the divinity school or of the parish, these volumes are superior to any of the Church Histories that have thus far been within the reach of readers of English, and will put the student of Christian Life in its many phases in possession of the leading facts and most significant thoughts which have signalled these latter days as days of the Lord. The volumes are printed in clear type and upon excellent paper. E.

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JUNE, 1867.

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REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

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THE

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVII. JUNE, 1867. No. 6.

THE ASPECTS AND PROSPECTS OF UNITARIANISM.

BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

THE American Unitarians have had about fifty years of denominational existence. They date from about 1815. Individuals before that time are known to have held their theological opinions; some ministers preached them from their pulpits, and some of their congregations responded to them; but as yet Unitarians were massed with the community of Christian believers, most of them under the general name of Congregationalists, and there was no distinct and separating ecclesiastical line. There had long been three different phases of opinion, known as high Calvinist, moderate Calvinist, and Arminian, shading off into each other, but they existed within the same denomination without any rupture of Christian fellowship. To use the cant phraseology of the day, it was New England Congregationalism with its centre and right and left wings. The left wing finally split off and formed a new denomination, or, to change the figure, Arminianism ripened into Unitarianism.

What were the reasons of separation, and what was the central and animating principle with which the new denomination started on its career, are questions of commanding interest at the present time. Every denomination has its traditions, and if they be worthy ones and instinct with the

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inspiration of God, it has a glorious past behind, urging it on with cumulative power and breathing upon it with all the ancestral fires. The day when it proves false to these traditions breaks the line of historic continuity, makes it apostate to its own truth, and either changes its character altogether or brings its organic existence to a close.

What, then, was the issue which Unitarianism made with the old orthodoxy? and what was the grand and vital truth which it seized upon to herald anew, and which gave it a right to exist and have a place in history? We have been told of late that its fundamental principle was to abolish all articles of faith. It was to do away with creeds and get on without them; and this is what is meant by Liberal Christianity. Creeds, CREDENDA, are things to be believed. One must have strange notions of the dignity and sagacity of a class of men who should undertake, by associated action, to do the highest work that is done in this world; namely, to Christianize and save it, and yet who start without anything to be believed. A mob which is an accidental agglomeration of bodies, without any common and unitizing soul, might come together without anything to be believed; but we question whether any class of human beings, not bereft of ordinary sense, would undertake to form a church, or an association of churches, to do their work in such a world as this without any such bond of union to give them concentration and energy.

The fathers of Unitarianism were guilty of no such wretched fatuity, and if they had been, their congregations would have crumbled before their eyes. The principle which they enunciated and emphasized and held aloft as the shining badge of the new denomination was this: No *human* creeds, because we have a better one, even a DIVINE CREED, in the sacred Scriptures; no human masters in the Church, because we have ONE MASTER, EVEN CHRIST. This we affirm, and shall easily show, was the position of Unitarians, and this made them distinctively a denomination. So far from undervaluing creeds or undertaking to abolish them, no class of

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persons ever lived who made them of such supreme authority, and who insisted so earnestly that all contrivances which obscure their glory should be kept out of the way. They claimed that Unitarianism was the only consistent Protestantism. For Protestantism appealed to the Bible, instead of the Pope and his councils; and while the other sects pretended to do this, they at the same time made human *interpretations* of the Bible the conditions of membership, instead of leaving the disciple alone with his Divine Master and the Word of God. The distinction, they said, between a sect and a true catholic church is, that the sect has taken some human leader — Calvin or Luther or Wesley, for instance — and made his notions a finality, hence can have no future and receive no new truth out of the Word of God; whereas a church gathers itself around Christ alone, and receives truth at first hand from the living fountain itself. Therefore, said they, we are not a sect cut off from Christendom, but the inheritors of all the Christian ages.

That this was the broad and solid ground on which Unitarianism undertook to build and find a place in history, we proceed to show from three sources of evidence, — the covenants of the churches respectively, the constitution and publications of the first body which aimed at associated church action, the American Unitarian Association, and the declarations of men who had the best right to represent the denomination, and who most completely impersonated its idea.

I. We might fill pages of extracts from the covenants of the liberal churches. The first church which became publicly and distinctively Unitarian was that of King's Chapel, under the ministry of Dr. Freeman, whom Dr. Greenwood calls "the father of Unitarian Christianity in this country." This was in 1785. The proprietors, by a vote of twenty to seven, made alterations which involved the omission of the doctrine of the Trinity. Why? Because they were moved thereto "by the aid and influence of the Word of God." "Here," says Dr. Greenwood, "was a most auspicious and happy revolution, — an auspicious turning from the dominion of

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creeds and phrases of men's device to *the easy yoke and authority* OF SIMPLE SCRIPTURE." *

The churches in Boston and the neighboring towns known as "liberal" gradually followed, and uniformly through the same process. It was turning from "the dominion of creeds and phrases of men's device" because they are obscurations of the one Divine Creed which has a right to shine through them and clear them out of the way. It was not so much a rejection of the Trinity and its kindred dogmas as a rejection of the process through which those dogmas were formed and entailed upon the churches. Leave the Word of God free to private interpretation, said they, and it will be powerful to quicken the soul and draw it up into the divine illumination, and the human dogmas will drop away of themselves.

The covenants of several of these churches are lying before us, and their substance is uniformly the same, with little variation of phraseology. Says one of them, "You who now present yourself to be received into this Christian church do, in this public and solemn manner, acknowledge the divine *authority and sufficiency of the sacred Scriptures*, and profess your faith in Jesus Christ as the true Messiah, the Son of God and the Saviour of men." Says another, "*Possessing a serious and hearty belief in the Scriptures*, you do now, in an everlasting covenant, give yourself to God in Jesus Christ. You humbly ask of God the pardon of all your sins through Jesus Christ, and with all your heart you desire to accept him, your Redeemer and Saviour, as he is offered to you in the gospel." Says another, "You believe that *the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament* contain a revelation of the will of God and of what we are to believe and do to obtain remission of sins, acceptance with God, and eternal salvation. You resolve and promise, by God's grace assisting you, to search and conform to this revealed Word in heart and life as the rule of your faith and practice." Says another, "You present yourself here wishing to profess your

* History of King's Chapel.

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faith in Jesus Christ the Son of God. Humbly asking of God the forgiveness of all your sins, and relying on the assistance of his Holy Spirit, it is your heart's desire and earnest purpose to become *a faithful disciple of our Lord and Saviour.*" And so on to the end. We have never known of a single one of those churches which inaugurated the liberal movement and reform which did not place itself on the same foundation.

But there are two churches from whose covenants we will quote more largely, because, from their position, from the impulse which they gave to the Unitarian movement, and the fulness with which their pastors embodied its spirit and power, they have a right, if any have, to represent the very *animus* of what we call Liberal Christianity. The first we shall quote from is the covenant of the Harvard Church, Charlestown, long under the pastorate of Dr. Walker.

"In the presence of God and before these witnesses, you offer yourself for admission to this Christian church. You regard this transaction as a profession of belief in the living and true God, — a testimony of your faith in Jesus Christ, and an acknowledgment of *the sacred Scriptures as containing the only perfect rule of faith and practice.* You design to commemorate the Author and Finisher of our faith in the manner appropriate for his Church, as one whom the Father hath sanctified and sent into the world to be our Teacher, Example, and Lord; as having died for our sins, and risen again, and as being now exalted to be an advocate with the Father, to raise the dead and judge the world."

We next quote the "Confession of Faith," used by the Federal, now Arlington Street Church, the same which the members of that church assented to as read from the saintly lips of Dr. Channing.

"In the presence of God and this church, you confess your belief in the only living and true God, and you desire to live according to his will. You believe that THE SCRIPTURES of the Old and New Testament contain the records of God's revelations to mankind, and afford *the only perfect rule of*

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faith and practice. You believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, as he is revealed in the Scriptures; that he came into the world to be our TEACHER, SAVIOUR, AND LORD; that he died for our sins and rose again, and that he is now exalted at God's right hand, to be our Mediator and Judge. Acknowledging with sorrow that you have sinned, and relying on the assistance of God's Spirit, do you now resolve to obey the precepts, and to follow the example of Jesus Christ, hoping through him to obtain the forgiveness of sins and life everlasting?"

What becomes of the assertion that Dr. Channing repudiated articles of faith, and that Unitarianism started in the world without any creed?

II. The Unitarian controversy broke out in 1815, and continued in its warmth and vigor till 1825. It continued after that date, but the great battle was fought during those ten earnest years. It was opened on the orthodox side by "The Panoplist," the polemic organ of Calvinism in those times. It was charged that the Unitarians were guilty of concealment and duplicity; that whereas they used Scripture phraseology, and talked reverently of Christ, they were secretly undermining the authority of both, and letting down the churches to the level of mere natural religion. They were "deists in disguise." These charges the Unitarians repelled as cruel slanders. Dr. Channing undertook to refute them in a strain of indignant eloquence. The controversy was ably conducted. Doctors S. Worcester, Wood, and Moses Stuart being conspicuous on one side; and Doctors Channing, Ware, Noah Worcester, and Andrews Norton on the other. On both sides the appeal was to Scripture as the supreme authority, in conformity with the covenants of the churches.

The inevitable result was separation, and in 1825 the American Unitarian Association was formed, whose object was to draw together for sympathy and co-operation the churches thus sundered from the old Congregational body, and thus give to Unitarianism a conscious denominational ex-

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istence. Besides mutual support and sympathy, it proposed missionary work, — the diffusion of "pure Christianity." For this they appealed to the churches for funds. What they regarded as pure Christianity, they took pains to inform the religious public without reserve. What they were to do with the contributions received from the churches and from benevolent donors, they made abundant and reiterated pledges. What Unitarians believed and were going to spread through the world, they took pains to publish, holding up their articles of faith in the face and eyes of the orthodox public, saying to them in substance, — It shall be your fault, not ours, if we are misunderstood. If you charge us with deism, or with setting aside the authority of Christ and his word, you shall do it falsely, and sin against light and knowledge.

To give these statements and constant restatements of the Unitarian faith made by the American Unitarian Association, would not be to write an article, but compile a volume. They are specially full and explicit on the point whereon the orthodox party had charged Unitarians with a relapse into deism, or mere natural religion. In a tract of the Association which passed through twelve editions, and we know not how many more, on some of the "distinguishing opinions" of the denomination, we have this statement put conspicuously at the head.

"We regard the Scriptures as the records of God's successive revelations to mankind, and particularly of the last and most perfect revelation of his will by Jesus Christ. *Whatever doctrines seem to us to be clearly taught in the Scriptures, we receive without reserve or exception.* We do not, however, attach equal importance to all the books in this collection. Our religion, we believe, lies chiefly in the New Testament. The dispensation of Moses, compared with that of Jesus, we consider as adapted to the childhood of the human race, a preparation for a nobler system, and chiefly useful now as serving to confirm and illustrate the Christian Scriptures. *Jesus Christ is the only Master of Christians, and whatever he taught,*

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either during his personal ministry or by his inspired apostles, we regard as of divine authority, and profess to make the rule of our lives." *

But the Association did not rest in mere statement. It sent out tracts to the churches, designed to make these statements good by showing the ground of them. Two tracts are lying before us, admirably and ably written, on the origin, peculiarities, and transmission of the Gospel narratives, in which the argument is clearly and concisely put in favor of their authenticity and genuineness. This is done to meet "the flippant objections of infidelity." Having shown that "the essential gospel has been, like Jesus himself, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," the tract sums up the auspicious result of the argument:—

"Thus has the past ever been safe. Thus, too, is the future secure. Amid all the revolutions and vicissitudes of earth, the gospel will still be accomplishing the thing wherefor it was sent, and no one can turn it aside from its silent and steadfast way. The assaults of its enemies are in vain. The gates of death shall not prevail against it. The mouldering fingers of time, that efface everything else, shall not destroy this. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the *word of the Lord* abideth forever."†

We make one more citation. Steadily, and over and over repelling the orthodox allegation that Unitarians are not Christians, the Association proclaims in its tracts their claim to the title and the grounds of it. They state what it is to be a Christian as they understand it. To be a Christian, not merely in the general sense of not being a pagan is thus defined:—

"*Every man who believes the Scriptures is a Christian*, in opposition to a deist or infidel, who does not believe the Scriptures."

This, however, is not the "special and saving sense of the word," which is declared to be the same as "a disciple of Jesus Christ."

* Tract, No. 108, 1st Series. † Tract Nos. 254 and 256 1st Series.

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"To be a disciple of Jesus Christ, two things are necessary, — to receive him as an instructor and to obey him as a master. To receive Christ as an instructor, to regard him as the teacher of our souls, at whose feet we are ready to sit as humble and docile pupils, and receive without question whatever he may communicate respecting God and his character and purposes. He that is thus eager and willing to learn of Jesus as God's appointed teacher, or, which is the same thing, to take his religion from the New Testament, is so far Christian. And he has a perfect claim to the title when he carries into practical effect those instructions, and faithfully conforms himself to them in heart, disposition, and conduct. This faith in him as a Divine Teacher, and obedience to him as a Saviour, constitute a Christian." Farther on, and with more detail: "Conscious of his own insufficiency, he casts himself upon the Scriptures in all his anxieties about religion and his soul, *acknowledging no other rule for his faith, and no other guide to his conduct.*" *

As if these proclamations by its tracts were not enough, and to give double assurance to the churches, the Association, at one of its annual meetings, passed the following vote, without a dissenting voice: —

RESOLVED, THAT THE DIVINE AUTHORITY OF THE GOSPEL, AS FOUNDED ON A SPECIAL AND MIRACULOUS INTERPOSITION OF GOD FOR THE RELIEF AND INSTRUCTION OF MANKIND, IS THE BASIS OF THE ACTION OF THIS ASSOCIATION.

For forty years, the Unitarian Association had been making these proclamations of the liberal faith. Other articles of course were added, but these were always foremost. On such grounds the appeal was made to the churches, on such grounds their confidence was claimed and won, on such grounds their contributions were received for missionary purposes, and by these protestations they undertook to silence the charges of orthodoxy and spike its guns.

* Tract on "The Christian Name, Character, and Hopes." See works of H. Ware, Jr., vol. ii. pp. 254, 257.

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III. So much for the Divine Creed of the liberal churches, whether in their separate or associated and denominational existence. The opinions of the leading minds of Liberal Christianity, those who shaped it and toned it as one of the forces of the age, are also to the same purpose. We have left ourselves small space in which to cite them, but there are three which we must not omit entirely. Unitarianism, says the younger Ware, as he understands it, is the most consistent adherence to the sublime principles of the Reformation in that it has "thrown away every creed but the Bible, and unseated every judge but Christ." All the more unreservedly are these two articles of belief restored to their rightful and sole supremacy. Having shown that Christ is the Head of the spiritual dispensation which God has set over us, he goes on to say, "Then it follows that in all questions of religious truth we are to be implicitly guided by his word, all that is said by himself and his apostles respecting 'the power that was given him' 'the wisdom of God that was upon him' 'the spirit imparted to him without measure,' — all implies that he speaks from the divine fulness with an authority from which there is no appeal." And so on through a dozen pages.

Twenty-five years ago, and a little more, a volume written by Dr. Dewey was published and circulated, whose object was to inform the world as to what Unitarians believe. Of course it spoke with no other authority than that which the commanding position of its author gave to it, holding, as he did, the universal confidence of the denomination. The statements already given in the covenants of the churches and the tracts of the Association are reiterated and put foremost. Disclaiming for Unitarians any belief in mere verbal inspiration, or dictation, it goes on to affirm a higher one. "Enough it is for us that the matter is divine, the doctrines true, the history authentic, the miracles real, the promises glorious, the threatenings fearful. Enough that all is gloriously and fearfully true, — true to the divine will, true to human nature, true to its wants, anxieties, sorrows, sins, and solemn destinies.

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Enough that the seal of a divine and miraculous communication is set upon the Holy Book." *

Dr. Channing is so full on these two topics — the authority of Scripture and the Divinity of Christ — that Rev. Frederick Robertson, a Trinitarian, recommends his friends to read Channing for higher and more inspiring views of their Saviour. He warred with human creeds, and would have them swept away because they came between the soul and its Divine Master, and obscured his glory. "My first objection to them is that they separate us from Jesus Christ. To whom am I to go for my knowledge of the Christian religion but to the Great Teacher, to the Son of God, to him in whom the fulness of the Divinity dwelt? This is my great privilege as a Christian, that I may sit not at the feet of a human, but a Divine Master; that I may repair to him in whom truth lived and spoke without a mixture of error, who was eminently the Wisdom of God and the Light of the world. And shall man dare to interpose between me and my heavenly guide and Saviour and prescribe to me the articles of my Christian faith?"

"I cannot but look upon human creeds with feelings approaching contempt. When I bring them into contrast with the New Testament, into what insignificance do they sink! What are they? Skeletons, freezing abstractions, metaphysical expressions of unintelligible dogmas, and these I am to regard as the expositions of the fresh, living, infinite truth which came from Jesus!"†

The same views are set forth, and with the same burning eloquence, in his great sermons on the Evidences of Christianity and on the Character and Love of Christ.

Such were the constitutions and traditions of the liberal churches, such were the protestations and pledges of Unitarianism when, in April, 1865, a National Convention was called to meet at New York.

* Discourses and Discussions in Explanation and Defence of Unitarianism, p. 18.

† Works, vol. ii. pp. 291, 293.

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It is important here to observe that the Convention was called by a committee of the American Unitarian Association, the identical body which for forty years had been making these pledges and protestations. The circular was sent to the identical churches whose covenants we have extracted from, and who were generally presumed to stand on the two articles of faith which were declared to be fundamental; and which were, in the words of their own tract, twelve times repeated and penned by Channing himself, — "Jesus Christ the only Master of Christians" and his teaching "of divine authority and the rule of our lives."

There was no want of explicitness in the circular call of the Convention. Its purposes were stated, and among them was the more generous support of our "Missionary Societies" and "pioneer churches," or again "the urgent and speedy presentation of *our Christian views*," — views which we have just seen had been reiterated in the dull ear of the public for forty years.

About two thirds of the liberal churches responded to the call. The Convention met. Before proceeding to adopt a constitution, and before organizing as a National Conference, it passed a vote that "all resolutions and declarations of this *Convention* are expressions only of its majority, committing in no degree those who object to them," — a vote hardly necessary, but whose effect was, that when the constitution was adopted for final action, those who could not act under it remained independent of it, outside of it, and uncompromised by it.

A constitution was reported and adopted, and a National Conference thereby formed of such as chose to act under it. Its preamble defines the general purpose of the Conference: "Whereas the great opportunities and demands for Christian labor and consecration at this time increase our sense of the obligations of all disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ to prove their faith by self-denial and by the devotion of their lives and possessions to the service of God and the building up of the kingdom of his Son."

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It will be seen that this preamble asserts in a very mild way the *Credenda* which the Unitarian churches had always embodied in their covenants, which the Unitarian Association had put forth in its tracts again and again, — saying in substance, "Here is what we believe; why will you not take us at our word?" — and which the leading men of the denomination had assured the public were the "distinguishing opinions," the very fundamentals of Unitarianism, indignantly remonstrating with the orthodox for denying the fact and charging them therefor with bearing false witness against their neighbors.

Of course there were and are men who reject these articles of faith. It has been so for eighteen hundred years, and probably will be so as much longer. There are men who believe the New Testament not a rule of faith and practice, but a collection for the most part of spurious documents, and that no such Christ as they envisage to us ever existed. Jesus never taught such things as some of them ascribe to him, though he really did teach, says Theodore Parker, very false and "ghastly doctrine." "The Bible does not know that Infinite God, who is immanent in the world of matter and man." Again it is said the factitious Christ which it offers is a "pretender," or yet again the supposed Christ of John's Gospel is "a knave or a fool." * Or again, the Lord and Saviour of the preamble is a "Fetish," it brings in "idol worship," it is a "Shibboleth," it is "adopting a creed," it is illiberal," it is infringing "the rights of minorities," and so on and so on.

That there should be found men enough to talk in this style, who are not familiar with the history and professions of the denomination, is not surprising. That men should be influenced by such talk, who are thus familiar, or ought to be, is surprising indeed. At the very time when this preamble was adopted strong efforts were making to raise one hundred thousand dollars for educational and missionary purposes. Dr. Stebbins was the agent, known to be in full sympathy

* See the last Leben Jesu of Strauss, p. 201.

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with the beliefs of the denomination as we have cited them, for that very reason inspiring confidence and drawing golden streams into its treasury. Suppose the Conference or the Association to use its funds in giving circulation to such opinions as we have just sketched, what would be the answer dictated by a clear and sound moral sense? Plainly it would be this: Liberality is a very good thing, properly understood, but liberality with other people's goods is an exploit which the dictionaries describe under a less euphonious name. Liberality is a good thing, but MORAL HONESTY, on the whole, is the best thing we have upon this earth. You have been telling us these forty years that you are disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ and that his gospel is the rule of life; you have been scolding orthodoxy for not believing you, and you have won our means and confidence because we *did* believe you; now you propose to use our contributions to show that this Christ was a pretender, that our church covenants install a Fetish, and that Unitarianism, for half a century, has been idol-worship. You not only stamp falsehood on the tracts you have been sending out as "our faith," but you put orthodoxy in the right in charging the denomination with concealed deism and naturalism, and you show that the denial of this from the lips of your Wares, Deweys, and Channings, was false and deceptive.

Plainly, to adopt the preamble and act according to it is simply doing what the churches separate and associate have been doing from the beginning. To adopt the preamble and *not* act according to it, to put forward as the purpose of the Conference the preaching of Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour, and then send out men to teach that he is a pretender and his accredited gospel a fiction or a forgery, would be a transaction which, anywhere else than on the ecclesiastical exchange, would look very much like a fraud.

But then "the sacredness of individual liberty and the rights of conscience!" Among all the changes which have been harped upon this string, strange that it never occurs to the harpers that others have rights and liberties as well as

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themselves, and that among the most sacred and inviolable are those of associating for the dissemination of views which are deemed of vital importance for the welfare and happiness of mankind. If one Church, like Dr. Channing's, can unite together under Christ as "Teacher, Saviour, and Lord," so can twenty, or three hundred; and to say they must not do it because Mr. Such-an-one thinks the Christ of the New Testament a pretender or a sinner, and therefore *he* cannot join such a Church, is to say that the dearest rights of conscience are not only subject to the veto of any individual in the community, but of any lunatic escaped from custody. Those who complain of the exercise of this right in others, are the first to claim it for themselves; and Dr. Channing, if alive, would be foremost in sustaining them, as he did sustain Mr. Abner Kneeland, insisting that atheists should be left free and unmolested to preach and publish atheism in their own place, and in their own way, and to their hearts' content. But if told that his love of Christ as Teacher, Lord, and Saviour — a love which had kindled his spirit into its most heavenly glow — was inspired by a Jewish pretender, and that the covenant of his Church "installed a Fetish," we do not think that Dr. Channing would have given up his "confession of faith" from arguments of this sort, though we can well imagine with what consuming eloquence he would have swept them out of his sight.

But then we must try "to keep the body together." Would it not be a nobler ambition to keep the soul in it, knowing that the body is not worth caring for after the soul has gone out of it? It would be vastly interesting to see the *modus operandi* of this new way of keeping the body together by antagonizing its vital elements. Let us see how. We send out, let us suppose, two missionaries. One goes from the Arlington Street Church with the spirit of Channing upon him, preaching Christ as his Lord and Saviour and his word as the rule of faith and life. He founds a church in some new and growing city. Another goes out and founds a church in the same city, who thinks Jesus a Jew who taught

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false and ghastly doctrine, or who sought worldly empire, and only gave up his selfish will when he came to grief and repentance in Gethsemane. They exchange pulpits. They are honest and outspoken men, and preach what they think. The same congregation find themselves disciples of Christ one Sunday, and Fetish-worshippers the next. What lovely fellowship these "pioneer churches" must have! They establish an "organ" to disseminate "our views" among the benighted population. The benighted population open it and read. On the first page they find a "statement of our faith" extracted from a tract which the American Unitarian Association have put through twelve editions, specially to refute orthodox slanders, and which says, "Jesus Christ is the only Master of Christians," and we regard his word of "divine authority," and "profess to make it the rule of our lives." On the next page they read, "Jesus and his disciples lived under the shadow of the baneful Jewish opinion, that God was or would be exceptionally present with the Jews." On the next page is the Unitarian faith drawn up by Channing, sent out also through twelve editions, as "our views," "Whatever doctrines seem to us to be clearly taught in the Scriptures, we receive without reserve or exception." On the next page "our views" again, in the words of Theodore Parker, are put in to *complement* Dr. Channing, and make a perfect whole; thus: "Neither in the Old Testament nor in the New do we find the God of infinite perfection, infinite power, wisdom, justice, love; it is always a limited God, a Deity with imperfect wisdom, justice, love; God with a devil beside him; the created fiend getting the victory over the Creator."* How long would it take to enlighten those benighted pioneers after this fashion? How long would it take for the Unitarian tower to reach to heaven through such abject cobbling as this? We rather think the "body" would be "kept together" after a little while very much as the builders were kept together on the plains of Shinar.

What is to be the result? We observe that our orthodox

* Four Sermons to the Progressive Friends, p. 13.

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neighbors are expecting some signal break-up of the Unitarian denomination. Only those who do not understand its internal constitution, the independency of its churches, not only in name but in fact, will ever imagine that a schism in the ecclesiastical sense of the word is possible. There can be no breaking-up of the liberal churches, for the simple reason that there never has been, and never can be, any breaking-in. Schism is only possible where there has been an integration of parts. But the liberal churches are, severally, integers in themselves, each independent of the others as much as each is independent of its orthodox neighbor. One result, however, is possible, and would that we might have the wisdom and grace to see it. The whole machinery of the denomination, from the high-sounding "National" downward to the wheels within wheels, would stop to-morrow unless the churches supplied the streams that make up its water-power. And the streams will dry up just in the degree that distrust succeeds to warm and generous confidence. And distrust will succeed inevitably if professions held aloft for forty years, and held aloft now to the churches and the world in the preamble of the Constitution of the National Conference, are not faithfully regarded. Can any reasonable man suppose that churches, specimens of whose covenants we have given, such as we dare say are held by nine tenths of the denomination, and in the faith of which are garnered up their brightest hopes of immortality and their sweetest memories of a long line of sainted dead, will give money to get that faith banned as fetish-worship, and the object of the heart's deepest and tenderest love made a Jewish pretender?

Can any one imagine that an annual contribution of $60,000 or $100,000 is any indication of the ability or the will of the denomination inspired by confidence and an energizing faith? Methodism is poor in this world's goods compared with Unitarianism, and yet a single Methodist Church, last year, in the city of Boston, raised over $70,000, — more than all the three hundred Unitarian churches together. In Boston

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there are eleven orthodox churches and nineteen Unitarian. Those eleven orthodox churches, last year, raised easily, and as a matter of course, $107,000, — for charitable purposes. In the State of Connecticut there are 286 Orthodox Congregational churches. They raised last year, for benevolent operations, $257,000. In Massachusetts there are 383 churches. They raised last year beyond their home expenses but little short of $400,000. Two things the Unitarian denomination needs, and must have if its charities are to be large and flowing: First, CONFIDENCE that they will flow for Christ and his cause. Secondly, the INSPIRATION which breathes from a Divine Leader, who melts the heart and draws it to him in unreserved but delightful self-consecration and sacrifice.

But here, perhaps it will be said, the ground which the liberal churches first took has been found untenable, and must be abandoned. We must keep abreast of the age. Modern criticism has so damaged the old foundations that Liberal Christianity must seek surer ones or fall through and come to nothing.

The plain answer to this is: If we have found that what Unitarians had taken as their rule of faith is a spurious one; if the Christ whom they called Master turns out to be fabulous, and vanishes from history, — then the honest, manly thing to be done is to renounce Liberal Christianity, — to take a position outside of it, and storm it and batter it down, and clear it off as a cumberer of the ground, — to have done with Unitarianism as a bygone superstition, and not keep on speaking in its name.

It is worth while, however, to look one moment at these boasted achievements of modern criticism. How stands the fact? Summed up, it stands thus: About fifty years ago — just as the Unitarian controversy broke out — began in Germany what may be called the great debate of the century pertaining to the Christian records. At that time its twenty universities were in almost entire possession of the German naturalists; that is, those who believed that the New Testament and the Christ it offers are unhistoric. The churches

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were in a low, sleepy state, and nearly dead. Then came the revolutions of 1815 and onward, which shook the continent of Europe to its centre, — the terrible war-scenes, with the untold sufferings in domestic and social life, which our late struggle enables us to appreciate so keenly. At that time both the German heart and mind cried out more earnestly for a living God to lean upon, and German rationalism could not find him nor reveal him. Then followed the great debate and the re-examination of the foundations. In this debate German rationalism passed rapidly through three stages, in each of which it was driven from its former ground and renounced it. It became divided against itself, and at each new stage the progressive ones laughed its former theories to scorn. These three stages are represented by Paulus, who admitted the genuineness of the Gospels, but denied their authenticity; by Schleiermacher, who fell back upon consciousness, and made historic Christianity, whether true or false, of less account; and by Ferdinand Christian Baur, who denied both the genuineness and authenticity, and made the New Testament, for the most part, the fabrications of the second century. Baur's criticism and history alike are made in accommodation to the Hegelian philosophy, which, at least as he construed it, made a personal immortality, a personal Deity, and a personal Christ, like that of the New Testament, an utter impossibility. The philosophy which lay back of all his theories of criticism is already exploded in Germany, and is laughed at in turn by new theorizers as a bubble that is burst in air. In the progress of the debate, the scholarship of the age, the best and profoundest which any age has produced, settled down with heavier and heavier preponderance against the rationalists; their theories vanished one after another, and men's feet took hold of the foundations more firmly than ever. And now, at the end of the debate, those twenty German universities have all passed out of the hands of the rationalists, except three; namely, Jena, Heidelberg, and Zurich. In Tubingen, where Baur and Strauss and their followers once held sway, their philosophy and criticism are already things of the past, and Professor Beck, a strictly

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biblical divine, is now the ruling spirit of the place. Such is the verdict of modern learning after a new and unparalleled sifting of evidence. The verdict against the records, or against supernatural Christianity, is not given by the prevailing *scholarship* of the age; it is found at this hour among the godless masses of Germany, accompanied with ribald jests for the being of a God, or the notion of a future life, amid Sunday rollickings and potations of lager beer.

Let us simple ones understand, then, how much Liberal Christianity had better swerve from its course when we hear men hint mysteriously that modern discovery has damaged all the old foundations; that *they* could tell considerable, if it were worth while; that common people hold their faith through the reticence of the knowing ones; that science holds the balance between theism and atheism, and presently will inform an anxious and waiting world which side has kicked the beam.

Meanwhile, as the dust of the controversy clears off, the calm wisdom of Neander, who saw what the result must be, becomes apparent. No one went into the debate with a spirit more sweet and beautiful than his. To his name must be added a list long and illustrious, to enumerate which would be to suggest works of learning, the most profound and reverent, especially in the departments of Christian history and evidence. Never was it more signally shown how great is the service of doubt and denial, in rendering faith and affirmation clear, pronounced, and intelligent. Not only the sand was cleared away, disclosing the old foundations more deeply and broadly, but new facts were brought to light, and new fields discovered, running down like sunny glades through opening mist to the majestic personality which the Christian ages date from. The result is that no facts of equal antiquity, judged by the common rules of historical evidence, stand out in surer prominence than the fundamental facts of the New Testament narratives. No heights of history thus remote lie on the horizon in mellower sunlight or bolder and sharper outline.

Our theological discussions now, compared with the great

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debate in Europe, are but the feeble echo dying away in the distance, and it needs not much forecast to tell what the result must be.

The "Radicals," as they choose to be called, are, at least some of them, outspoken men. They spurn the bait thrown out to them to become part of a body whose prime article they reject. Mr. Weiss' letter resigning his place on the Executive Board of the American Unitarian Association is just and manly, and does him infinite credit. Under open colors and on its own ground, naturalism here, as elsewhere, may do a vast service both to the age and to the cause of truth. By a new examination of the whole structure, by knocking however fiercely at the foundations, all the false props will give way. Christianity will stand in its native strength and grandeur; naturalism will unfold all its capabilities by using only its unborrowed weapons. Every system will be tried on its own merits; the world can choose between them, and, at all events, will be the gainer.

Liberal Christianity started with a nobler and higher vantage ground than any sect ever occupied. All the advantages both of the conservative and the reformer, are centred around its position. All the past belongs to it, and all the future, if it chooses to command it. Its New England fathers perceived, what the whole Church sees clearly and more clearly, that they had got as yet but a little way within the bare letter of Christianity, with only gleams and openings towards its inexhaustible mines. Away with your human creeds, they said, that we may get nearer to the central light, life, and power of all the Divine Revelations, and drink fuller draughts of "the fresh, living, infinite truth that came from Jesus." Will the Unitarians abandon this high ground just as the sects are preparing to take it, just as their division lines are fading out and leaving them upon it? We do not believe it. But even so, another and an innumerable army of the living God will occupy the ground which has been abandoned in cowardice, will take up the golden shield which has been vilely cast away, and Liberal Christianity will still be omnipotent for the conquest of the world.

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"HE CARETH FOR US."

"He careth for us," — wondrous theme!
With tenderness divine and human;
Although almighty and supreme,
He loves with more than love of woman!

As one his mother comforts, He
More sweetly soothes us when we grieve.
Our burden and infirmity
He takes upon him to relieve.

He sticketh closer than a brother,
Whose friendship life nor death can part.
He loves us fonder than a mother,
And pities with a father's heart.

Yea, these relations here are given
His melting tenderness to prove;
And, from the pattern in the heaven,
Are made to copy forth his love.*

Oh, wondrous love! the heavenly span
Or ocean's fathomless profound,
Compared with love divine for man,
Lack height to scale, or depth to sound.

But what is man, that God should set
His heart upon him, and should come
Where, every morning, man is met,
And, every evening, makes his home?†

Man is a sinner; yet the more,
God's loving-kindness tenderly
Pleads, — with his pardon to restore, —
"Turn ye! oh, turn! why will ye die?"

* Hebrews viii. 5.

† Job vii. 17, 18.

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REV. I. N. TARBOX AND UNITARIANISM.

BY REV. E. H. SEARS, D. D.

REV. I. N. TARBOX is an orthodox clergyman who writes an article in "The New Englander" on "The Present Condition and prospects of Unitarianism." We are especially glad of any faithful and candid outside criticism upon Unitarianism, for though our position is *within* what is called Liberal Christianity, we are not there merely as Unitarians, but as disciples of the Lord Jesus, believing he has truth which none of us have learned out, and grateful to any one who will help us to its more perfect apprehension.

Mr. Tarbox fails, however, in any legitimate end for which such criticisms should be written. His article will not do the good to Unitarians which it might have done, because they will see at once that, while it contains some truth, it contains about four times as much error; and of course it will do the orthodox no good, for it will blind and mislead them.

First, he mistakes, as orthodoxy persistently does, the position of the liberal churches. He alludes to their want of uniformity of faith, and quotes the Bible to get language for a sneer. He ought to have known that these churches are severally and professedly independent, and that they are associated for quite other purposes than propagandism. One of the prime objects which drew them together denominationally was to protect the rights of opinion and the rights of conscience. A Christian society, holding just such views as Mr. Tarbox describes as good orthodoxy, might exist near two others, one of its neighbors holding sentiments like its own, but holding them in a narrow, bad spirit; the other holding a theology very unlike its own, but misrepresented, and assailed by a mean, jesuitical proselytism. And yet the aforesaid society might affiliate with the latter neighbor rather than the former, might even cherish and support a church of different faith, which was belied and persecuted, believing that the essence of the gospel is more in charity than in dog-

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ma, and that the virtues of veracity, candor, and brotherly love are prime essentials of the gospel message. What we have supposed is sometimes the case. There are liberal churches, we presume, which hold the doctrine of the atonement in a shape quite as orthodox as Mr. Tarbox has put it, and who would accept the confessions of faith of many good Trinitarian churches from which tripersonalism has disappeared, but who could not think of changing their ecclesiastical connection, because they place the Beatitudes first and theology afterward.

Mr. Tarbox's next mistake is in making "the radical wing" of the denomination its chief body and representative. According to him, there is only a Unitarian here and there who really quotes the Bible as authority, or accepts the Lordship of Jesus Christ. In this, however, Mr. Tarbox is hardly to blame. He shelters his statement under a most extravagant assertion of Dr. Bellows, that one-half of the denomination have gone over to Theodore Parker, and that "there is no place of safety in the Unitarian body for any Christian who is afraid of that fellowship." Mr. Tarbox ought to be informed that he could have quoted Dr. Bellows, also, for exactly the opposite sentiment, and that any "Christian" in "the Unitarian body," who should undertake to enforce the sentiment which he did quote, would soon find his own "place of safety" in manifest danger.* Both Mr. Tarbox and Dr. Bellows fall into the error of supposing that the numbers of men are to be estimated according to the noise they make; whereas, the noise even is made to conceal the paucity of numbers. Those who assault and try to pull down generally do it with a deal of hurrahing and swinging of caps; while those who feel secure in the enjoyment of a sufficing faith do not think it necessary to defend it all the while, much less to keep up a shout from the house-tops concerning it. Mr. Tarbox cites the vote at the Syracuse Convention, where the conservatives and radicals stood as two to one. He thinks this no indication of

* It is no disparagement to Dr. Bellows to say that the impulsive warmth and goodness of his heart betray him sometimes into inconsistencies of statement.

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the Radical strength, inasmuch as it was on the question "to take a clause out of the Constitution, which is quite a different thing from deciding not to put a given clause in." Why did he not have the candor to tell his readers that this very question about "putting the clause in," came up *de novo* the year before, when the vote, after full debate and deliberation, was nearly unanimous to put it in, and that it was only debated a second time out of tenderness to the rights of free discussion. They presented a "singular spectacle," to the orthodox, he says, debating such a question. Does he know what a "singular spectacle" certain others sometimes present to Unitarians when, by finesse and management, they choke off free debate, in order to present a fair outside to the world of unanimity and soundness of faith, knowing at the same time that this is convenient seeming, and that rank heresy lurks beneath it.

The third misstatement of Mr. Tarbox which is worth noticing relates to the spread of Unitarian views. On one page he describes sneeringly, the affiliation between Unitarians and Universalists, intimating, at the same time, that there is "no mighty difference between them," which being the case, one would suppose it to be very commendable and Christian in them to "consort lovingly" and not fight each other. On the very next page, the writer, with singular disingenuousness parades the small increase of the technically called Unitarian churches, as giving the whole amount of the increase of Unitarianism, making no account of the rapid spread of Universalism, and not even hinting at the existence of the Christian denomination holding the identical Unitarian views, — a denomination which has started up within the last forty years, and outnumbers the Unitarians probably three times over. But Mr. Tarbox was bent on making capital for his sect, and when once we undertake that business, we have parted with the "golden candor" which is the choice treasure of an ingenuous mind.

The small amount of ostensible Unitarian charities, in contrast with those of orthodoxy, is next the subject of Mr.

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Tarbox's banter and odious comparison. It seems that eleven orthodox churches in the city of Boston contributed last year, to various benevolent objects, over $107,000. This was done quietly, and as a thing of course. All the three hundred Unitarian churches together, with a great deal of parade and drumming up, did not much exceed $60,000. Mr. Tarbox is not to blame for the use he makes of these figures, as he could not be supposed to know just the state of the case. It should be known, however, that the funds of the American Unitarian Association are no sort of measure of Unitarian charities. We have already stated the reason of this. The Unitarian denomination exists for other reasons than sectarian propagandism; its churches are strictly independent; many of them have little or no sympathy with views which even the American Unitarian Association have patronized, or offer to diffuse, and they make their own separate channels for Christian liberality. We could name a single individual in one of the Unitarian churches, whose charities exceed $60,000 annually. We could name half a dozen individuals, we think, whose united charities annually exceed those of the whole eleven orthodox Boston churches put together. We could name churches which cherish independently and quietly their own objects of benevolence, but which do not appear on the records. Nay, we suspect Mr. Tarbox would find that the charities of some of the Trinitarian churches are swelled considerably from private Unitarian sources.

We must not omit the good points in Mr. Tarbox's criticism. He reads the Unitarians a wholesome lesson on what is called in the streets the game of brag, — "the constant proclamation of the immense range and sweep of Unitarian influence." Unfortunately, however, he blunts the point of his rebuke by playing the game himself, and doing exactly the same thing. We are sorry he should do this, for Unitarians need constantly to be reminded that big talk in conventions and invidious comparisons with other denominations are in very bad taste, and very inconsistent with the sweet

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spirit of discipleship, — and Mr. Tarbox might have done them good if his precept and example had agreed together.

But what should we say of a man who should go through the streets with solemn air, and whenever he met one paying his honest debts, or doing a deed of kindness, or trying to practise the virtues of life, should fling out to him, "Ah, he is trying to imitate *me!*" What if he should say generally to his neighbors, when they were behaving remarkably well, "Ah, you do those things because you see they look so handsome in *me*, though internally, I doubt not, you are a set of cheats and flunkies"! And yet this is precisely the sort of swell which Mr. Tarbox puts on in the name of his sect. When the Unitarians try to increase their charities, they are only imitating the orthodox. "When Aaron waved his potent rod, the magicians of Egypt did so with their enchantments." As this style of speech has become so chronic with some men, — Mr. Tarbox among them, — that they fall into it unconsciously when rebuking the spirit of boasting in others, we beg leave to ask him candidly, Is it not just conceivable that other people, as well as yours, can pray and do good and follow the Lord Jesus because they love his service, and love to commune with their God, and not because they are watching *your* attitudes, and trying to catch your tones of voice? Nay, is it not conceivable that those attitudes would appear much more lovely and worthy of imitation if they had in them a good deal more of the Publican and a good deal less of the Pharisee?

On another point Mr. Tarbox argues with great force and pungency, and he might have put this irresistibly, and have done the Unitarian denomination an excellent service, if he had been less partisan, and kept the truth always upon his side. By apt quotations, which he might have greatly extended, he shows the gulf of darkness into which Radicalism would let down the denomination, into what slough they are running by trying to adopt Theodore Parker, and claim his thunder as their own, — whom, by the way, they rejected while living, but build his sepulchre to appropriate his fame

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when dead. There is a lower deep even, which Mr. Tarbox has evidently not looked into, but which he would have seen, had his readings been more thorough and minute. He is much mistaken who imagines that the rejection of the Lordship of Jesus Christ, and bringing up at "pure theism," is the final goal. Mr. Tarbox's quotations are very choice and æsthetic, compared with others which he might make, and which would tell him a good deal better than his straws "which way the wind blows" in some quarters of the Unitarian Zion.

But we come to the last and best part of Mr. Tarbox's article. He thinks the disastrous results of radicalism are the legitimate and logical conclusions from the Unitarian premises. That slough of despond is where they all ought logically to be. The only way to keep out of it is to be orthodox, especially in the doctrine of the atonement. Without this, the relapse into mere naturalism is swift and easy. His words here are so significant that we must quote them entire.

"We wish now, in the concluding part of this article, to suggest that the present condition of Unitarianism is, in part at least, a logical conclusion from the premises. After all our wanderings through these labyrinths of error and darkness, we return, and find that we have a New Testament, which unfolds to us clearly a system of salvation, and the central idea of that system is, *an atonement for sin.* After all the early and later arguments and protests of our Unitarian friends, we really have no more doubt that this doctrine is there than that we have a New Testament. It stands out so plainly that it is hard to understand how any honest man, unless he have some peculiar obliquity of vision, should fail to see it. This atonement is not a commercial arrangement, — to buy off from punishment so many souls for so much suffering. It is not, in any proper sense, to appease the wrath of God, and reconcile him to the sinner; for 'God so loved the world,' antecedently, 'that he gave his only begotten Son' to work out this redemption. It is that God 'might be JUST, and the justifier of him which believeth in

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Jesus.' It is that the universal moral empire of God might receive no detriment while this process of free pardon for guilty sinners should be going on. It is that there should be no secret sliding away from that spotless purity which encircles the divine throne. It is not necessary that one should understand fully all the influences which go out from this arrangement to preserve order and holiness in the great world of intelligent being. God never asked Mr. Theodore Parker, or any other man, to tell exactly how this atonement by Christ would produce its effects in men here on the earth, or in uncounted spheres, and on the wider scale of eternity. Indeed, it would be a very cheap and small device in comparison with what it is, if we, who 'are of yesterday and know nothing,' could trace out the full sweep of its influence. What if the sun should not be allowed to shine until our radical friends had found out all the secrets of its light and heat, and compassed the outmost bounds of its beneficent agency! And what a petty object this glorious orb must have been, if it had been created small enough, and brought near enough, so that they could stand here on the earth and at one quick glance snatch all its mysteries!"

It will be seen that Mr. Tarbox here negatives those theories of the atonement which Unitarians reject, and that all which he affirms Unitarians generally receive, probably all of them who accept Christianity as supernaturally given. The extract shows that orthodoxy itself has obliterated its old lines of demarcation, and that the Christ of the New Testament is breaking upon it in warmer and diviner glory. We happen to have before us a statement of this very doctrine put forth in one of the Unitarian tracts, and it would require considerable hair-splitting to show wherein it differs from that of Mr. Tarbox. It negatives just what Mr. Tarbox has done, and then goes on to affirm what he does; thus: "We find in the Scriptures no distinct recognition of the doctrine as thus defined, and believe that the whole subject of an objective vicarious atonement belongs to that region of spiritual influence which, though intimately connected with our salvation, is

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wholly beyond our comprehension, and that as a specific doctrine it is no way important as an article of faith. Faith in Christ, that he has done all that was needed for our redemption; that, as our teacher, our example, our mediator, sacrifice, and intercessor, he has done all that can be done, apart from the voluntary offering of ourselves to him, and that we have only to give up ourselves to him with humble and obedient hearts in order to secure our salvation, is with us the faith in Christ, through which the saving efficacy of his grace may be wrought in us, and our calling and election made sure."

There are more causes of infidelity than Mr. Tarbox seems to be aware of. Besides irreverent and godless speculation, the natural mind swollen with conceit and pride, and therefore unconscious of its need of Christ, there is hard, conceited bigotry; religion run into dogmas which make belief a substitute for life, which make the salvation of the soul consistent with dishonest dealing, with crafty policy in making converts, with sour-faced censoriousness, with the uncharitableness which is swift to think and speak evil, with pharisaic intolerance of honest opinion, with a heart bent selfishly on its own salvation, but in which the milk of human kindness has dried up. Let religion present this aspect to men of the world, and they will identify Christianity with it, and reject them both. Infidelity will enlist in its cause the generous and magnanimous instincts of human nature. It has made more converts from this cause alone than from all the heresies put together. If orthodoxy wants to abolish Unitarianism, let it make Unitarianism no longer an historical necessity. Let it be itself a larger, truer, and better form of Christianity, more liberal in the highest sense, more warm with the love of man universal, more anxious to make men good and true than to make proselytes, more tender of the rights of honest opinion, more scrupulous in finding what is good in its neighbors' creeds and giving it frank and hearty acknowledgment, more swift in judging itself and more humble in its judgment of others, more quick to acknowledge that none of us have already attained nor are

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already perfect, and that the Christ, as he melts through the darkness of the ages and gathers his own nearer and yet nearer around his Divine Person, will probably show us how inadequate have been all our theologies, how vain and worthless much of our disputings about him, and how all the doctrines of his religion sublime and harmonize in a higher unity than we had ever known them. Let orthodoxy become *such* a "Liberal Christianity," and the one which now goes by that name will pale before it or be taken up and transfigured within it, even as a rushlight disappears before the glories of noonday.

"SPEAK, LORD! THY SERVANT HEARETH THEE."

When Samuel heard, in still midnight,
A voice amid God's presence bright,
He rose, and said, on bended knee,
"Speak, Lord! thy servant heareth thee."

E'en such a voice I, too, may hear,
E'en such a light my soul may cheer;
For wisdom's words by God were given,
And reason is a ray from heaven.

Then will I feed this sacred fire;
For wisdom's precepts still inquire!
Still pray, from pride and folly free,
"Speak! for thy servant heareth thee."

But not alone within his hall
Shall my hushed soul attend his call;
He whispers from the woods at noon,
And calls me forth beneath the moon.

His voice shall drown the hum of men,
And echo from the deep again;
Where'er he is, my prayer shall be,
"Speak, Lord! thy servant heareth thee."

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THE WORD BEFORE ALL THINGS.

Nor first the things which we behold,
Though they since time began,
E'en from Creation's dawn of old,
Have been beheld by man.

Not first the grove, the hill, the stream,
Though beauteous to the sight;
Nor first the sun's bright golden beam,
Nor stars with silvery light.

Nor first were beasts, nor creeping things,
Nor insects glittering strong,
Nor birds that soar on sun-bright wings,
And fill the groves with song.

But first the Word that gave them birth,
Eternal and divine;
That built the heavens and spread the earth,
And bade the sun to shine.

By it each thing that is was made,
Beast, insect, bird, and man;
Ere earth's foundations first were laid,
God saw the wondrous plan.

In it is light forever pure,
Brighter than man can see,
That must eternally endure,
When these shall cease to be.

Within the darkened human mind,
It shines, though dimmed its ray,
To lead the soul, which sin makes blind,
To realms of endless day,

Where fairer things, and more sublime,
That Word shall then reveal,
Which, now, the world of sense and time
Doth from man's sight conceal.

J. V.

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DREAMING AND WAKING.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

"FORGIVE me, Herbert," Mrs. Honeywell went on; "I have no more wish or intention to blame Alice than yourself can have. But one thing is evident, — she has made a serious mistake; and so, also, have you!"

"How, aunt? In our marriage?" and the poor man sank back into his chair, and all but groaned aloud.

"In your marriage? No, but in your views of life, and in your comparative disregard of the infinite importance of higher and juster views. For to what end were we placed in this world, and in the particular position which we hold in it? For our own ease and aggrandizement, or to benefit and help our kind? The latter, you will say; and I do not doubt that you feel it to be so, and are willing, personally, to take your share of discomfort and privation to that end. But, Herbert, shall I be plain with you and tell you wherein I think you have failed in duty, — failed through a mistaken idea of tenderness and consideration towards our poor, dear Alice, the child-wife whom you love so fondly that you have allowed her to come between you and duty and Heaven?"

Herbert bowed his head in a listening attitude; he could not speak just then.

"Alice came to you almost a child in Christian experience," began Mrs. Honeywell. "Her ignorance of the weakness of her own heart and of the peculiar temptations to which it would be exposed — temptations consequent upon so total and sudden an alteration in her whole life as coming to S—— involved — threw upon you a responsibility which I hoped, and was ready to believe, you understood and appreciated. You remember we had a conversation on this subject before Alice left H——. You best know how you have met that responsibility; but, dear Herbert, pardon me if I say that either your duty has been unfulfilled in a great measure, or Alice has proved herself so inapt a pupil that your efforts seem to have been nearly in vain, so far."

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Mrs. Honeywell paused a moment; but, as Herbert offered no reply, she went on, in plain yet affectionate words, seeking to convince her nephew wherein she thought that he, as well as Alice, had faltered in the path of duty, — laying before him the sin and the folly of weakly yielding to outside discouragements and annoyances arising from his occupancy of the station to which he had been so plainly called by Providence.

"Were your own heart," she said, in words whose plainness was tempered by the kind and feeling manner which accompanied them, — "were your own heart as deeply imbued as it should be with the spirit of self-sacrifice, would not Alice have caught the inspiration, and, in her zeal for helping you build up the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour among this people, would she not have been willing, for a time at least, to forego the pleasures of congenial society and the charms of cultivated social life, with so high, so noble an aim in view? Oh, Herbert! if we could but see these things as they really are, if our faith and self-devotion were but even like a grain of mustard-seed, how soon would these mountains of difficulty and discouragement vanish, these valleys of despondency and gloom be filled up, and a highway for our God be established, over which he should ride triumphing gloriously!" She spoke rapidly, her fine face lit up with the enthusiasm which her theme inspired; and Herbert instinctively — or rather by a subtle influence from the Spirit of all good accompanying her words and operating upon his own heart through them — caught her mood.

"Aunt, aunt!" he exclaimed, "I thank you, — oh, I thank you! You have given me a view of life and its responsibilities, and of my own duty in particular, which I never had before, Christian minister as I am. I see that I have erred greatly. Instead of raising Alice to those sublime heights to which it should have been my privilege to soar myself, I have weakly yielded to the temptations that assailed her, have made them, in fact, my own, and, for want of a resisting power, such as prayer and self-watchfulness might have af-

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forded me, have allowed my wings to trail in the dust, unwitting that her beautiful plumage, too, must be soiled by the contact, since she could but follow where I led. God give me grace to seek henceforth the highest and the best, to make his glory and the good of others my final and only end! And for Alice, — oh, aunt, if you would but be as faithful with her as you have been with me! She is so young, so beautiful, so gifted! — she has been nurtured so tenderly! She is like a rare exotic transplanted into hard and uncongenial soil; but, aunt, under your pruning and gentle hand I can hope for everything. Teach my darling, as you have taught me, that the lesson of life is not ease, but endurance, — not to cast off our own burdens, but to help bear one another's, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

"Nay, Herbert, my dear boy," replied Mrs. Honeywell, moved even to tears by this strong appeal, "I have no potent wand, as you seem to think, with which to metamorphose character, nor have I power to work this miracle of change of which you speak. But what I can do, I will. Alice is teachable, and open to conviction. More than that, she is a child of God, and he will not let his own wander so far from the fold but that his eye shall be upon them and his hand stretched out to bring them back when, repentant and yielding, they essay to come. We will both do our duty by the dear child; and may God add his blessing! But good-night, for it is late." In passing from the room, she again laid her hand caressingly upon the young minister's forehead, and, bending, impressed there a fond, motherly kiss.

Herbert caught her hand. "Aunt, you are our guardian angel, I think! I bless God that you came to us."

The next morning, as Mrs. Honeywell and her niece were sitting together on the sofa, sewing, Alice suddenly inquired, without lifting her eyes from her work, —

"Aunt, do you know that Herbert is thinking of leaving S——?"

"He spoke of it to me last night, my dear," returned Mrs. Honeywell, gravely.

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"Then he has positively decided to go, else he would not have mentioned it, I am very sure. Oh, how glad I am, how glad I am!" exclaimed Alice, letting her work fall and clapping her little white hands together, something as a child might do on discovering a coveted treasure at length within grasp. She raised her eyes, with a decidedly triumphant expression in them, to her aunt's face; but, meeting there only a grave and troubled look, her mood changed somewhat.

"Now, aunt, I know you think that I am a naughty girl, and that I have teased Herbert into taking this step; but, I declare to you that I have not, — at least, not in so many words. He has seen, of course, how unhappy, that is, how out of place, I felt here, and as he loves me very dearly," — here the young wife blushed a little, laughing a low, silvery laugh that was very sweet, and tapping her daintily-slippered foot upon the soft carpet, — "why, you know, of course he feels it his duty to go."

Mrs. Honeywell made no reply, and Alice continued, —

"I don't mind telling you now how unhappy, how very miserable I have been here." She went on with the little chapter of her trials and annoyances since leaving H——, adding, "My eyes have really grown quite faded with the silly tears I have shed lest Herbert should conclude to remain; but I sha'n't cry any more. Oh, aunt, it seems to me I could not stay here another year if — if the good of the universe depended upon it!"

"I was not aware that you were so selfish, Alice," answered Mrs. Honeywell, sadly, — "so entirely and unreservedly thoughtless of the weal or woe of others."

Again Alice laughed; but the sweet, musical tone was wanting this time. She was a little irritated that her sweeping assertion should have been interpreted so literally.

"Aunt, you know what I mean," she said, a trifle testily; "if there were any great principle involved in our going or staying, I suppose I *could* contrive to play the martyr, and victimize myself and inflict upon Herbert the burden of a re-

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signed helpmeet by staying here; but since that is not the case, and since I dislike the people, and they more than return the compliment, I see no objection to our going, if we so please. Of course," she continued, reddening a little, "there are some arguments, as there always are, on the other side. Herbert thinks the people expect him to stay longer, and all that sort of thing; but if we are disappointed in them and in the state of things here generally, I can't see that we are bound to remain. There was no regular agreement to that effect."

"But, Alice," replied Mrs. Honeywell, waiving her niece's latter remarks and going back to her first proposition, "there *is* a great principle involved in your present action upon this point. Let us look at the matter as it really is; and, if I speak plainly, calling things by their right names, I claim the privilege of an old and tried friend, — your aunt, and the only sister of your dead, sainted mother!"

Her tones were solemn, and Alice felt an awe stealing over her, which, added to the secret voice in her own heart, telling her — and not for the first time, either — that somehow everything was going wrong within her, made her shudder all over, as if some light were about to flash upon her, discovering the unsightly barrenness — so void of all high and holy aim — of her life in S—— since she had been a pastor's wife, — stripping from it all that tinsel and fine, flimsy array with which she had tried to disguise its nakedness, persuading herself the while that an organization like hers was too finely and delicately moulded by nature, and too richly endowed by cultivation and art, to assimilate with the grosser material around her, and finding therein excuse for much of remissness that she somehow felt would not bear a stricter criterion. Alice knew, too, that her husband's happiness had been greatly diminished — nay, seriously undermined — by her own miserable disappointment and chagrin at the quality of society in S——, and she feared that her aunt's clear insight had discerned this, and that, consequently, she herself must suffer materially in that lady's estimation. Alice almost idol-

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ized her aunt. Her faith in her and her veneration towards her, also, were extreme; and it was with a beating heart and a sense, at the outset, of half-conscious guilt, that she composed herself to listen to what should follow so grave a preamble.

She was not prepared, however, for the probing, cauterizing process which ensued. Scarcely conscious of the wound itself, it was not strange that this heroic treatment of it should challenge her powers of endurance to the utmost, making her wince and writhe under the torture as though a sword were entering her bones, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and of the joints and marrow. She sat, turned away a little, and swelling with indignation and mortified pride, as Mrs. Honeywell laid bare before her, in plain, undisguised, unvarnished distinctness the inherent, though it might be unconscious, selfishness, weakness, and puerility of her course. But when she went on, picturing to her the wreck she was making of her husband's peace and clerical prospects, when she described the struggle which was crushing him to the earth, — the struggle between the opposing claims of conjugal fidelity and tenderness and those, no less binding, of pastoral responsibility and trust, — the hot, indignant tears in Alice's eyes — tears which she had been too proud to let fall before — gave place to a gush of penitence and grief which shook her slight frame as some unsheltered tree is shaken when a mighty wind from God passes over it.

"Aunt," she sobbed, turning and throwing her arms about Mrs. Honeywell's neck with all the *abandon* of a child convicted of its first transgression, — "aunt, spare me! Say no more, I entreat you! I see how selfish, how weak I have been. Poor, dear Herbert! I will go to him this minute and beg him to stay in S—— and give me one more chance. I will be good, — indeed, indeed, dear aunt, I will be good! If only I knew how!" she added, sadly. "But, oh," coming back to her sense of isolation and loneliness, "it will be so very, very hard! Aunt — do you know? — there isn't a soul

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here that I can have the least sympathy with. Still, I think I can bear it for Herbert's sake. At least, I will try. I will go to him this minute and tell him so." She was rising, but her aunt put gentle, detaining arms about her.

"Herbert has gone out, dear," she said. "I heard the hall-door close after him nearly an hour ago."

"That is rather unusual," replied Alice, starting up a little nervously. "He is almost always in his study at this hour. You don't think, aunt," she added, her color changing and her heart smiting her with a great terror, lest the first step initiatory to leaving was being taken, — a step the responsibility of which she felt for the first time resting so entirely upon herself, — "you don't think he has gone to see Deacon Hapley, or any one, about — about leaving; do you?"

"No, darling," replied Mrs. Honeywell, stroking the brown curls fondly as she again drew Alice to her bosom and held her there; "I am confident that there is nothing of the kind which you apprehend. It is all right with Herbert, if only *you* are content to stay and do your duty in the station to which God has called you. Alice," she continued, "did you ever look at it in this light? Did you ever reflect that God, your dear, loving, wise Father, has called you — specially and individually and with ends in view more beneficent and gracious than you can ever know — to this position which you deem so hard, so barren of all good and use and beauty? But be sure that it is so, my Alice. He saw just where his child needed discipline and correction, — he saw that she was ignorant and blind and weak, — that she was disposed to put ease and personal comfort and the gratification of elegant, æsthetic tastes and inclinations over and above all things else, — that she was in danger of forgetting her consecration vows, — that, instead of a filial willingness to remain in her Father's house, doing his bidding with a loyal, loving heart, her soul yearned after a far country, where she might spend the beautiful birthright of talent and education and opportunity which he had divided unto her, not, it is true, in riotous living, but in pursuing, without let or hin-

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drance, a life of easy leisure and gratified tastes, forgetting that in the end they would prove in comparison but empty husks, making her soul perish with hunger while in her Father's house there was bread enough and to spare."

Alice was sobbing softly, and her aunt went on, kissing her tenderly as she added, —

"I do not say all this to make you unhappy, my darling; but I would fain have you see how nearly you have made shipwreck of your heavenly hopes and earthly happiness and usefulness by the manner in which you have hitherto regarded these matters. Oh, my child! awake, awake to the realization of life and its awful, its fearful responsibilities! Our blessed Lord says, 'Is not the life more than meat?' For to live is sacred, — *the mere fact of life;* to live worthily and well is both sacred and sublime. The highest aim is the sweetest. For even our Lord pleased not himself; as it is written, 'He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.' And oh, if our Saviour, — finely and wondrously organized as he was, having in himself the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and, as we read, dwelling in the bosom of the Father, glorified with the glory which he had with him before the world was, — if *he* could forego all those ineffable delights so suited to his pure and exalted nature, could humble himself into so full, so true, so perfect a sympathy with man, could accommodate himself so patiently and uncomplainingly to the conditions and situations of our poor, fallen nature, how should we blush at our own puerile weakness and selfishness in scorning the lowly path he trod, and making for ourselves an easier road to the heaven he purchased for us so dearly! For the disciple is not above his Master, nor the servant above his Lord. Oh, Alice, it is but a little while! Soon the Master will demand of us an account of our stewardship. Can we bear to acknowledge, in that day which shall try all hearts, that we have hidden our talent in the earth? — that, for the sake of worldly ease and elegance, we have risked our own souls and

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the good of others, and have nothing to show for the terrible venture? — nothing but a barren life, a mistaken purpose, and a ruined hope!"

She paused. Alice had ceased sobbing; she lifted her head from her aunt's bosom, a light kindled in her lovely face lit by no earthly influence. Never in her most radiant moments, when the centre of an admiring throng, had it been one half so beautiful, for the loveliness of a soul new-stamped with the divine image irradiated it. No word fell from her lips, but the clinging kiss, the passionate embrace with which she rose from her reclining posture upon her aunt's bosom, gave proof to the latter that her words had not been misinterpreted or misunderstood. On the contrary, she felt sure that the seed she had sown so tremblingly and prayerfully had fallen upon good ground, and the silent petition went up from her inmost heart that it might bring forth fruit, thirty, sixty, and an hundred fold.

Nor was her petition unanswered; from that hour a great change was perceptible in the lovely little home of the young minister. It was as if the brooding spirit of heavenly love and joy had folded its wings above the house, saying, "Peace, peace be unto it." For Alice, its presiding genius, was no longer the self-seeking, self-isolating, miserable hoarder of her own beautiful birthright, those gifts and endowments which — once the delight of brilliant circles of fashion and wealth — were now, with a lavish bounty worthy her high calling, appropriated to their proper and fitting use. Now, indeed, was she a help*meet* for her husband; now was their home gladdened, nay, beautified, by the one spirit of self-renunciation animating both. At first, indeed, the way was hard and the path difficult for her to walk in. She had planted the seeds of prejudice and dissatisfaction and suspicion towards herself in the parish, and the harvest awaited her reaping; but humbly and perseveringly she went forward to her duty, until, in time, all hearts gathered her to their embrace, and every tongue spoke her praises.

It was marvellous, too, how much of affinity with herself

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she found, here and there, among the people before so distasteful to her from their supposed universal coarseness and crudeness. Especially with Miss Church and her widowed mother, mentioned before in this sketch, she experienced a sympathy totally unexpected on one side, and wholly appreciated on both. They were people of culture and refinement, — and thus, a nucleus being formed of intellectual and social sympathy, it gathered consolidation and strength as the years went by, until it is to be doubted whether, in all New England, a parish boasting more culture and intellectual ability than that of S—— can be found. Certainly none more harmonious, in regard to the relation of pastor and people, exists. As good Mrs. Honeywell recently remarked in a visit to her niece, while conversing with Alice upon the pleasing metamorphosis, —

"Truly, my dear, S—— is wonderfully changed! The wilderness has blossomed as the rose; the waste places thereof rejoice and are glad; for the beauty of God, even our own God, is upon it."

It was intimated, at the outset, that, among other gifts, Alice Maxwell possessed a literary turn of mind. Perhaps this sketch, seeking to portray the awakening of a human soul to the sacredness of life and its duties and responsibilities, cannot be more appropriately closed than by appending to it a copy of some verses written by Alice not long after the memorable conversation with her aunt: —

WAKING.

I have done at length with dreaming! — henceforth, oh, thou soul of mine!
Thou must take up sword and buckler, waging warfare most divine.

Life is struggle, combat, victory! Wherefore have I slumbered on,
With my forces all unmarshalled, with my weapons all undrawn?

Oh, how many a glorious record had the angels of me kept,
Had I done instead of doubted, had I warred instead of wept!

But begone, Regret, Bewailing! — ye but weaken at the best, —
I have tried the trusty weapons rusting erst within my breast

I have wakened to my duty, to a knowledge vast and deep,
That I recked not of aforetime, in my long, inglorious sleep.

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For to live, to live is sacred ! and I knew it not before,
And I dreamed not how stupendous was the secret that I bore,—

That divine, mysterious secret of a life to be wrought out
Into warm, heroic action weakened not by fear or doubt.

In this subtle sense of being newly stirred in every vein,
I can feel a throb electric, — pleasure half allied to pain.

'Tis so sweet, and yet so awful, — so bewildering, yet brave,
To be king in every conflict where before I crouched a slave !

'Tis so glorious to be conscious of a growing strength within,
Stronger than the rallying forces of a charged and marshalled sin !

Never in those old romances felt I half the sense of life
That I feel within me stirring, standing in this place of strife.

Oh, those olden days of dalliance, when I wantoned with my fate ! —
When I trifled with a knowledge that had well-nigh come too late !

Yet, my soul ! look not behind thee ; thou hast work to do at last !
Let the brave toil of the Present overarch the crumbled Past.

Build thy great acts high and higher, — build them on the conquered sod
Where thy weakness first fell bleeding, and thy first prayer rose to God !

"As instruments, we have a destination ; as moral beings, we have a liberty. Life and death, by which we enter the world or quit it ; riches and property, which assign us a place in the world ; glory and shame, elevation or abasement, which make us play a part in it, — all these are dependent on the general march of human affairs, and make part of our destiny. God has reserved to himself the apportionment of them ; to each individual he allots a share according to his will. Good and ill, on the contrary, are in our hands, or, as says the Scripture, in the hands of our counsel, because they make our merits and our demerits. Just then as our bodies are subject to two motions, that of the earth and our own, so are we governed by two wills, our own and that of Providence, — being authors of the one and instruments of the other ; masters of our actions to merit the reward assigned to virtue, and machines for all the rest. To be better or worse depends on ourselves ; all the rest depends on God."

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THE BOOK OF JOB.

BY C. H. PALFREY, D. D.

THE Book of Job claims attention as the earliest statement on record of a problem that has perplexed the understanding of man from the beginning, — a problem which presents itself, sooner or later, to every individual in the experience of life, and which the mere intellect is no better able to solve now than it was at first, but which in the light of Christian truth, receives a practical solution to the trusting heart of every conscious child of God. Whence and why are affliction, suffering, and pain? Why especially are they distributed with so little reference to character? Why do the pure and righteous sometimes receive a peculiarly large portion of them? This great mystery is strongly asserted, and vividly set forth, and an explanation of it earnestly sought, in this poem. With the exception of the narratives at the beginning and close, this book is a poem of a dramatic and didactic character, — in some parts the most impassioned, in others the most sublime, of the poetry of the Bible.

To present the question in the most striking manner, the case of an individual is given, exhibiting a most sudden and impressive contrast of prosperity and adversity. Whether it was a purely imaginary, though certainly a possible and supposable case, or whether the well-known history of some eminent person, who had suffered so extraordinary a reverse, was used as an occasion of discussing the difficult question which it served to illustrate, we have no means of determining. Even on the latter supposition, its details cannot be regarded as historical. It is a discussion, in the form of dialogue, of the ways of Providence, as they are seen in the calamities of human life, in which the complaints of the afflicted Job, and the replies, and often the sharp rebukes and accusations, of his friends, are freely uttered in the vain attempts of both parties to pierce the mysteries of the case, till at last God himself is introduced as speaking, not for the

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purpose of explaining his dispensations, but of showing to the bewildered disputants that it is a subject that they must not expect to understand.

Job's condition, as it is described at the opening of his history, combines every circumstance that makes a happy human lot. Possessing an abundance of the peculiar wealth of that age and country, — large flocks and herds covering his broad, rich pastures, multitudes of servants to perform the labor of his pastoral domain, many sons and daughters living about him, with whom he has frequent pleasant intercourse, he lived an honored patriarch, a shepherd prince. Above all, he had a heart to receive from all these blessings the highest satisfaction they could give. He was a pious and benevolent man. He did not lose sight of God in the enjoyment of his gifts. He did not resign himself to selfish pleasure. He loved to do good with his abundant riches. He delivered the poor when he cried, and the fatherless who had none to help him. The blessing of those that were ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the heart of the widow to rejoice. He was eyes to the blind and feet to the lame, and a father to the poor. Therefore he was looked upon with a deeper reverence than wealth and power alone can inspire. The ear that heard him blessed him, and the eye that saw him bare witness to him. The young bowed before him, and the aged arose and stood up, and princes refrained from speaking in his presence.

This singular prosperity is reversed in a most sudden manner. All Job's vast wealth is scattered and destroyed in a day. One band of robbers from the south fell upon his oxen and carried them away; another from the north swept off his camels and slew his servants with the sword; lightning descended upon his flocks and shepherds and consumed them; a whirlwind smote the house in which his sons and daughters were feasting, so that it fell and destroyed them all. Shortly afterward he is smitten from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot with a loathsome disease. Stripped of every earthly possession, — alone in the world but for his wife, who

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can only advise him to curse God and die, — in the extremity of bodily suffering, he sits down in ashes.

Three friends who had heard of his calamities came to comfort him. They lifted up their eyes at a distance and knew him not. Then they raised their voices and wept. And "they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was very great," — too great for the poor consolation of words.

This silence is at length broken, and the discussion that occupies the greater part of the Book opens between Job and his friends. The question debated is, Why is this? His friends have a very simple way of accounting for Job's afflictions. They are the punishment of his sins. What men call good and evil — that is, outward good and evil — are sure signs of God's approval or displeasure. Job would not have been thus afflicted, if he had been the righteous man that he seemed. Though in the eyes of men he has lived a blameless and even praiseworthy life, he must have been guilty before God of sins, which have at last been exposed by these terrible calamities. This is the burden of their successive speeches. Through the whole course of the discussion, no progress is made in the argument. It consists of constant repetitions of the doctrine that under the providence of God all suffering is punishment, and of reproaches and rebukes in reply to Job's indignant denial, and passionate self-defence, and earnest appeals to the righteous Judge of all. Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar are not discriminated by any nice shades of personal character, — the speeches of either might as well be put into the mouth of one of the others; they all agree in asserting that Job must be accounted a sinner because he is a sufferer. Nor does Elihu, who presents himself as an umpire between the parties, throw any additional light upon the question, but contents himself with noting what he had observed as blameworthy on both sides, censuring Job because he had pronounced himself righteous rather than God, and the friends that they had not found an answer, and yet had condemned Job.

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Perhaps Job himself would have given the same answer to this question in the case of another. To no better answer than this, it may be, had experience and reflection brought most minds in the infancy of the race. It is a crude and childish thought, but the world, under better instruction, and the experience of many centuries, has not wholly outgrown it. But now Job is driven from this explanation of the great mystery. He feels the sharp anguish of suffering piercing his soul, and he knows in his heart that he is not the flagrant sinner that his friends pronounce him. He does not claim to be a perfect man before God. No one of his friends expresses more strongly than he a sense of unworthiness in the sight of God, and of the reverence and humility that become the purest and best of mortal men in the presence of the divine holiness. But he does claim that man has no right to find fault with him; that he has been faithful in his social relations; that he has maintained purity, integrity, and benevolence; that he has not abused his power and wealth to the injury of others. He challenges impeachment of his moral character. Toward man his record is clean. If, then, all suffering is punishment, it is not equitably dispensed. Multitudes, not more deserving than he, are exempt from the bitter trials to which he is subjected.

Will Job say, then, that God is unjust? No, that he dares not, and wishes not to say. But he dênies that all suffering is punishment of sin. The slightest observation of human life is enough to refute that assertion. The good things of this world are not distributed among men in proportion to their desert. Everywhere the wicked are seen in prosperity and ease, and the righteous in trouble and want. What, then, is the divine purpose of suffering? To that question Job has no answer to give. He knows that the answer his friends have given is false, unjust, and cruel, but he himself knows not what to say. To his view, the universe is wrapped in impenetrable darkness. Crushed by the weight of his bereavements and losses, tormented by bodily disease, exasperated by the harsh reproaches of his friends, oppressed by the

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blackness of the mystery in which his life is involved, sometimes he expresses an earnest wish that he could find his way into the presence of his almighty Judge, from whom he might expect more justice and compassion than he had found in man, and sometimes he utters a desperate longing that he might cease to be. "O that I might have my request," he says, "and that God would grant me that which I long for, that it would please God to destroy me, that he would let loose his hand and make an end of me."

At last when these disputants had exhausted all that they had to say, in the way either of argument or crimination and defence, Jehovah himself is introduced as speaking out of the whirlwind. The interest of the reader is raised to the highest pitch. It may be expected that in the words ascribed to the Deity will be embodied the highest religious thought of the age in which the poem was produced. Will new light be now shed on the perplexing question that has been discussed? Will divine justice and benevolence be completely vindicated to human judgment? Will the mysteries of Providence be made perfectly intelligible to the understanding of man? On the contrary, the whole purpose of the speech addressed to Job is, to show him that such an explanation is impossible; that he is incapable of receiving it; that ignorant and short-sighted man can never fully comprehend the ways and purposes of God, but must always find in them some inexplicable mysteries. By a series of questions relating to some of the most common phenomena of nature, of the origin and causes and laws of which he knew nothing, Job is overwhelmed by a conviction of his own ignorance, and is made to feel his utter incompetence to criticise the divine government of the world. He is censured for some rash and presumptuous reflections upon Providence, into which he had been betrayed by impatience under the provocations offered by his friends, but the general integrity and uprightness of his character are implicitly acknowledged, and his friends who had been so hasty to attribute guilt to him, solely on account of his great afflictions, are adjudged to have spoken less justly

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than he, and are referred to the intercession of Job for the pardon of their offence.

Thus is the controversy concluded as between these parties, but the great problem is left where it was. Not a step has been taken toward a solution of it. The irrepressible questionings of the human heart concerning it are silenced, not satisfied. The book is a cry out of the depths of human experience. It is an expression of the soul's needs under the burden of suffering that falls, with greater or less weight, upon every one in his passage through life. It is an earnest, eloquent, passionate statement of a great problem still awaiting solution. As such, it has an appropriate place in the Bible, the record of the gradual training of the human race by successive revelations of divine truth. It is a faithful record of man's experience at one period of his religious development. It is a valuable document of his spiritual history. It clearly exhibits a want that he feels at one stage of his progress, and directs attention to future disclosures, by which that want may be supplied. What has man been taught since that time? What ideas could a Christian have put into this debate between Job and his friends, that would have relieved the subject from some measure of the darkness in which they left it?

First, the idea of a life beyond the present. This idea, which has so important a bearing on the subject of this Book, does not enter as an element into the discussion. It is assumed that the ways of Providence are to be justified within the circle of this mortal life, or not at all. The state of thought and feeling in reference to immortality, that may be supposed to underlie this Book, is that which generally prevailed in the early ages of the world, when infant man, like every individual child of the race, was so absorbed by the intensity of his young animal life that his thoughts were seldom directed beyond it; and, when the native instinct of immortality did stir within him, the picture that it shaped to his imagination of another life was too dim and shadowy to excite any very lively hopes, or to cast back any very strong

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reflections upon the present. There is one passage, indeed, in which Job is commonly understood to express his faith in a resurrection and future life. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God:" (xix. 25–27.) But many learned and orthodox commentators, John Calvin among others, are of opinion that these verses are not to be interpreted as expressing Job's expectation of a bodily resurrection from the dead, but of a restoration to a happy state in this world, after having been so sorely afflicted; that "he thus expresses his strong persuasion that God will be the vindicator of his character from the charges of his friends; that he will stand upon the earth as his judge, and decide the cause in his favor; and that though his body be wasted away to a mere skeleton, yet in his flesh restored to soundness, that is, before he dies, he shall see God interposing in his favor, and taking his side in the controversy." * Indeed, had the idea of immortality been once distinctly introduced, allusion to it could not have been confined to a single passage. It would have modified the whole course of the debate, and have changed the tone of the whole Book. In all Christian thought on the sufferings of life, how important a place does the doctrine of immortality occupy! What a flood of light does it shed upon the darkness of the mystery! It does not, indeed, wholly dissipate the mystery, and preclude every question that an inquisitive intellect may find to ask, but what unspeakable relief does it afford to the burdened spirit, by unveiling to it an endless life, in which the evils of this life may be abundantly compensated by perfect and everlasting good. Evil is not, indeed, thus annihilated. It is still keenly felt while present. But its weight is infinitely over-balanced in the scales of faith and hope. The believer in immortality may triumphantly exclaim, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be

* See Dr. Noyes' note on the passage. Also, Bishop Patrick's note, and the preface to his Commentary on Job.

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revealed." "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Another idea with which a Christian is able to relieve the mystery of evil is that of the fatherly love of God. A fatherly God does not appear in the Book of Job. There are no strong expressions of divine compassion, tenderness, and love, such as are found in many of the Psalms, none of those interchanges of parental and filial affection between God and the human soul, that find utterance in the 23d, 91st, 103d, 42d, 73d of the Psalms. Neither Job nor his friends exhibit faith in, or conception of God under these aspects. They bend before him as a dread sovereign, whose power is irresistible, whose justice is unmitigated, whose ways are inscrutable. And when God himself is introduced as speaking, he speaks, not in tenderness and compassion for his afflicted servant, but to confound and silence him, by making him feel his ignorance and helplessness in the presence of divine power and wisdom. The Christian can, indeed, use no other language than that of Job respecting the power and sovereignty of God. That power is irresistible; that sovereignty is absolute. No one can change his purpose, or say unto him, What doest thou? In his hands man is as clay in the hands of the potter. And if this were all that we could affirm of God, we might well add with Job, "When I consider, I am afraid of him: for God maketh my heart faint, yea, the Almighty terrifieth me." How entirely are these feelings changed when we learn that love is the very essence of God's nature, that all his attributes are modifications of it, all his acts and purposes expressions of it, that his omnipotence is almighty love, his sovereignty a dominion of love, his justice, love seeking our highest spiritual elevation by all needed discipline. His might is indeed irresistible; but there is nothing in his dealings that we should wish to resist; it is our privilege and blessing to yield ourselves up to his disposal. His purposes are unchangeable, they are the surer foundations of trust. Under his rule, all things are tending to the ultimate good of

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every creature he has made. Evil must be limited and temporary. It appears as evil in our eyes, chiefly, perhaps wholly, through the narrowness of our sight, because we cannot see it, in all its relations and results, at one view. But in the sight of God there is no evil but sin. All things are good as he meant them. If it be said that it is still an evil that we should be obliged for the present so to regard certain things and events, yet how immeasurably does the thought of God's essential love lighten the burden of the mystery of that evil!

Another most effectual help toward a practical solution of the problem of evil is found in some of the deepest experiences of the Christian life. Many a Christian has learned in the school of suffering that his profoundest sense of the loving presence of God, and his sweetest experiences of the peace and joy of entire surrender to his will, have been enjoyed amidst the greatest afflictions; that when outward blessings, which in some sense had stood between him and God, were removed, and he was left alone with the Father of his spirit, he was drawn nearer to God than ever before, and felt that nearness to be the greatest of all blessings, and that the deprivation of outward good, which was the necessary condition of that inward good, was vastly overpaid by it. But this profound and rich experience was beyond the sincere though formal righteousness of Job; therefore we hear nothing from him approaching the triumphant language of Paul, "We glory in tribulation, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope. And hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit that is given unto us."

The contemplation of Job's distress naturally suggests the thought of that other and greater agony that was endured in Gethsemane. There is witnessed the completeness of that triumph towards which the wrestlings of Job's spirit were a vain struggle. Job did not overcome evil. He prayed that the cup might pass from him, and that prayer was answered

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in the outward sense. He was delivered out of all his troubles. His property was restored to him twofold; other sons and daughters were born to him; he lived to enjoy his renewed prosperity a hundred and forty years, and saw his descendants to the fourth generation, and died "satisfied with days." The mystery of evil received a personal solution in his particular case. But what comfort does his case afford to the myriads of men, who suffer on to the end of life, and receive no such compensation? Christ did overcome evil. To him that prayer was answered in the inward sense. He completely conquered evil by meek and patient endurance. He accepted no miraculous retreat from it. He did not leave his followers without example of the manner in which the extremity of mortal agony should be endured. He sanctified and glorified the cross by dying upon it. Therefore does his suffering become a source of spiritual strength to all who are vitally connected with him by faith. They are strong in the might with which he triumphed over shame, agony, and death. It is with a voice of power that he says, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

EVENING HYMN.

Thou, from whom we never part, —
Thou, whose love is everywhere, —
Thou, who seest every heart,
Listen to our evening prayer.

Father! fill our souls with love,
Love unfailing, full and free,
Love no injury can move,
Love that ever rests on thee.

Heavenly Father! through the night,
Keep us safe from every ill;
Cheerful as the morning light,
May we wake to do thy will.

E. L. F.

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SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

The "Catholic World" for April opens with an interesting paper upon Church and State, in which the singular advantages that are enjoyed by the Roman Catholic Church in our country are heartily acknowledged thus: —

"It is one of the mysteries of Providence that what the popes for ages struggled for and still struggle for in the Old World, and in all parts of the New World originally colonized by Catholic States, should, for the first time in history, be fully realized in a society founded by the most anti-papal people on earth, who held the Church to be the Scarlet Lady of the Apocalypse. Surely, they builded better than they knew. But, explain it as you will, such is the fact. The United States is the only country in the world where the Church is really free. It would seem that both State and Church had to emigrate to the New World to escape the antagonisms of the Old, and to find a field for the free and untrammelled development of each. It is idle to fear that the Church will ever seek to disturb the order established here; for she supports no principle and has no interest that would lead her to do it." The reviewer puts the question, "Whether the Republic, the authority of the State, and the liberty of the citizen, both of which rest on the freedom and authority of conscience, can be saved or preserved without the Church," "which is the body of God, and her vitality the Holy Ghost, who dwells in her, and is to her something like what the soul is to the body *forma corporis*."

Ritualism, as developed amongst the Protestants, receives abundant attention. It seems that it has blossomed very luxuriantly in the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York, dedicated to St. Alban. Touching this matter, the deponent testifies as follows: —

"At the appointed hour an acolyte, in cassock and surplice, lights the two candles on the altar. Then we hear a chorus of male voices, principally boys, intoning a chant, and presently a procession issues from the vestry-door and files into the chancel. First comes a lad wearing a black cassock and short surplice, and carrying a cross on a tall staff; then follow the chanters, men and boys, similarly attired; then, one or two clergymen, or, perhaps, theological students, also in cassock and surplice; next,

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two little boys in red cassocks, and, finally, two officiating ministers, wearing long albs. The 'priest' has a green stole, crossed on his breast, and confined at the sides by a cincture; the 'deacon's' stole is worn over the left shoulder. The clerks take their places in the stalls; the singers proceed to their benches; the cross-bearer kneels at one side of the altar; the 'priest' kneels at the foot of the steps, with the deacon behind him and the acolytes at his side. The service about to be performed is not the 'Order of Morning Prayer' prescribed by the prayer-book, but simply the communion service. The officiating minister (for the sake of convenience let us call him what he calls himself, — the priest, though without, of course, admitting his sacerdotal character) chants a short prayer, very much in the style of chanting we hear at mass, and the choir respond, 'Amen.' Then the litany is chanted antiphonally, by one of the clergy and the choristers alternately. It is in the main a translation of that part of our litany of the saints in which we address Almighty God directly, without asking the intercession of his blessed. This over, the ministers and acolytes retire in the same order in which they entered, and the organist plays a voluntary, during which the other six altar-candles are lighted. When the clergy return, the priest is seen in a green maniple and *chasuble*. The latter differs from the vestment worn by the Catholic priest at mass only in being less stiff in texture, pointed behind, and covering the arm nearly to the elbow; and instead of being embroidered with a cross on the back, it is marked with a figure nearly resembling the letter Y. With hands clasped before his breast, the priest now ascends the steps, and, standing before the altar with his back to the people, goes on with the second part of the service. We need not describe it, for it is principally translated from the missal. The words are all repeated in a tone which is half reading and half chanting, and whenever the minister says, 'Let us pray,' or 'The Lord be with you,' he turns round to the people, like a priest chanting 'Oremus' or 'Dominus Vobiscum.' The epistle and gospel are read by the deacon. The sermon follows; a rather vague and wordy discourse, chiefly remarkable for the frequent and affectionate use of the term 'Catholic.' The preacher begins by saying, 'In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost,' and the more devoutly disposed of the congregation thereupon

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cross themselves. After the sermon comes the most solemn part of the service, taken nearly *verbatim* from the canon of the mass; and at the commencement, a great many of the congregation, who apparently are not communicants, leave the church with reverential faces, as if they supposed the old law forbidding catechumens to witness the more sacred mysteries were still in force. But the curious spectators, who compose a large proportion of the audience, are under no such scruple about remaining."

The writer of the article on "Ritualism" tells us that there are in the Church of England four or five hundred members of various sisterhoods who take vows, some for life, some for three years; but that "sisterhoods have obtained only a precarious footing in the United States. There is one in New York, whose members wear a costume suggestive somewhat of the cloister and somewhat of the mantua-maker's shop. They have neat little things between caps and veils on their heads; make-believe rosaries hanging from their girdles, and black bombazine gowns distended to fashionable dimensions by means of hoop-skirts." Writing on "Conversions to the Catholic Church," it is set forth as a special blessing of God that one version, and that one so generally faithful to the true sense of Scripture, should be almost universally diffused through the English-speaking world." The pressing importance of union amongst Christians is urged in view of the great work now impending in the recovery of those, the vast multitude, that have lapsed into unbelief. All should "agree as to what that Christianity is which shall be proposed to the acceptance of mankind."

The "Princeton Review" for April contains the following exceedingly judicious sentences upon the Messianic Psalms: —

"The Messianic Psalms, instead of being reduced by forced interpretations and gratuitous assumptions to a level with the rest, or, on the other hand, discriminated from them too sharply, and thus entirely isolated, are rather to be regarded as an integral part of a connected system of thought and feeling. These constitute the crowning portion of the pyramid, resting upon and sustained by all that lies beneath it, while the same lines traverse the whole from base to apex, determining its figure and dimensions. They are the foci, to which every ray more or less directly tends, and into which it ultimately falls, luminous points

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into which the brightness diffused over the whole is gathered up and concentrated. They form not merely the most important portion of all, but that to which the rest in their measure contribute, the advanced lessons to which the rest are preliminary and preparatory, paving the way for them step by step. The teaching regarding the Messiah is not suddenly or spasmodically injected, as it were, without antecedent explanation, or anything to account for its introduction, standing apart from its own context and all its surroundings, and disconnected from all other objects of religious thought and meditation. It is interwoven most intimately with the whole, and forms in fact its centre and heart, the seat of its life, whence vitality is derived to all the rest. And it is by the entire complex system of Old Testament teaching, not by a few isolated predictions, having direct, immediate, and exclusive reference to Christ, that the preparation for his coming is made.

"It is here just as it is in the prophets. Their predictions of Messiah are never isolated passages sundered from the body of their ministry and having no connection with it, sudden glimpses into the distant future, but standing quite apart from the rest of their disclosures. The messianic revelations are the centre and heart of each prophet's work, bound indissolubly with every fibre of the whole. The mode and manner of his exhibition of Messiah is shaped by the tenor of the entire prophecy in which it is found. While, on the other hand, the estimate set upon each book of the prophets, and its proper classification and position in the scheme of the Old Testament, is regulated by its messianic contents. It has been greatly, as we think, to the prejudice of the christological study of the Old Testament that Christ has been sought and found only in detached parts and passages; that what is directly messianic has not been viewed in its vital connection with the entire dispensation in which it is found. Hence the failure to see the *whole* Old Testament just in that light in which it chiefly presents itself, and should be principally regarded as one continuous scheme of preparation for the coming of the Son of God."

The "Universalist Quarterly" for April contains a vigorous article upon "The Resurrection of Jesus Christ." One is thankful in these times for a positive statement of an old article of Christian faith, and we are glad to find that some persons still hold on

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to the affirmations of the Primer in answer to the question, "Who was the oldest man?" Here, also, the doctrine of the Incarnation gets itself stated in an article on "The Eternal Logos."

The "Methodist Quarterly" for April, discourses as follows upon Educational Qualifications for the Ministry: —

"We do not assert that high culture *incapacitates* a man for the work of the ministry among the humbler and ignorant classes; but we do hold that it unadapts him for such a work. There are individual instances of noble self-sacrifice in this respect, but in the majority of cases, by a law of nature which contravenes no law of grace, the minister of high culture will work among the upper circles. We do not say that his Christian culture has dampened in the least his human sympathy for the ignorant. On the contrary, his views of the brotherhood of humanity become clearer and broader and tenderer. But while high culture does this for him, it also puts him in a higher plane of thought; it makes him abstract in his modes of discourse; it gives him a horror of coarse manners and coarse speech, of dirty houses, and of coarse and filthy clothing. In a word, while it broadens his theory of human rights, and extends its embrace to take in the race, it works in him a social transformation, an æsthetic taste, which shrinks from and repels the coarseness and ignorance of the lower classes. Knowledge is power, but in itself has no moral character; and one of its results is, irrespective of moral or religious condition, to draw its possessor away from the society of the ignorant, into that which is like itself. And when we find individual instances of the contrary, the rule is only made more obvious and striking by such exceptions.

"It is a standing complaint that as our members grow rich, as they mount to refinement and luxury, and enter what is called 'society,' we are in danger of losing them. If the parents who have made the fortunes abide with us, the children soon drop off, and with the infirmity of the old people our hold upon the family ends. This is an account of hundreds and hundreds of families. This, indeed, is very ungracious, but still very natural. Wealth and culture and fashion have thrown the young people into 'society' whose church relations are with other denominations; and not being religious, or having allowed fashion and show to darken the divine life within them, they conform their religions to their

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social relations. We ourselves are acquainted with almost innumerable cases of just this sort.

"But while we are thus losing the rich and refined at one end, are we holding our own with the masses at the other? We verily believe we are not. We do not mean that the poor, like the rich, are leaving us for other communions; but while the fortunes of our poorer people are improving, and they are tending upward into a more respectable status, we are not filling the places they vacate with fresh recruits from the lower classes. We do not make, as we formerly did, an aggressive war upon the masses. We are in advance of other churches in this respect, but far behind our former selves. We are, therefore, losing at both ends of the line. We do not seem to be able to hold our own people when they become rich, nor to attach and conquer the wild crowd as our fathers did.

"Now what is the remedy for this twofold evil? Whatever it may be, it must meet the demand at both ends. It must not seek to save the rich at the expense of the masses, and it ought not to hold or regain the masses in a way to drive off those who occupy the more favored positions in society. It should be broad enough to cover the whole ground. We must be a whole church, able to go out into the waste places and hunt and capture wild humanity, and at the same time to move gracefully and attractively in splendid temples and among pealing organs. It cannot be, as it seems to us, that a classical and theological education would meet both ends of this twofold demand. We want more and more thoroughly educated clergymen. Let the colleges and biblical institutes work might and main to furnish them. The demand is not likely to be met in the next hundred years. But if we attempt to make a thorough education a *sine qua non* to the ministry, we at once give up for clerical purposes a vast amount of available talent, to say the least, full as useful in certain spheres as the best scholars, and still fail to retain the wealthy who are now deserting us.

"Is it not manifest that our growing weakness with the masses results from the distance which we are beginning to throw between our ministers and them? Can any other reason possibly be assigned for it? We are as honest as we ever were, but we naturally follow our sympathies and go after our own sort of people.

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If a rude young man is converted and burns to preach, before he does it you would take him out of his original element, and break the powerful tie which bound him to his fellows. Our view is, that the masses need such men, substantially in the rough, whose sturdy sense shall gather practical Christian love as their labors proceed, and who shall never know that they have a profession. Fresh out of mines, out of shops, from farms let them rush, carrying the new life to their lost fellows. In the Conference, and while they are working, do all that is possible to train them. Have circuits in the country and in the suburbs of the cities, where their rude sermons may be licked into shapes of fire by frequent repetition, and let the itinerancy be constantly bringing in at the same door new material, so as always to keep up the vital sympathy between the Church and the lower forms of human life."

The "Baptist Quarterly" is far in advance of all religious publications in paper and type. The Table of Contents is rich and various, and as we have turned over the pages of Volume 1, No. 1, we have been frequently induced to linger, when our eyes fell upon the following hints upon one of the Sources of Professional Power: —

"It has been said that while the best years of the lawyer, the statesman, and the physician are between the ages of fifty and sixty-five, the best years of the clergyman are between forty and fifty. Whether the remark be true, I will not decide. But if it be so, certain I am that the best way to meet and remove this comparison so unfavorable to us is diligent and persistent toil, especially in the study. With physical health unimpaired, the fifteen years next after fifty ought to be the most efficient in a man's professional life, — maybe, will be, if he carries habits of laborious study previously formed into them and through them; if, instead of quietly reclining beneath the shade tree of the position already attained, he sees other heights yet to be reached, and girds himself for the task. Robert Hall was in his sixty-second year when he returned to Bristol, the scene of his first continuous labors, and destined to become the scene of his closing ministry. He carried there the results of years of intense study, the most brilliant reputation in England as a preacher, and a body infirm and tortured by a painful disease; but he carried with him an

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unextinguished literary ardor, an unabated love of study. Through life he was tormented with a desire to write better than he could. Hence it is that he wrote so well. To the unreached aim, the beautiful ideal, towards which he was ever aspiring, we owe those sermons upon which we now gaze as models of pulpit eloquence, as one does upon the statues of the sculptors of antiquity.

"This willingness to work will show itself in a studious preparation for the ordinary or minor service as well as for the great occasions. Whatever is worth doing at all — the lecture in a schoolhouse, or the talk in the conference-room — is worth preparing for, and is a part of that grand work to which the preacher has been called and set apart. 'It was,' says one, 'an evidence of Dr. Chalmers' singular wisdom, that on a certain fast-day in midwinter, he walked five miles in a severe snow-storm to meet a little company of the cottagers of Kilmany, one of the humblest of the Scottish villages, and there, as they sat shivering together in the damp dining-room of the manse, preached to them as elaborate and eloquent a sermon as was that day heard by the most brilliant assembly in the kingdom. It was a token of his fitness for the Chair of Philosophy in the College of St. Andrews, that when he was an incumbent of that office, he was accustomed to gather into his own dwelling on the Sabbath evenings the poorest of the neglected children of the neighborhood, and for that *respected* audience prepared himself with his pen as thoughtfully as for his class in the university. A noble specimen was this of a Christian minister. We can conceive it possible that a Christian should stand unmoved in the halls of Abbotsford, or on the banks of the Doon; but we envy not the heart or the intellect of the man who can enter the darkened study of the manse of Morning Side, where the Apollos of the Scottish Pulpit breathed out his life at midnight and alone, and there look without emotion on the manuscript piles that have been witness to the respect he felt for the villagers of Kilmany and the pauper children of St. Andrews."

Vehemently must we dissent from Mr. Lincoln's judgment of F. W. Robertson: —

"We must add, however, — though it may seem uncharitable to say it, — he died none too early for his good name and influence. A mental revolution was in progress which must have brought him in a little time among open unbelievers. His bitter personal

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prejudices against the evangelical party had uprooted his early convictions; but a religious nature and a reverence for the Bible long maintained a glow of spiritual feeling and a belief in Christ as a Saviour. But his views of inspiration were growing more lax; the Bible was losing its divine authority; and there was nothing to keep him back from the fatal plunge made by Parker, Newman, Froude, and others who have gone over the same dreary road into a denial of Christ's divine character and of the supernatural elements of Christianity. From such a fate, it seems to us, he was saved only by an early death. All lovers of a scriptural piety must deplore his apostasy from the truth as it is in Jesus. His fine personal qualities and his brilliant powers as a preacher fitted him to do a noble work in England. Had his faith remained unchanged and his life been prolonged, he might perhaps have exerted an influence in the Church of England like that of Chalmers in the Church of Scotland. But neither genius nor eloquence can hallow error, and he has left only a doubtful fame. Good men speak with charity of his failings, and mourn that his love for Christ was not united with a love for his people and a faith in the supreme authority of the Word of God."

"The Panoplist" thinks that "it is evident to the most superficial observer that the doctrines and manners of the Puritans are fast disappearing from the theological and moral horizon."

We extract from the April number of "The Examiner" the following paragraphs upon "The Incarnation:" —

"The incarnation of God in Christ has, more than any other doctrine, been conceded by theologians to be the central article of Christian faith.

"In ecclesiastical history, the theology of Christendom has turned upon two separate axes, — the Catholic theology on the incarnation, the Protestant theology on the sacrificial death of Christ. This last, while the most modern, is by no means so general or universal as the first, and there is evidence that Protestantism itself is fast returning to the correcter theology of the Catholic Church in regard to the fundamental doctrine of the gospel.

"Now, the ideas raised by this phrase (the incarnation), in most Unitarian minds, are painful, because they at once seem to involve an erroneous doctrine of the *Supreme Deity of Christ*. But

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the actual New Testament, or Johannean doctrine of the incarnation, as the central and cardinal peculiarity of the gospel, contains no such idea, as we shall endeavor to show.

"The grand object of all religion is to reveal a proper knowledge of God, and establish a true filial relation between man and his Maker. God knows this infinitely better than we do, and, since the world was made or man existed, has been revealing himself as fast and as far as man could bear it. We may rashly suppose that there are *no difficulties* about the matter, but all history shows us that vast and most obstinate difficulties beset it. If God originally revealed himself to the first man, he revealed himself only as his Creator and his Ruler, and so imperfectly, that Adam either thought he was a being to be deceived, that might be safely disobeyed, or that some other knowledge (of the tree of good and evil) was more important and interesting. The Bible account of the insuccess that attended the original attempt to communicate to man the knowledge of God, and of the necessity of sweeping the godless world into ruin by the deluge, is an expression of the difficulty, not of awakening credulity, superstition, imaginations of spiritual beings, and erroneous conceptions of demons, in the human mind, but of planting the seeds of a true religion in the world. It could be done only most gradually, only in strict reference to the nature of humanity, only in accordance with the order in which the passions and powers of man develop themselves. God can reveal himself to man only as man, in the feeling and use of his own nature, sympathetically understands his Maker, by understanding the attributes which he himself possesses, and which reflect and interpret Him in whose image he is made."

"The New Englander" is not much impressed by the doings of the Unitarians in these last days.

"Another characteristic feature of Unitarianism at the present time is a newly-kindled zeal for organization and propagandism. Accordingly, there is not only an annual National Conference, and an annual arrangement for raising $100,000 for denominational purposes, but the general idea is still farther carried out in the recent formation of Local Conferences. This trick of organization was, perhaps, learned from the surrounding 'sects.' Something seemed to be wanting, and it was thought best to make a

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larger trial of what organization and money might do. Whether it will be found to answer the purpose remains to be seen. When Aaron waved his potent rod, 'the magicians of Egypt did so with their enchantments,' but it did not have the same effect. It would not be strange amid the present divergences of the members, if a National Conference should soon become an unwieldy body to manage, more provocative of war and division than an agency for peace and united effort. And certainly these large gatherings serve to publish abroad more widely and effectually, what were 'quite as well hushed up among one's friends.' Then, again, the world is not very greatly impressed with the results in the financial line. Year before last, if we mistake not, the $100,000 was raised and a little more, but last year it fell short It used to be a common remark that Unitarianism had the culture, the intelligence, and the *wealth* of Boston, and even of Massachusetts. But last year, three hundred and eighty-three Orthodox Congregational churches in Massachusetts, after paying their own expenses, raised for purposes of general Christian benevolence the sum of $392,244. And they did not have to hold a general Convention to do it. It came along in a very natural and matter-of-course way, and the same thing essentially will be done this year and for years to come, without any great noise or machinery, and with no sense of weariness or exhaustion. In the State of Connecticut, the Orthodox Congregational churches number two hundred and eighty-six. After meeting all home expenses, these churches raised last year, for benevolent operations, $257,164.60. Eleven orthodox churches in the city of Boston contributed last year, to various benevolent objects, $107,755.11. Boston, where the Unitarian wealth and intelligence are so largely concentrated, has nineteen Unitarian churches. Our Methodist brethren have been displaying remarkable energy the past year in raising their centennial fund. Single churches have contributed, for this special object, almost the entire annual Unitarian fund. Bromfield Street Church gave between $70,000 and $80,000. Christ Church, Pittsburg, gave $80,000.

"No, we repeat the world at large, is not so much impressed with the feat of raising $100,000 a year, for religious work, as the Unitarians seem to be themselves."

Speaking of the radical wing, this writer says, —

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"But we wish to bring forward a few passages to show what these men think about Christ. When we read these pages, we can understand, as we could not before, the spirit that animated the Parkerite wing in the debate at Syracuse. One of the coolest and most careful of these writers says, 'A preamble, after warm threefold discussion from year to year, is readopted to express the fundamental Unitarian faith by the single article of the Lordship of Jesus Christ. But the moral sense disowns this soleness of supremacy. To make him a finality is to make him a Fetish, and we have a Fetish now regularly installed in the Unitarian church, occupying room which only the adorable Spirit should fill.'

"From another pen we have a theory of Christ's life and death, showing the ambitious hopes which stirred his mind, and the plans which he revolved for gaining a name and place among men. He was possessed, it seems, of 'great spiritual force, and with this the peculiar physical habit which gives the power to heal disease.' And then the writer goes on to say, —

"'This pious calculation affected deeply the thought of Jesus. He would descend to the lowest service that he might reach the highest throne. He would even submit to death, if he could not otherwise reach the messianic throne. He thought this might be, sometimes was sure it would be, but did not really prepare his mind for it. It was a trial that shook his faith when the cross rose in his path. The same fate as other aspirants before him? He could not drink that cup. He raised himself to hope that even this might conduct to that goal. But the cross was too much. He died with the old wail of the Jew mind upon his lips, — "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!"'"

"The Independent" thus states its purpose: is there need for any other organ of "Liberal Christianity" in the great metropolis of our land?

"Once for all, then, let us frankly set forth the one and central aim of this journal, — for this world, and for the next. Originally named 'The Independent,' both because of the ordinary signification of that manly word and also because the same word technically denoted a 'Congregationalist,' we now retain the name, no longer on account of its Congregational, but solely on account of its moral meaning. Whatever this sheet may have been in the past, it is henceforth not a denominational, not a sectarian, not a

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Congregational, but a *religious* journal, — a religious journal aiming at a higher, ampler, and grander ideal than can ever possibly be realized by any sectarian or denominational sheet. We base these columns on the broad foundation of the Christian religion, not on the narrow platform of a Christian sect. Devoutly, unalterably, and humbly, we hold to the fundamental principles of Christianity. These we shall endeavor to teach, illustrate, and enforce. But as far as the East is from the West, we shall banish from these pages all unprofitable disputations on minor points of doctrines and creeds. So many men possess worse creeds, and yet better characters than ourselves, that we totally despair of forcing the whole world into moral goodness through the narrow method of one prescribed belief. We are thoroughly determined to conduct this journal, not according to the Westminster Catechism, not according to the Burial Hill declaration of faith, but simply according to the plain and undisputed principles of Christian ethics. Our epitome of theology is short, consisting simply of the two tables of stone, — love to God and love to man; but we beg to remind our brethren that "on these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." Since the Founder of Christianity thought this simple creed an amply sufficient statement of Christian doctrine and duty, we have not the hardihood to make any unnecessary additions to this perfect rule of faith and practice.

THE OLD HERMIT.

A YOUNG man, who had great cause of complaint against another, told an old hermit that he was resolved to be avenged. The good old man did all that he could to dissuade him, but seeing that it was impossible, and the young man persisted in seeking vengeance, he said to him, "At least, my young friend, let us pray together, before you execute your design."

Then he began to pray in this way: "It is no longer necessary, O God, that thou shouldst defend this young man and declare thyself his protector, since he has taken upon himself the right of seeking his own revenge."

The young man fell on his knees before the old hermit, and prayed for pardon for his wicked thought, and declared that he would no longer seek revenge of those who had injured him.

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RANDOM READINGS.

THE CONFERENCE AT WEST NEWTON, held May 15, discussed the relation of the PARISH to the Sunday-school, and its responsibilities therein, — a subject worthy of the gravest attention of the delegates from the parishes themselves. We never shall have the Sunday-school on its true foundation until it is made an institution of the society *as such*, not one in which only a few teachers, volunteering their services, are concerned. Until it is *within* the society and the Christian Church, — not hanging loose upon it externally, — the Sunday-school will never do its full work and accomplish its end. The meeting of the Conference, though pervaded with an excellent spirit, would have been more satisfactory, we think, if the very general interest felt had crystallized into definite resolves and been put to the audience, with an emphatic yea or nay from them, which would have pledged them, both men and women, as representatives of the Church, to go home and *do something* as well as to talk and hear talk. We have felt another deficiency in our previous meetings, whether Conference or Sunday-school, — the spirit of devotion should more fully inspire them, — they should open with an hour of prayer, fellowship of the Spirit, and snatches of song.

One thing, more remotely connected with the subject, but we think vitally connected with parish life: An agent of the "Christian Register Association" announced to the Conference that the "Register" had attained to a list of six thousand subscribers instead of its original two thousand, and had become "a power in the land." There was a visible "Amen" on the face of the audience. But we have just begun to understand this mighty agency of a strong, devout, weekly, religious periodical in helping the pastor in his work and vitalizing the whole parish. Every minister, who has had the experience, knows with what encouragement he can go into his pulpit Sunday morning, and how much better will be the hearing he will get if a religious periodical like that which the "Christian Register" has *become* has gone as a silent messenger into the families of the parish on Saturday evening. Two things we need to make such a messenger an efficient co-worker with the minister. It should bring the people

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into living *rapport* with all that is good in the whole denomination and the world generally, and so tend to do away with the hard-shell *isolation* which has been the bane of the Unitarian churches; and it should have devout matter that feeds the heart as well as the head, and ministers to the soul's deeper wants and cravings. This is done not by mere essays, nor yet by doctrine urged controversially, but by rousing appeals to the conscience, and by doctrine applied and put home to the spiritual nature. The "Register" has become a "power" by doing both these things better than they had ever been done before; but in regard to the last-named, we are tempted still "to cry for more." And what shall hinder in a general effort for the good of the churches and denominational life, to double the subscription-list and make it twelve thousand, and then double it again and make it twenty-four thousand? It could be done just as well as not if the minister and the delegates would see this subject in its true connection with the life of the churches. S.

"The Eternal Goodness," republished in the "Tent on the Beach," gives that form of faith in the impartial and exhaustless love of God which, declining to put it forward as a doctrine of religion drawn from the Bible by textual criticism, yet brings us to lean our hearts on God in undoubting trust that all the future will be the best possible for us and all our brothers that Almighty Love can make it. There are a great many Universalists of this kind in all the denominations.

"I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

"And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

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"No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts he gave,
And plead his love for love.

"And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

"O brothers, if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

"And then, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on thee."

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

(FROM KRUMACHER.)

A PILGRIM was hastening home from distant lands, and his soul was filled with sweet hope; for he had not seen his dear parents and brothers for many years. On this account he made all haste. But when he came among the mountains, the night surprised him, and it became very dark, so that he could not see the staff in his hand. And as he came down from the mountain into the valley, he lost his way, and wandered to the right and to the left, and was much troubled, and said sighing, "Ah, that I could meet some person who could put me in the right way! how thankful I should be to him!" So saying, he stood still, and waited for some one to guide him.

Whilst the bewildered pilgrim was thus standing, full of doubt

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and uneasiness, lo! there appeared, at a distance, a flickering light in the darkness, and its gleam seemed delightful to him in the dark night. "Blessed be thou, messenger of peace!" cried he, "thou givest me information of the neighborhood of human beings! Thy feeble gleam appeareth to me, in the gloom of the night, as delightful as the dawn of day."

He hastened, with rapid steps, towards the distant gleam, and thought he could see the man who was carrying the light. But lo! it was a will-'o-the-wisp, born of the swamp, and hovering over the stagnant pool. And he was walking towards the edge of an abyss.

Suddenly he heard a voice behind him which called, "Stop! or you are a dead man!"

He stood still, and looked round. It was the voice of a fisherman, who was calling to him from his boat. "Why," said he, "should I not follow the friendly light? I have lost my way!"

"Friendly light!" said the fisherman; "what you call by that name is a deceitful appearance which entices the wanderer to destruction! Evil, subterranean powers create from the foul swamp the nightly exhalation which imitates the ray of the friendly light. See how unsteadily it wavers about, this evil birth of night and darkness!" As he spoke, the deceitful light was extinguished.

The will-'o-the-wisp was gone out; and the weary pilgrim thanked the fisherman for rescuing him, with hearty gratitude. But the fisherman answered and said, "How could a man leave another in error and not lead him into the right path? We both of us owe thanks to God, — I because he appointed me to be the instrument for conferring a favor upon you, and you, because it has been so ordained that I should be in my boat upon the water at this hour."

Thereupon the benevolent fisherman left his boat, accompanied the bewildered pilgrim for some distance, and pointed out to him the right way to his father's house. The pilgrim now proceeded with confidence; and from a distance the light of his home shone through the trees towards him with modest gleam, — doubly pleasant to him, since he had reached it through danger and error. He knocked, and the door opened, and his father and mother and brothers and sisters hung upon his neck, and kissed him, and wept for joy.

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MOTHER, I DREAMT OF THEE.

I DREAMT of a land 'neath a sunny sky;
I dreamt of a spot where my fathers lie;
Holy and bright was the vision to me,
For mother, sweet mother, I dreamt of thee!

I gazed on the home where my childhood ranged;
All was familiar, the land was unchanged;
And I saw the light of the sunbeams fall
On the old lime-trees, by the garden wall.

I heard the wild gush of the waters free,
And the murmuring hum of the summer bee;
But music far sweeter bade me rejoice.
O mother, my mother, it was thy voice!

I dreamt that I sat 'neath the blossoming tree;
What then were the cares of a false world to me?
I felt that a soft hand was pressing mine.
O mother, dear mother, that hand was thine!

There was music low in the poplar trees,
There was singing sweet in the passing breeze;
And I dreamt that the land was bright and fair.
O mother, my mother, for thou wert there!

Too soon, too soon has that vision fled;
I woke but to weep for the long-lost dead;
Too soon has the dream of my childhood flown;
Thou hast left me, mother, — I'm all alone.

"THE soul is to the eyes what sight is to the touch: it seizes what escapes all the senses. As, in art, that which is most beautiful is beyond prescription, so, in knowledge, what is most high and most true is beyond experience."

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A FEW WORDS FOR MOTHERS.

THERE has been a great deal said about the education of children; indeed, so much, that one would think the subject must have been worn threadbare long ago; but whilst children come amongst us, they keep fresh in our minds the sacredness of our connection with them, and each one demands anew from our hands that treatment which is right for them. Many believe that it is idle to lay so much stress upon the subject of education, and bring forward repeated instances where the child has remained unaffected by the dealings it has met with; and, in spite of the mother's most assiduous care, has followed the bent of those dispositions which she has vainly endeavored to overcome. No doubt, there are instances of this sort, which would lead a superficial observer to pronounce that it was in vain to deal with natural temperament; but we believe that, could the whole history of the child's life be known who has so disappointed the efforts of the parent, we should be able to account for this great disappointment, and show where the mistake was made that led to results so wide of the mark aimed at.

There is one fact that is too often overlooked when we speak of the education of children: the whole of the business is put upon the mother, as if she were the only parent, and the father is merely considered as a sort of supernumerary, — one who, in this department, has nothing to do but to kiss and to scold the children as the humor may be. It is to fathers that we would now say a few words, and ask them whether they do their duty to their children or their children's mother, when they leave this work entirely to them? They must remember that the child takes either for his model, and learns his lessons with the same faithfulness from the one as the other.

It is somewhere said, "Children may be neglected or spoiled: servants and governesses, uncles and aunts, may rule their fate to their present weal or woe; but there is no happiness and no misery which affect our future reminiscences so surely, which sink so deep into the heart, to wither or gladden it in the trials of life, as that which we owe in the days of our childhood to our parents." Is a father willing to relinquish his share in these reminiscences? Is he willing that this being who has been committed to him

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should look back upon the enchanted ground trod by his youthful steps without seeing his loved form amongst the visions which come before his child, as he rests upon the sunny spots of his early days? Does he feel that he has nothing to do with the sacred task of helping this tender spirit on its way in this world all so strange to him? Does he forget that he was once a child to be encouraged and taught and sympathized with, to be guided and comforted and strengthened in the trials that await the little stranger in a strange land?

One would think sometimes, from the manner in which fathers deal with their children, that they were utterly ignorant of the fact that the little being who has come into the world without any will of his own has a right to be attended to, — has wants to be supplied, desires to be gratified, love to be met, fears to be lessened, timidity to be overcome; that, in short, he has all the beginnings of a life which is to be satisfied only in eternity.

A father who is not willing to be troubled by his children, who is not willing to give up his newspaper, or his book, or any other agreeableness that he may be enjoying, to attend to the demands that the child makes upon him, is not worthy of the sacred name; and he should ask whether, in this neglect, he is paying the great debt he owes for the privileges he himself enjoys. It is very easy for him to say that the mother is the best fitted to bring up the children, — that she has more patience, more love and tenderness, and can better get at them, — that her being so much more with them gives her an opportunity of studying their characters than the father, who is absent from them, can possibly have. While this is true, it does not take from the father his responsibilities, nor lessen his obligation to do what he can by word and deed in helping on the noble work which God has assigned to them both alike. A child's parents are the embodiment of his ideal of power and love, — they are his standard; he has no higher to look to; his observation is the instinct which teaches him, and he learns and practises accordingly. He experiences from his mother the most devoted love and care and sympathy. He sees that she is feeble and sick and yet ever ready to do all she can for him; has smiles and tears at his bidding. He sees his father strong and powerful, unmindful and inattentive to all the little treasures of his soul, as he pours them out before him, as he has done before to his mother, who has seen in him all the bright promises of the

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future man, and shows by her glistening eye that she is the child as well as the mother, — that she is not too great to enter with him the fairyland of his baby fancy. What is the lesson that he learns by this observation of his, he could not tell you; but when it has been conned long enough by him, the answer will be, that power and selfishness go together, — that what has been his comfort and stay in the untried path where his tender feet have trod takes a lower place than the selfish use of the privileges of a superior strength and position. Why is it that all the self-sacrifice should come upon what is called the weaker vessel? Why should the so-called lord and master give up the highest office any one can fill, — that of helping a human soul to grow up to its immortality? Why should not those who are joined together in the joys and trials of life go hand in hand in this work, appointed for them as it is by the great Parent of all?

There are doubtless many instances where the reverse of this statement is true, but in the majority of cases we fear it will be found to be correct. S. C. C.

We were gratified to read in a late issue of the "Christian Register" the "Address delivered at the Laying of the Corner-Stone of the Second Congregational Unitarian Church, New York, Nov. 24, 1825.

It has been rarely our privilege of late to read or hear a definite statement of the Unitarian faith. And although this statement is styled "strangely archaic" by the author of the note which introduces it, we welcome it, accompanied, as it is, by strangely depreciating criticism. Archaic, we understand to be a euphemism, intended to express the idea that certain views either have been or ought to be quietly *laid on the shelf*. Now, we would inquire in what respect the following extract, containing that portion of the Address stating the grounds and principles of our Christian faith, is obsolete or antiquated: —

. . . "We lay this stone, this corner-stone of a Christian temple, in the firm and happy belief of one God, the Father, almighty, wise, just, good, and merciful, — the God of our lives and the God of our salvation. Rejecting, as the inventions of a benighted age of the Church, all distinction of person in the

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Deity, and all ideas of his character that do not comport with the parental relation, which he sustains to his creatures, we here begin a house, where God may be worshipped as the only God, the Father, without equal, without partner, through faith in Jesus Christ, his well-beloved Son, our Saviour and Redeemer. Believing this, as we think, on most certain warrant of Holy Scripture, we look up with humble confidence for the blessing of Almighty God on our undertaking.

"We lay this stone, — as joyful believers in Jesus Christ; as believers in the *divinity of his mission*, — in the supreme authority of his doctrine, — in the miracles which he wrought by the power of God, in confirmation of the truths he uttered; as believers in his prophetical and mediatorial character, — that he is the only true prophet of God, — that his religion is the only one that has God for its author, and the true happiness of man for its end, — that all the commands, precepts, institutions of Jesus have the force and obligation of divine commands, precepts, and institutions, — that he is the only appointed medium of approach to God by prayer, — that in his name all acceptable worship must be offered up, — that the rejection of him is the rejection of God, — that they who despise him despise him who sent him.

"We lay this stone, — in a belief of the Christian doctrine of a resurrection from the dead, and of a state of righteous retribution beyond the grave, — in the belief that all they who, according to the light they have, lead virtuous and devout lives, shall, through the infinite mercy of God, declared in Jesus Christ, be received to eternal life and joy, — and that the unjust — all they who despise the riches of the goodness, forbearance, and long-suffering of God — shall be reserved unto the day of judgment to be punished.

"We lay this stone, — as believers in the divine authority of the sacred Scripture of the Old and New Testaments. We believe these books to contain the whole will of God as it was revealed to the Jews by his prophets, and to the world by Jesus Christ his Son. The Bible is the rule of our faith; its chapters and verses are the articles of our creed. The Bible is the rule of our conduct. The Bible is the charter of our immortal hopes. With this volume open in our hands, and reading as we go, we walk fearlessly through the world, sure that it will guide us right in the midst of duty and trial, and lead us at last to the desired haven. We re-

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joice in our possession of this blessed book. We thank God for its gift; and it is our constant and fervent prayer that the time may soon come when all men in all parts of the earth shall possess it, understand it, and obey it.

"We begin this church as practical believers and defenders of the great Protestant principle of the right of private judgment in matters of faith. We yield up our right to understand and interpret the sacred Scriptures for ourselves, and to believe as we see evidence to preponderate this way or that, to no man or number of men, to no Church or Council, Synod or Assembly. We think we are answerable to God alone for the faith we adopt or the faith we reject, and that man has no power to meddle in the case. And we trust that from this place no man or woman will be denounced for his faith in Christ, be that faith what it may. And ere one such anathema should be uttered within these walls, we pray God that they may crumble to their foundations."

Such was the theology of Wm. Ware. And it is our firm belief that the great body of Liberal Christians, and especially a large majority of those possessed of weight of character, maturity of judgment, and unquestioned influence, still hold the doctrines of the Address, one and all. The late Geo. Livermore and Henry Bigelow, two of the most esteemed and lamented of our laymen, did they not regard these views as ever old, ever new? The most distinguished of our clergy, judges, members of Congress, governors, how many of them have outgrown these "strangely archaic" notions?

There has been, as is estimated, good progress of late among Unitarians; not in theology, however, but in work. Not so many "old opinions have passed away" as new fields have been tilled.

And now, that we are going forth into the vineyard, let us not forget the words of the Master, nor slight his authority. Let us not comfort ourselves with the wretched sophistry that it matters not what a man believes, provided he aims to do what is right; but rather, reflecting that no man's work can surpass his ideal, let us have a perfect ideal, even Christ. R. J.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

Swedenborg as a Philosopher and Man of Science. By RUDOLPH LEONARD TAFEL, Chicago. E. B. Myers & Chandler. There is too much in this book which savors of mere puffing to suit our taste. It is well to help small men into notice in this way. Swedenborg is too massive to need indorsing by popular writers and reverend divines. The book is fragmentary, made up of extracts which will give some idea of Swedenborg's profound scientific arguments and power of analysis. Much of this, however, is mere "index-learning." Whole pages are descriptive of the titles and contents of scientific works. At the same time, there are extracts illustrative of Swedenborg's anatomical, chemical, magnetic, and astronomical theories, of exceeding interest to men of science, and showing how he anticipated some of the most important modern discoveries. The book has a beautiful dress both in printing and binding, and should be read by those who have not time or opportunity to read Swedenborg's voluminous works, but would get some idea of the immensity of his arguments and the universality of his genius. S.

Noyes Translation of Job, Ecclesiasticles, and Canticles. Third edition. *Noyes Translation of the Psalms and Proverbs.*

The American Unitarian Association republish these volumes, and in doing so have rendered invaluable service to the religious public of all denominations. The books, which comprise the obscurest portions of the Old Testament as found in the common English version, are here rendered into the purest and most limpid English. Job is another man altogether, and the most wonderful and perhaps the oldest poem in the world is given us again in its native beauty. The allegorical theory of the Canticles is rejected by Dr. Noyes. He regards it simply as a Hebrew pastoral; and his notes, with the Introduction and new division and headings, and the new and luminous translation of the song itself, will make it a fresh book to the English reader. All who love their Bibles should have all Dr. Noyes' translations now given in uniform series.

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An Inquiry into the Origin of Modern Anæsthesia, by Hon. Truman Smith, is published by Brown & Gross, Hartford. Mr. Smith is strenuous in ascribing the great modern discovery to Dr. Horace Wells, and not to Drs. Morton or Jackson. They must read the book who are interested in the controversy. It makes one hundred and sixty-five large octavo pages. S.

The Little Barefoot. A tale by Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Eliza Buckminster Lee. Illustrated. A German story, and one of the very best. It is a child's book, which the old folks also read and are charmed with.

The Progress of Doctrine in the New Testament is a course of Eight Lectures on the Hampton foundation, by Thomas Dehany Bernard, M. A., of Exeter College. Published by Gould & Lincoln.

The American editor, in a prefatory note, says of this book, "I have rarely perused a more attractive or instructive work, and I do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the best fruits of biblical study in modern times." "There is not, I believe, a dark or dull sentence in the volume." Some allowance must be made for theological sympathies in such high praise, but there is no denying that it *is* a very fresh and suggestive book, and will be highly relished by those who are interested in the internal evidence of the New Testament. The argument from the congruity interlacing, and progressive unfolding of truth in the Four Gospels — made by four hands, but presenting one image of the Christ — undistorted and ever brightening in effulgence, and beyond any human wit to conceive or any human pencil to paint, is sufficient of itself to upset all the theories of Strauss and Baur. The argument, as applied to the Epistles, we do not think of equal force and clearness.

The Tent on the Beach, by Whittier, already noticed, we have read and reread. It is a mosaic bound together by a very artificial thread of unity. We love the old songs in it better than any of the new ones. "The Eternal Goodness" should be committed to memory, and should sing in the heart as an eternal melody, and melt it into love of God and man. S.

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Sermons. By EDWARD B. HALL, D. D., with a brief Memoir.

They are dedicated to the society of which he was pastor, by his family. They bring him before us with exceeding vividness, and in reading their powerful and pungent appeals, we hear again the impassioned tones of his voice. Dr. Hall's was the most efficient kind of preaching, — not only earnest but direct, singling out the individual and searching him through. We have heard him when he seemed like a prophet sent with a special message to his hearers. These sermons, we should judge, are fair specimens of his best style of preaching. The two sermons, for instance, "Small and Great Conflicts" and "Parting of the Way" are exceedingly characteristic, and remind us of his strong grasp upon his hearers. The volume will be a valued legacy to the many who knew and loved Dr. Hall. S.

Love in Spain, and other poems, is a new volume by MRS. LOWE, wife of the Secretary of our American Unitarian Association, author of "The Olive and the Pine." It will receive a cordial welcome, and it fully merits it. The drama, which is the principal poem, is a tale of love between a Spanish nobleman and an English lady, who was a member of the family of the English resident minister. It is a picture of manners which is exceedingly life-like, and the interest of the reader is held closer and closer to the end. Mrs. Lowe uses the English language with remarkable purity and skill. It flows from her hand in a transparent stream that reminds us of Talfourd's dramas. The characterization is true to life, especially as regards woman, and there are touches which indicate rare insight into the mysteries of the heart. Only a woman could have drawn the character of Eleanor and described it through all its delicate and beautiful shadings.

The minor poems are given under two heads "Miscellany," and "The Shadow over the Land." The latter were written during the war, and have the genuine inspiration of the hour. S.

MESSRS. TICKNOR & FIELDS publish a most attractive Diamond Edition of *Longfellow's Poetry*. Small as the type is, it is very distinct, and the page does not weary the eyes, unless, of course, the book is used, contrary to its design, for continuous reading.

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First Historical Transformations of Christianity. From the French of Athanase Coquerel the Younger. By E. P. Evans, Ph. D. Boston: Wm. V. Spencer, 203 Washington Street. 1867.

Coquerel the Younger has not, in our judgment, sounded the depths of Christianity. His book reports only what is to be seen on the surface, and whilst it is reverent in tone and earnest in aim, can only be regarded as an altogether inadequate treatment of the vast subject which it proposes to discuss. The translator has done his work well.

Homiletics and Pastoral Theology. By Wm. G. T. Shedd, D. D., Baldwin Professor in Union Theological Seminary, New York City. New York: Charles Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway. 1867.

Professor Shedd has supplied the student of theology, the candidate for the ministry, and the preacher and pastor of many years' standing with a most excellent tonic. Those who cannot accept his views upon the nature or the contents of Revelation, and whose sermons would differ *toto cœlo* from his, will yet know how to use his book and be stimulated by it. How to make each new discourse better than the preceding one, — better in the sense of being more edifying? That is the question which every living minister will still be asking, remembering that whilst only the Spirit quickens souls, and only the Truth nourishes and sanctifies, the body and form are also to be regarded. We have read the lectures with great interest, and if we have not profited by them, the fault is ours alone. From the lecturer's stand-point, they are admirable. Perhaps we ought not to find fault with him that he fails altogether to recognize the difficulties which hinder so many in our day from making a hearty Christian confession. Without the least abatement of his confidence, a more genial bearing toward the bewildered reasoner would add power to his word. E.

The Authority of Jesus. A discourse before the Liberal Churches, held in Northumberland, Pa., April 10, 1867, by W. H. Furness, D. D. Published by request of the Conference.

This is on Dr. Furness' favorite theme, and his whole heart is in the discourse. It is a flame of heart-fire from beginning to end. We think the author never wrote nor said anything better, and we do not see how anything better from his stand-point is even possible. S.

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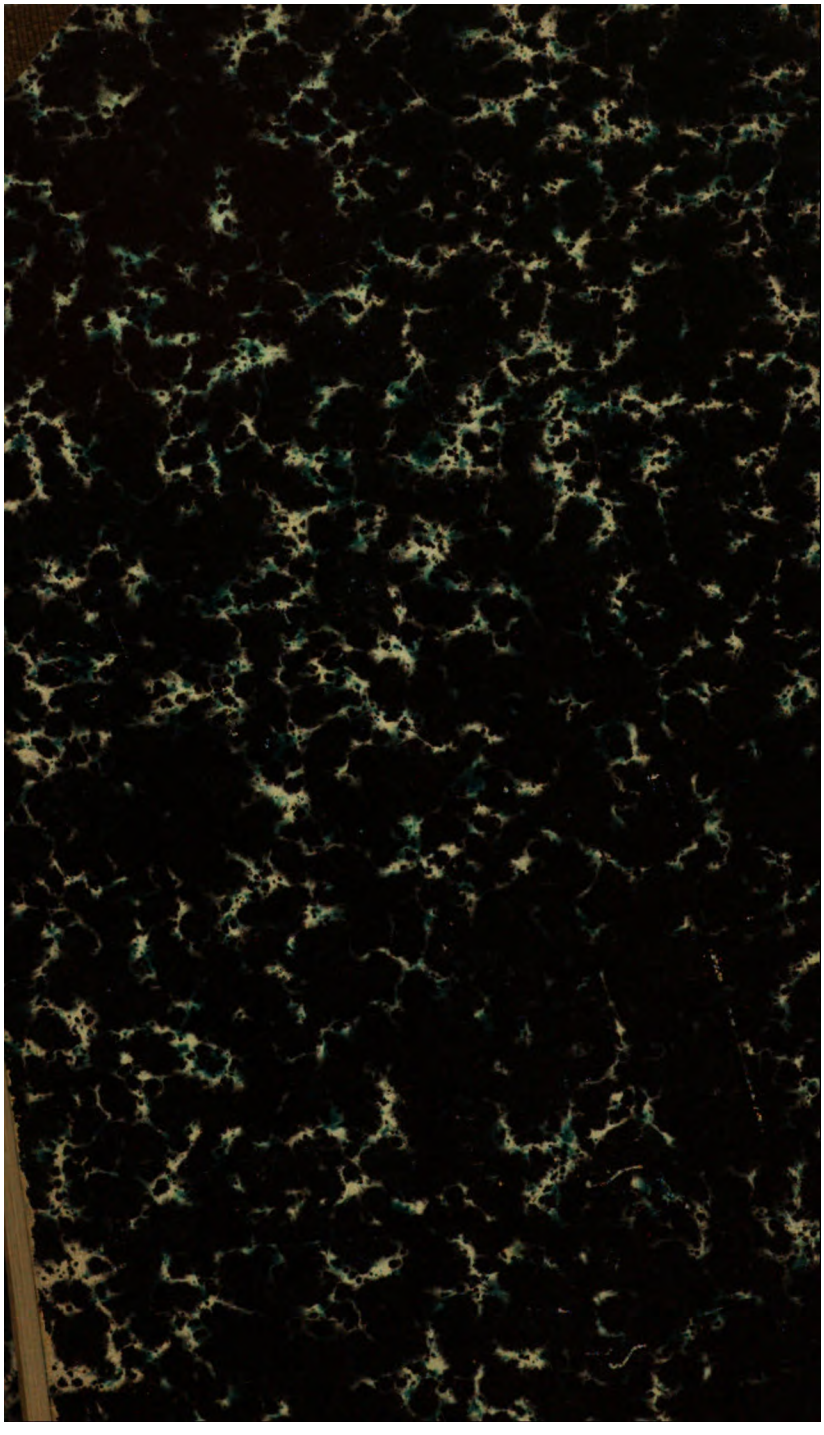

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